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VOL. XI.

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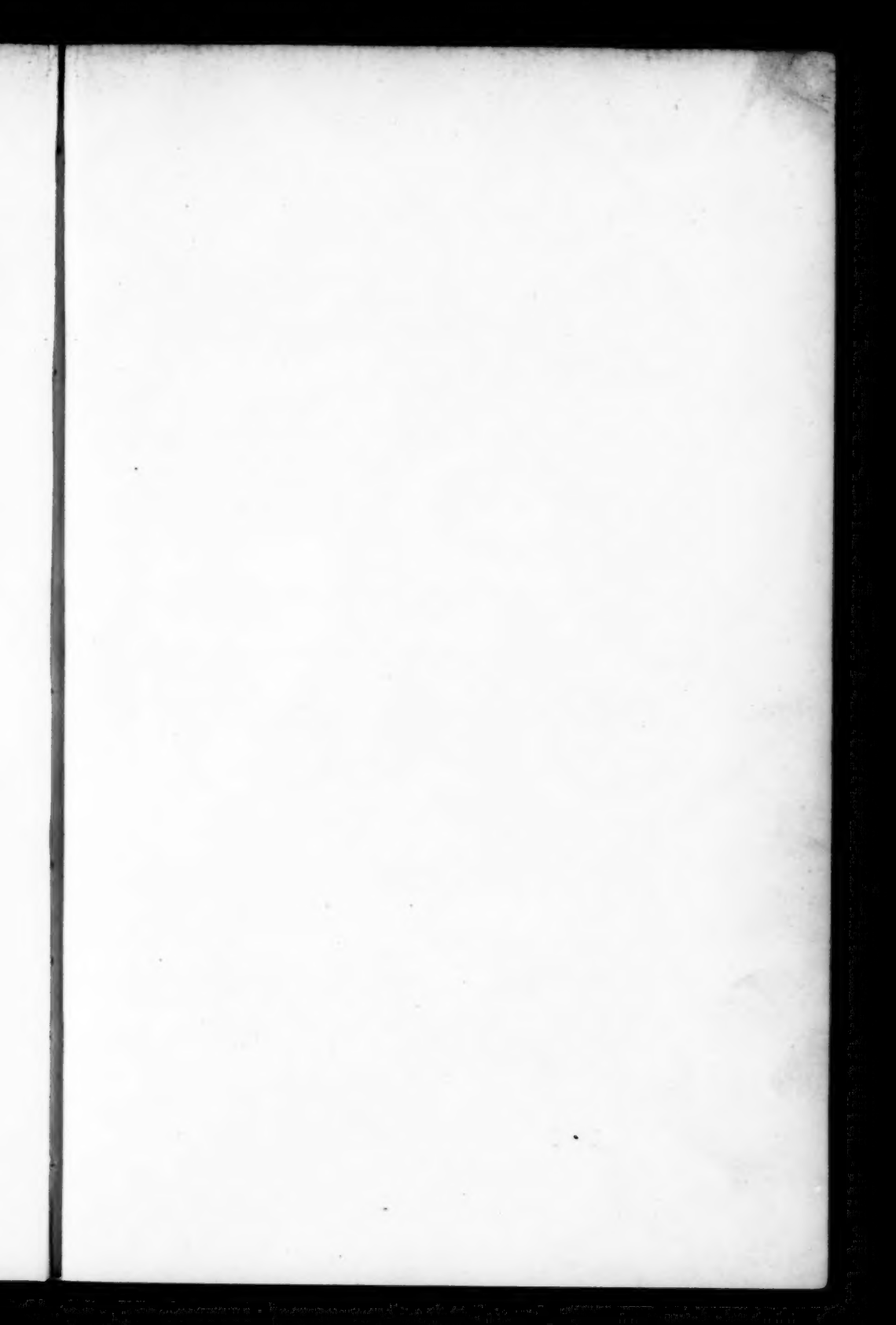
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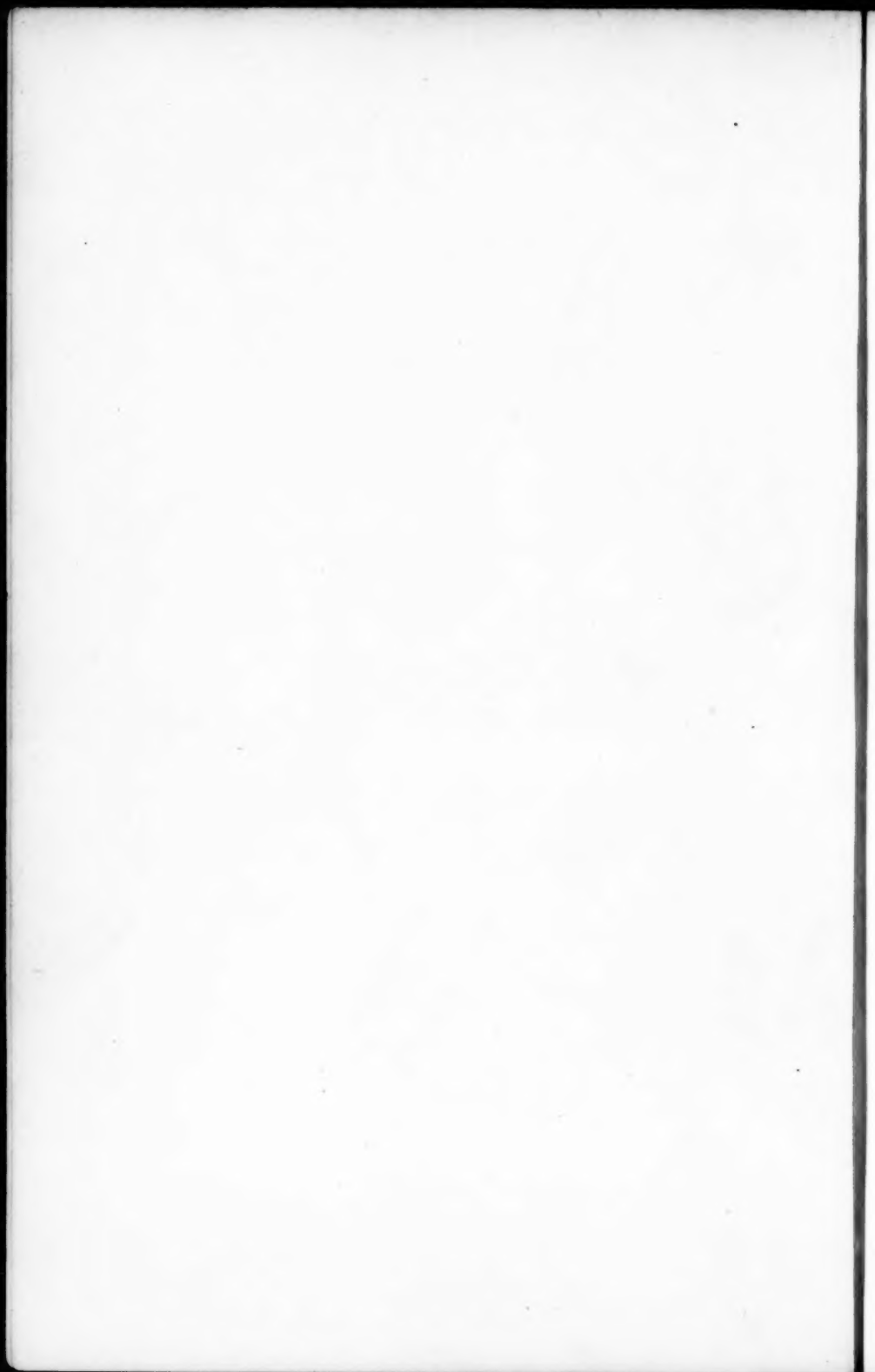
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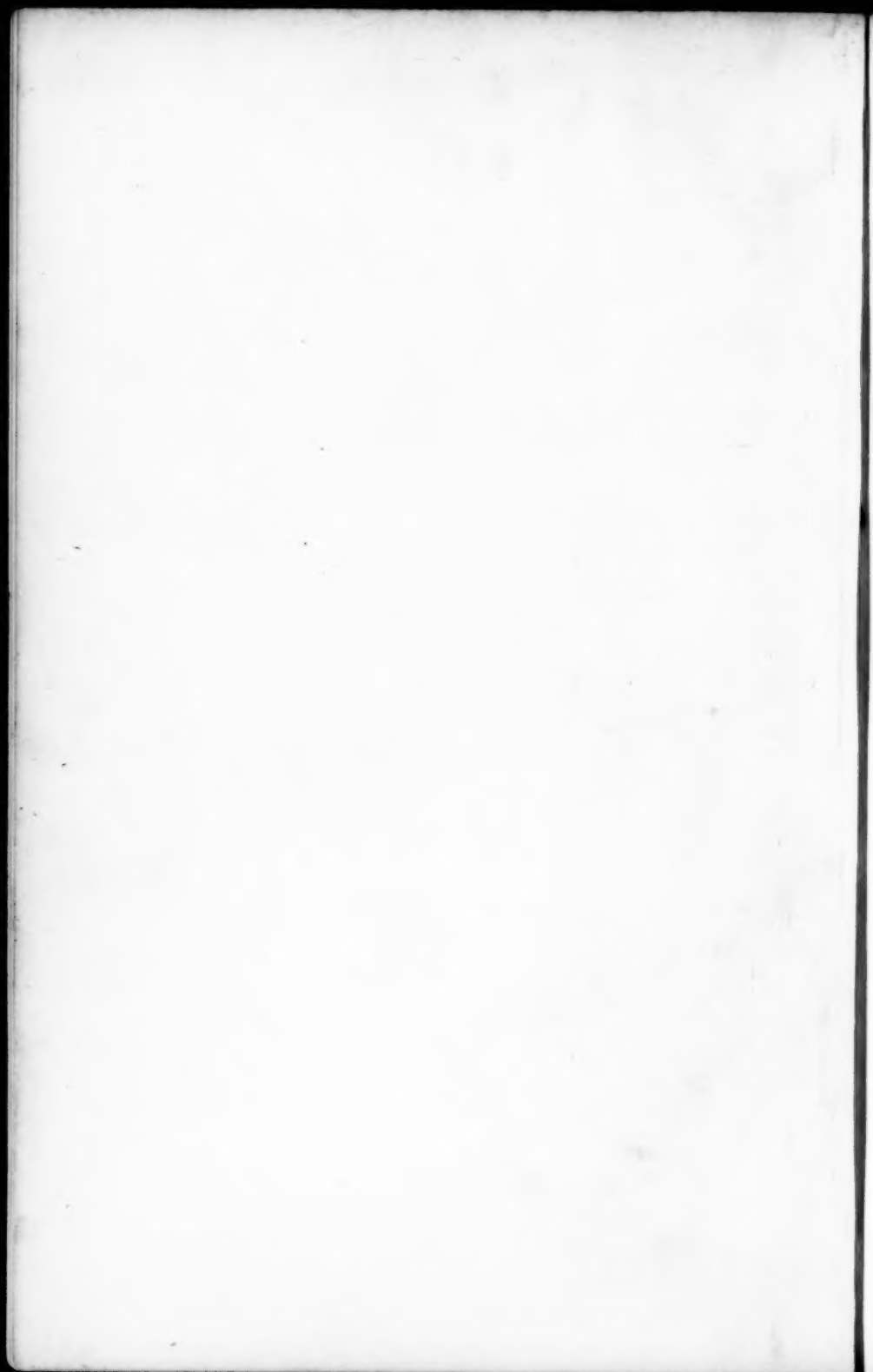




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DECEMBER, 1894.

Opening of Volume Eleven.

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B. O. FLOWER.

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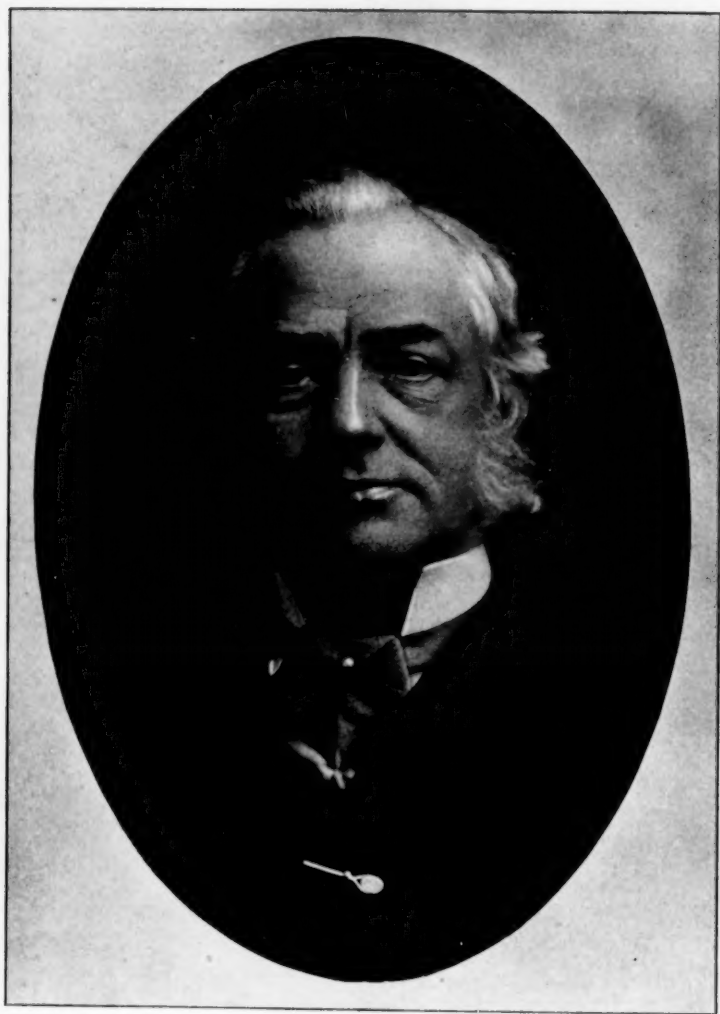
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Yours truly  
G Mac Donnell

# THE ARENA.

No. LXI.

DECEMBER, 1894.

## THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.\*

BY PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER.

THERE are few things which I so truly regret having missed as the great Parliament of Religions held in Chicago as a part of the Columbian Exhibition. Who would have thought that what was announced as simply an auxiliary branch of that exhibition could have developed into what it was, could have become the most important part of that immense undertaking, could have become the greatest success of the past year, and I do not hesitate to say, could now take its place as one of the most memorable events in the history of the world?

As it seems to me, those to whom the great success of this œcumenical council was chiefly due, I mean President Bonney and Dr. Barrows, hardly made it sufficiently clear at the beginning what was their real purpose and scope. Had they done so, every one who cares for the future of religion might have felt it his bounden duty to take part in the Congress. But it seemed at the first glance that it would be a mere show, a part of the great show of industry and art. But instead of a show it developed into a reality, which, if I am not greatly mistaken, will be remembered, aye, will bear fruit, when everything else of the mighty Columbian Exhibition has long been swept away from the memory of man.

Possibly, like many bright ideas, the idea of exhibiting all the religions of the world grew into something far grander

\* The substance of this masterly paper was read by Professor Müller in Oxford, England, a few months ago. — EDITOR.

than even its authors had at first suspected. Even in America, where people have not yet lost the faculty of admiring, and of giving hearty expression to their admiration, the greatness of that event seems to me not yet fully appreciated, while in other countries vague rumors only have as yet reached the public at large of what took place in the Religious Parliament at Chicago. Here and there, I am sorry to say, ridicule also, the impotent weapon of ignorance and envy, has been used against what ought to have been sacred to every man of sense and culture; but ridicule is blown away like offensive smoke; the windows are opened, and the fresh air of truth streams in.

It is difficult, no doubt, to measure correctly the importance of events of which we ourselves have been the witnesses. We have only to read histories and chronicles written some hundreds of years ago by eye witnesses and by the chief actors in certain events, to see how signally the observers have failed in correctly appreciating the permanent and historical significance of what they saw and heard, or of what they themselves did. Everything is monumental and epoch-making in the eyes of ephemeral critics, but History must wait before she can pronounce a valid judgment, and it is the impatience of the present to await the sober verdict of History which is answerable for so many monuments having been erected in memory of events or of men whose very names are now unknown, or known to the stones of their pedestals only.

But there is one fact in connection with the Parliament of Religions which no sceptic can belittle, and on which even contemporary judgment cannot be at fault. Such a gathering of representatives of the principal religions of the world has never before taken place; it is unique, it is unprecedented; nay, we may truly add, it could hardly have been conceived before our own time. Of course even this has been denied, and it has been asserted that the meeting at Chicago was by no means the first realization of a new idea upon this subject, but that similar meetings had taken place before. Is this true or is it not? To me it seems a complete mistake. If the Religious Parliament was not an entirely new idea, it was certainly the first realization of an idea which has lived silently in the hearts of prophets, or has been uttered now and then by poets only, who are free to

dream dreams and to see visions. Let me quote some lines of Browning's, which certainly sound like true prophecy:—

“Better pursue a pilgrimage  
Through ancient and through modern times,  
To many peoples, various climes,  
Where I may see saint, savage, sage  
Fuse their respective creeds in one  
Before the general Father's throne.”\*

Here you have no doubt the idea, the vision of the Religious Parliament of the World; but Browning was not allowed to see it. *You* have seen it, and America may be proud of having given substance to Browning's dream and to Browning's desire, if only it will see that what has hitherto been achieved must not be allowed to perish again.

To compare that Parliament with the Council of the Buddhist King Asoka, in the third century before Christ, is to take great liberties with historical facts. Asoka was no doubt an enlightened sovereign, who preached and practised religious toleration more truly than has any sovereign before or after him. I am the last person to belittle his fame; but we must remember that all the people who assembled at his Council belonged to one and the same religion, the religion of Buddha, and although that religion was even at that early time (242 B. C.) broken up into numerous sects, yet all who were present at the Great Council professed to be followers of Buddha only. We do not hear of Gainas nor Agívikas or Brahmans, nor of any other non-Buddhist religion being represented at the Council of Pataliputra.

It is still more incongruous to compare the Council of Chicago with the Council of Nicæa. That Council was no doubt called an œcumenical council, but what was the *Οἰκουμένη*, the inhabited world, of that time, 325 A. D., compared with the world as represented at the Columbian Exhibition of last year? Nor was there any idea under Constantine of extending the hand of fellowship to any non-Christian religion. On the contrary the object was to narrow the limits of Christian love and toleration, by expelling the followers of Arius from the pale of the Christian church. As to the behavior of the bishops assembled at Nicæa, the less that is said about it the better; but I doubt whether the members of the Chicago Council, including bishops, arch-

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\* Christmas Eve and Easter Day, XIX.

bishops and cardinals, would feel flattered if they were to be likened to the fathers assembled at Nicæa.

One more religious gathering has been quoted as a precedent of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago; it is that of the Emperor Akbar; but although the spirit which moved the Emperor Akbar (1542-1605) to invite representatives of different creeds to meet at Delhi, was certainly the same spirit which stirred the hearts of those who originated the meeting at Chicago, yet not only was the number of religions represented at Delhi much more limited, but the whole purpose was different. Here I say again, I am the last person to try to belittle the fame of the Emperor Akbar. He was dissatisfied with his own religion, the religion founded by Mohammed; and for an emperor to be dissatisfied with his own religion and the religion of his people, augurs, generally, great independence of judgment and true honesty of purpose. We possess full accounts of his work as a religious reformer, from both friendly and unfriendly sources; from Abufazl on one side, and from Badáoní on the other (Introduction to "The Science of Religion," p. 209 *et seq.*).

Akbar's idea was to found a new religion, and it was for that purpose that he wished to become acquainted with the prominent religions of the world. He first invited the most learned ulemahs to discuss certain moot points of Islam, but we are told by Badáoní that the disputants behaved very badly, and that one night, as he expresses it, the neck of the ulemahs swelled up, and a horrid noise and confusion ensued. The emperor announced to Badáoní that all who could not behave, and who talked nonsense, should leave the hall, upon which Badáoní remarked that in that case they would *all* have to leave (l. c., p. 221). Nothing of this kind happened at Chicago, I believe. The Emperor Akbar no doubt did all he could to become acquainted with other religions, but he certainly was not half so successful as was the president of your religious congress in assembling around him representatives of the principal religions of the world. Jews and Christians were summoned to the imperial court, and requested to translate the Old and the New Testament. We hear of Christian missionaries, such as Rodolpho Aquaviva, Antonio de Monserrato, Francisco Enriques and others; nay, for some time a rumor was spread that the emperor himself had actually been converted to Christianity.

Akbar appointed a regular staff of translators, and his library must have been very rich in religious books. Still he tried in vain to persuade the Brahmans to communicate the Vedas to him or to translate them into a language which he could read. He knew nothing of them, except possibly some portions of the Atharva-veda, probably the Upanishads only. Nor was he much more successful with the Zend Avesta, though portions of it were translated for him by one Ardshiv. His minister, Abufazl, tried in vain to assist the emperor in gaining a knowledge of Buddhism; but we have no reason to suppose that the emperor ever cared to become acquainted with the religious systems of China, whether that of Confucius or that of Lao-tze. Besides, there was in all these religious conferences the restraining presence of the emperor and of the powerful heads of the different ecclesiastical parties of Islam. Abufazl, who entered fully into the thoughts of Akbar, expressed his conviction that the religions of the world have all one common ground (l. c., p. 210). "One man," he writes (p. 211), "thinks that he worships God by keeping his passions in subjection; another finds self-discipline in watching over the destinies of a nation. The religion of thousands consists in clinging to a mere idea; they are happy in their sloth and unfitness of judging for themselves. But when the time of reflection comes, and men shake off the prejudices of their education, the threads of the web of religious blindness break, and the eye sees the glory of harmoniousness." "But," he adds, "the ray of such wisdom does not light up every house, nor could every heart bear such knowledge." "Again," he says, "although some are enlightened, many would observe silence from fear of fanatics, who lust for blood, though they look like men. And should any one muster sufficient courage, and openly proclaim his enlightened thoughts, pious simpletons would call him a madman, and throw him aside as of no account, whilst the ill-starred wretches would at once think of heresy and atheism, and go about with the intention of killing him."

This was written more than three hundred years ago, by a minister of Akbar, a contemporary of Henry VIII.; but if it had been written in our own days, in the days of Bishop Colenso and Dean Stanley, it would hardly have been exaggerated, barring the intention of killing such "madmen as openly declare their enlightened thoughts"; for burning here-



tics is no longer either legal or fashionable. How closely even the emperor and his friends were watched by his enemies we may learn from the fact that in some cases he had to see his informants in the dead of night, sitting on a balcony of his palace, to which his guest had to be pulled up by a rope! There was no necessity for that at Chicago. Your Parliament at Chicago had not to consider the frowns or smiles of an emperor like Constantine; it was encouraged, not intimidated, by the presence of bishops and cardinals; it was a free and friendly meeting, nay, I may say a brotherly meeting, and what is still more—for even brothers will sometimes quarrel—it was a harmonious meeting from beginning to end. All the religions of the world were represented at your Congress, far more completely and far more ably than in the palace at Delhi, and I repeat once more, without fear of contradiction, that the Parliament of Religions at Chicago stands unique, stands unprecedented in the whole history of the world.

There are, after all, not so many religions in the world as people imagine. There are only eight great historical religions which can claim that name on the strength of their possessing sacred books. All these religions came from the East; three from an Aryan, three from a Semitic source, and two from China. The three Aryan religions are the *Vedic*, with its modern offshoots in India, the *Avestic* of Zoroaster in Persia, and the religion of *Buddha*, likewise the offspring of Brahmanism in India. The three great religions of Semitic origin are the *Jewish*, the *Christian* and the *Mohammedan*. There are, besides, the two Chinese religions, that of *Confucius* and that of *Lao-tze*, and that is all; unless we assign a separate place to such creeds as Gainism, a near relative of Buddhism, which was ably represented at Chicago, or the religion of the Sikhs, which is after all but a compromise between Brahmanism and Mohammedanism.

All these religions were represented at Chicago; the only one that might complain of being neglected was Mohammedanism. Unfortunately the Sultan, in his capacity of Khalif, was persuaded not to send a representative to Chicago. One cannot help thinking that both in his case and in that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who likewise kept aloof from the Congress, there must have been some unfortunate misapprehension as to the real objects of that meeting. The present



Sultan is an enlightened and intelligent Mohammedan, and could hardly have wished that his religion should be left without any authoritative representative, in a general gathering of all the religions of the world. It was different with the Episcopalian Church of England, for although the Archbishop withheld his sanction, his church was ably represented both by English and American divines.

But what surprised everybody was the large attendance of representatives of all the other religions of the world. There were Buddhists and Shintoists from Japan, followers of Confucius and Lao-tze from China, there was a Parsee to speak for Zoroaster, there were learned Brahmans from India to explain the Veda and Vedânta. Even the most recent phases of Brahmanism were ably and eloquently represented by Mozoomdar, the friend and successor of Keshub Chunder Sen, and the modern reformers of Buddhism in Ceylon had their powerful spokesman in Dharmapâla. A brother of the King of Siam came to speak for the Buddhism of his country. Judaism was defended by learned rabbis, while Christianity spoke through bishops and archbishops, nay, even through a cardinal who is supposed to stand very near the papal chair. How had these men been persuaded to travel thousands of miles, to spend their time and their money in order to attend a Congress, the very character and object of which were mere matters of speculation?

Great credit no doubt is due to Dr. Barrows and his fellow-laborers; but it is clear that the world was really ripe for such a Congress, nay, was waiting and longing for it. Many people belonging to different religions had been thinking about a universal religion, or at least about a union of the different religions, resting on a recognition of the truths shared in common by all of them, and on a respectful toleration of what is peculiar to each, unless it offended against reason or morality. It was curious to see, after the meeting was over, from how many sides voices were raised, not only expressing approval of what had been done, but regret that it had not been done long ago. And yet I doubt whether the world would really have been ready for such a truly œcumenical council at a much earlier period. We all remember the time, not so very long ago, when we used to pray for Jews, Turks and infidels, and thought of all of them as true sons of Belial. Mohammed was looked upon as the

arch enemy of Christianity, the people of India were idolaters of the darkest die, all Buddhists were atheists, and even the Parsees were supposed to worship the fire as their god.

It is due to a more frequent intercourse between Christians and non-Christians that this feeling of aversion toward and misrepresentation of other religions has of late been considerably softened. Much is due to honest missionaries, who lived in India, China, and even among the savages of Africa, and who could not help seeing the excellent influence which even less perfect religions may exercise on honest believers. Much also is due to travellers who stayed long enough in countries such as Turkey, China or Japan to see in how many respects the people there were as good, nay, even better, than those who call themselves Christians. I read not long ago a book of travels by Mrs. Gordon, called "Clear Round." The author starts with the strongest prejudices against all heathens, but she comes home with the kindest feelings towards the religions which she has watched in their practical working in India, in Japan and elsewhere.

Nothing, however, if I am not blinded by my own paternal feelings, has contributed more powerfully to spread a feeling of toleration, nay, in some cases, of respect for other religions, than has the publication of the "Sacred Books of the East." It reflects the highest credit on Lord Salisbury, at the time secretary of state for India, and on the university of which he is the chancellor, that so large an undertaking could have been carried out, and I am deeply grateful that it should have fallen to my lot to be the editor of this series, and that I should thus have been allowed to help in laying the solid foundation of the large temple of the religion of the future—a foundation which shall be broad enough to comprehend every shade of honest faith in that Power which by nearly all religions is called *Our Father*, a name only, it is true, and it may be a very imperfect name; yet there is no other name in human language that goes nearer to that forever unknown Majesty in which we ourselves live and move and have our being.

But although this feeling of kindness for and the desire to be just to non-Christian religions has been growing up for some time, it never before found such an open and solemn recognition as at Chicago. That meeting was not intended, like that under Akbar at Delhi, for elaborating a new religion,

but it established a fact of the greatest significance, namely, that there exists an ancient and universal religion, and that the highest dignitaries and representatives of all the religions of the world can meet as members of one common brotherhood, can listen respectfully to what each religion had to say for itself, nay, can join in a common prayer and accept a common blessing, one day from the hands of a Christian archbishop, another day from a Jewish rabbi, and again another day from a Buddhist priest (Dharmapâla). Another fact, also, was established once for all, namely, that the points on which the great religions differ are far less numerous, and certainly far less important, than are the points on which they all agree. The words, "that God has not left Himself without a witness," became for the first time revealed as a fact at your Congress.

Whoever knows what human nature is will not feel surprised that every one present at the Religious Parliament looked on his own religion as the best, nay, loved it all the same, even when on certain points it seemed clearly deficient or antiquated as compared with other religions. Yet that predilection did not interfere with a hearty appreciation of what seemed good and excellent in other religions. When an old Jewish rabbi summed up the whole of his religion in the words, "Be good, my boy, for God's sake," no member of the Parliament of Religions would have said No; and when another rabbi declared that the whole law and the prophets depend on our loving God and loving our neighbor as ourselves, there are few religions that could not have quoted from their own sacred scriptures more or less perfect expressions of the same sentiment.

I wish indeed it could have been possible at your Parliament to put forward the most essential doctrines of Christianity or Islam, for example, and to ask the representatives of the other religions of the world, whether their own sacred books said Yes or No to any of them. For that purpose, however, it would have been necessary, no doubt, to ask each speaker to give chapter and verse for his declaration, — and here is the only weak point that has struck me and is sure to strike others in reading the transactions of the Parliament of Religions. Statements were put forward by those who professed to speak in the name of Buddhism, Brahmanism, Christianity and Zoroastrianism — by followers of these reli-

gions who happened to be present — which, if the speakers had been asked for chapter and verse from their own canonical books, would have been difficult to substantiate, or, at all events, would have assumed a very modified aspect. Perhaps this was inevitable, particularly as the rules of the Parliament did not encourage anything like discussion, and it might have seemed hardly courteous to call upon a Buddhist archbishop to produce his authority from the Tripitake or from the nine Dharmas.

We know how much our own Christian sects differ in the interpretation of the Bible, and how they contradict one another on many of their articles of faith. Yet they all accept the Bible as their highest authority. Whatever doctrine is contradicted by the Bible they would at once surrender as false; whatever doctrine is not supported by it they could not claim as revealed. It is the same with all the other so-called book-religions. Whatever differences of opinion may separate different sects, they all submit to the authority of their own sacred books.

I may therefore be pardoned if I think that the Parliament of Religions, the record of which has been assembled in forty silent volumes, is in some respects more authoritative than the Parliament that was held at Chicago. At Chicago you had, no doubt, the immense advantage of listening to living witnesses; you were *making* the history of the future — my Parliament in type records only the history of the past. Besides, the immense number of hearers, your crowded hall joining in singing sacred hymns, nay, even the magnificent display of color by the representatives of Oriental and Occidental creeds — the snowy lawn, the orange and crimson satin, the vermilion brocade of the various ecclesiastical vestments so eloquently described by your reporters — all this contributed to stir an enthusiasm in your hearts which I hope will never die. If there are two worlds, the world of deeds and the world of words, you moved at Chicago in the world of deeds. But in the end what remains of the world of deeds is the world of words, or, as we call it, *History*, and in those forty volumes you may see the history, the outcome, or, in some cases, the short inscription on the tombstones of those who in their time have battled for truth, as the speakers assembled at Chicago have battled for truth, for love, and for charity to our neighbors.

I know full well what may be said against all sacred books. Mark, first of all, that not one has been written by the founder of a religion; secondly, that nearly all were written hundreds, in some cases thousands, of years after the rise of the religion which they profess to represent; thirdly, that even after they were written, they were exposed to dangers and interpolations; and fourthly, that it requires a very accurate and scholarlike knowledge of their language and of the thoughts of the time when they were composed, in order to comprehend their true meaning. All this should be honestly confessed; and yet there remains the fact that no religion has ever recognized an authority higher than that of its sacred book, whether for the past or the present or the future. It was the absence of this authority, the impossibility of checking the enthusiastic descriptions of the supreme excellence of every single religion, that seems to me to have somewhat interfered with the usefulness of that great oecumenical meeting at Chicago.

But let us not forget, therefore, what has been achieved by your Parliament in the world of deeds. Thousands of people from every part of the world have for the first time been seen praying together, "Our Father, which art in heaven," and have testified to the words of the prophet Malachi, "Have we not all *one* Father, hath not *one* God created us?" They have declared that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is acceptable to Him." They have seen with their own eyes that God is not far from each one of those who seek God, if haply they may feel after Him. Let theologians pile up volume upon volume of what they call theology; religion is a very simple matter, and that which is so simple and yet so all-important to us, the living kernel of religion, can be found, I believe, in almost every creed, however much the husk may vary. And think what that means! It means that above and beneath and behind all religions there is one eternal, one universal religion, a religion to which every man, whether black or white or yellow or red, belongs or may belong.

What can be more disturbing and distressing than to see the divisions in our own religion, and likewise the divisions in the eternal and universal religion of mankind? Not only are the believers in different religions divided from each other, but they think it right to hate and to anathematize

each other on account of their belief. As long as religions encourage such feelings none of them can be the true one.

And if it is impossible to prevent theologians from quarrelling, or popes, cardinals, archbishops and bishops, priests and ministers, from pronouncing their anathemas, the true people of God, the universal laity, have surely a higher duty to fulfil. Their religion, whether formulated by Buddha, Mohammed or Christ, is before all things practical, a religion of love and trust, not of hatred and excommunication.

Suppose that there are and that there always will remain differences of creed, are such differences fatal to a universal religion? Must we hate one another because we have different creeds, or because we express in different ways what we believe?

Let us look at some of the most important articles of faith, such as *miracles*, *the immortality of the soul*, and *the existence of God*. It is well known that both Buddha and Mohammed declined to perform miracles, nay, despised them if required as evidence, in support of the truth of their doctrines. If, on the contrary, the founder of our own religion appealed, as we are told, to his works in support of the truth of his teaching, does that establish either the falsehood or the truth of the Buddhist, the Mohammedan or the Christian religion? May there not be truth, even without miracles? Nay, as others would put it, may there not be truth, even if resting apparently on the evidence of miracles only? Whenever all three religions proclaim the same truth, may they not all be true, even if they vary slightly in their expression, and may not their fundamental agreement serve as stronger evidence even than all miracles?

Or take a more important point, the belief in the immortality of the soul. Christianity and Mohammedanism teach it, ancient Mosaism seems almost to deny it, while Buddhism refrains from any positive utterance, neither asserting nor denying it. Does even that necessitate rupture and excommunication? Are we less immortal because the Jews doubted and the Buddhists shrank from asserting the indestructible nature of the soul?

Nay, even what is called *atheism* is, often, not the denial of a Supreme Being, but simply a refusal to recognize what seem to some minds human attributes, unworthy of the Deity. Whoever thinks that he can really deny Deity, must



also deny humanity; that is, he must deny himself, and that, as you know, is a logical impossibility.

But true religion, that is, practical, active, living religion, has little or nothing to do with such logical or metaphysical quibbles. Practical religion is life, ~~is~~ a new life, a life in the sight of God; and it springs from what may truly be called a new birth. And even this belief in a new birth is by no means an exclusively Christian idea. Nicodemus might ask, How can a man be born again? The old Brahmans, however, knew perfectly well the meaning of that second birth. They called themselves Dvi-ga, that is Twice-born, because their religion had led them to discover their divine birthright, long before *we* were taught to call ourselves the children of God.

In this way it would be possible to discover a number of fundamental doctrines, shared in common by the great religions of the world, though clothed in slightly varying phraseology. Nay, I believe it would have been possible, even at Chicago, to draw up a small number of articles of faith, not, of course, thirty-nine, to which all who were present could have honestly subscribed. And think what that would have meant! It rests with us to carry forth the torch that has been lighted in America, and not to allow it to be extinguished again, till a beacon has been raised lighting up the whole world and drawing towards it the eyes and hearts of all the sons of men in brotherly love and in reverence for that God who has been worshipped since the world began, albeit in different languages and under different names, but never before in such unison, in such world-embracing harmony and love, as at your great Religious Council at Chicago.

In conclusion let me say that I am a very old showman at Oxford University, and I may say truly that there are no strangers that I like so much to conduct personally over Oxford as the Americans. They seem to know what to look for, — they want to see the colleges of Locke, of Adam Smith, of Shelley, of Stanley, and they thoroughly enjoy what they see. They feel at home at Oxford, and they speak of it as their own university, as the glorious nursery of those men whose example has made America as great as she is. They have come on what they call a pilgrimage to England — and it is quite right that the land of their fathers should be to them a holy land. After all, the glories of England are

theirs — their fathers fought its battles by land and by sea ; their fathers made it a home of freedom ; their fathers, when freedom of word and thought and deed seemed threatened for a while, protested, and migrated to found a New England on the other side of the Atlantic.

But blood is thicker than water, thicker even than the Atlantic. With every year the old feeling of brotherhood asserts itself more strongly between Americans and Englishmen, between the Old and the New England. I have many friends in America, not one who is not a friend of England, not one who does not feel that in the struggle for political and religious freedom which looms in the future, Englishmen and Americans should always stand shoulder to shoulder, should form one united people. Whatever may be said against England — and a good deal has been said against her by what I heard an American ambassador call, the other day, "the mischievous boy of the family," always the most popular with mothers, sisters and cousins, if not with fathers and aunts — but whatever has been or may be said against England, can you imagine what the world would be without England? And do you believe that New England, Young England, would ever stand by with folded arms to see Old England touched, so long as a drop of Saxon blood was left in the veins of her soldiers and sailors?

Here, too, as in the Parliament of Religions of Chicago, it would be easy to show that the points on which Americans and Englishmen differ are nothing as compared to those on which they agree. Take one instance only. If England and America were to say once for all that there shall be no war without previous arbitration, and that whatever country objects to this article of international faith, shall for the time be excluded from all international amenities, shall be *taboo* politically and financially, the world might breathe again more freely, the poor would be allowed again to eat their bread in peace, we should have peace on earth, goodwill towards men ; we should have what the First Parliament of the World's Religions proclaimed as "the true glory to God." We are all members of the great parliament of the world ; let us show that we can be above party, above country, above creed, and that we owe allegiance to truth only, and to that voice of conscience which is the "real presence" in the universal communion of mankind.



## GUY DE MAUPASSANT.\*

BY COUNT L. N. TOLSTOI.

IF I am not mistaken, it was in 1881 that Turgenief, who was staying with me at the time, brought forth a small book from his trunk, and handed it to me; the book was called "*Maison Tellier*."

"Read it when you have nothing else to do!" he said, quite carelessly; in the same way that, about a year before, he had given me a number of *Russkoe Bogatstvo*, with an article by Garshin, who was just beginning to write. It was evident on both occasions that Turgenief was trying not to influence me in any way, but wished me to form an independent opinion. "He is a young French writer," he continued; "you will find him not at all bad. He knows your books and—thinks very highly of them," this as a bribe. "In his life and character he reminds me of Drujénin. Like Drujénin, he is a good son, a faithful friend, and a strong sympathizer with the working classes. And his relations with the fair sex remind me of Drujénin, too." And Turgenief told me some wonderful, almost incredible, stories of this side of Maupassant's character.

That very period, 1881, was the most fateful epoch of the rebuilding of my inner life; and while this rebuilding was going on, the activities which are generally called "artistic," and to which I had formerly dedicated all my powers, not only lost for me the high value I had once set on them, but grew even repellent to me; precisely because of the disproportionate space they had filled in my own life, and in the lives of the rich in general. And so, at that time, I took no interest at all in works like this which Turgenief had lent me. But I did not want to disappoint him, and so read the book.

The first story, "*Maison Tellier*," showed me, beyond all doubt, that its author possessed a true talent, in spite of

\* Translated by Charles Johnston.

the looseness and insignificance of his theme. The author clearly had the peculiar gift, the talent of concentrating his mind on one subject or another, which gives to its possessor the power of seeing something new, something invisible to others, in what he is looking at. And without doubt Guy de Maupassant could see things invisible to others. Yet, as far as I could judge from this one book, in spite of his talent he lacked the chiefest of the three qualities necessary for the production of a true work of art. *These three conditions are: a true, a moral attitude towards his subject; clear expression, or, what is the same thing, beauty of form; and, thirdly, sincerity—unfeigned love or unfeigned hatred for what he depicts.*

Of these three conditions, Guy de Maupassant possessed the two last only, and was utterly devoid of the first. He had no true, no moral attitude towards his subject. From what I had read, I decided that Guy de Maupassant possessed this talent; that he could intend his mind on things, and thus discern qualities unseen by others; that he also possessed beauty of form—he could say clearly, simply and beautifully whatever he had to say; that he also possessed the indispensable condition of effectiveness—sincerity. He did not feign love and hatred. He loved and hated sincerely. But unhappily lacking the first, the chiefest condition of true work—the right moral attitude, the discernment between good and evil—he loved and painted things that are not worthy of love; and did not love or paint things that are worthy of love. In this little book, he describes with rich detail, and evident relish, the ways in which men and women seduce each other, and even adds some hardly intelligible impurities, as in "*La Femme de Paul*"; while at the same time he describes the village toilers not only callously but even repulently, as mere animals.

A total failure to understand the life and hopes of the toilers, while depicting them as repulsive animals, moved only by lust, wrath and greed, is a capital defect in French writers generally. Guy de Maupassant does not escape this defect; in this, as in his other books, he ever describes the masses of France as coarse, vulgar animals, worthy only of ridicule. I cannot, of course, claim to know the masses of France better than the French writers know them; but though I am a Russian, and have never lived among the

masses in France, I confidently affirm that the French writers err in describing the French people as they do, and that the French people cannot be what the French writers say they are. If the France we know, with her really great men, with the endowments they have dedicated to science, art, civilization and the moral progress of the world, really exists, then the working masses who have sustained and still sustain this gifted France on their shoulders, cannot be made up of mere animals, but must be made up of men, with great moral qualities. And so I do not believe the pictures of them in novels like "*La Terre*," and the stories of Guy de Maupassant, just as I could not believe in a fine palace without foundations.

And so the general impression of the book Turgenief had given me left me completely indifferent to the young French writer. And, still more, I felt so disgusted at the time with "*Une Partie de Campagne*," "*La Femme de Paul*," and "*L'Histoire d'une Fille de Ferme*," that I never even noticed the two really excellent stories, "*Le Papa de Simon*," and "*Sur l'Eau*"—a wonderful description of night. It seemed to me that, in our days, there are so many people who possess a true talent prostituted to falseness. So I told Turgenief, and then forgot all about Guy de Maupassant.

The first work of his I saw after this was "*Une Vie*," which somebody advised me to read. This book totally changed my opinion of Guy de Maupassant; and afterwards I always read with great interest whatever appeared over his signature. "*Une Vie*" is an excellent novel; not only is it beyond comparison Guy de Maupassant's best, but I think it would not be wrong to say that it is the best French novel after Hugo's "*Les Misérables*."

"*Une Vie*," besides showing a true talent, a true power of concentration on a subject, so as to reveal new and unseen relations, also unites in itself the three essential conditions of a true work of art: a true, a moral attitude towards the subject; beauty of form; and sincerity—unfeigned love for what the author describes. The author sees that the meaning of life transcends the adventures of profligates of either sex. The contents of the book, as its title shows, comprehend "A Life"; a life, innocent and ruined; a gracious woman ever open to all good influences, but brought to utter ruin by the very grossness of animal instincts which, in

former days, were, in the opinion of the author, the central, dominant facts of life. But in this book, all the sympathies of the author are on the side of what is really good.

The style of his first stories is also excellent, but here it reaches such heights of perfection as have never, in my opinion, been reached by any writer of French prose. But, best of all, the author truly and sincerely loves the kindly family he describes, and really hates the coarse sensualist who destroys its happiness and peace. And this sincerity is the root of that vividness which pervades the whole work. The easy-going, good-hearted mother; the noble, weak, sympathetic father, and the still more sympathetic daughter in her simplicity and great openness to all that is good; their mutual relations; their first journey; their servants and neighbors; the stingy, sensual, trivial and impudent bridegroom, who deceives the innocent girl with his commonplace idealization of the most brutal sides of human character; the wedding; Corsica, with its charmingly described nature; then their country life; the coarse unfaithfulness of the husband; his usurping all proprietary rights over their property; his collisions with his father-in-law; the retiring timidity of the good, and the triumph of the impudent; their relations with their neighbors; all this is life itself, with all its complex variety; and not only is it admirably and vividly described—it is pervaded by a sincere, pathetic tone, in which the reader shares, even against his will. You feel that the author loves this woman; and not for her outer beauty, but for her soul, for all that is good in her. He pities her, and suffers with her; and this feeling of his is communicated to the reader. And the questions, "Why, with what object, is this gracious being ruined; and is this possibly right?" arise in the reader's heart, and force him deeper into the import and sense of human life.

The next novel of Guy de Maupassant's which I read was "*Bel-Ami*." "*Bel-Ami*" is distinctly an impure book. The author clearly gives way to his inclination to describe what attracts him in an unworthy way; and so often loses the original negative attitude towards his hero, and goes over bodily to his side. But, in a more general way, "*Bel-Ami*," as well as "*Une Vie*," is based on serious thought and earnest feeling. In "*Une Vie*," this fundamental thought is perplexity at the cruel purposelessness with which an excel-

lent woman is made to suffer through the vulgar sensuality of a man. In "*Bel-Ami*," it is more than perplexity. It is indignation at the success and happiness of a coarse animal, who succeeds, and wins a high social position through this very sensuality; and indignation at the profligacy of the atmosphere in which the hero wins success. In the first story, the author seems to ask: With what object, for what fault is this beautiful being ruined; why did it happen? In the second, he seems to answer these questions: everything pure and good in our society is doomed to ruin, because this society is immoral, mad and chaotic. The last scene of the novel, the wedding of a triumphant rascal, decorated with the *Legion d'Honneur*, in a fashionable church, with a pure young girl, the daughter of a once blameless mother whom he had seduced; a wedding which received an episcopal blessing, and was acknowledged universally as a thing to be respected, expresses this fundamental thought with unusual power. In this novel, you see that the author is dealing earnestly with life, in spite of its being encumbered with impure detail, which, unhappily, seems to delight him.

Read the conversation of the old poet with Duroy, after they have left the Walters' dinner party, if I mistake not:—

"She holds me already, *la quense*," he says, of Death; "she has loosened my teeth, torn out my hair, crippled my limbs, and she is ready to swallow me; I am already in her power. She lingers, playing with me, like a cat with a mouse, and knowing that there is no escape for me. Fame and wealth—what profit is in them? when you cannot buy with them a woman's love. A woman's love is the one thing worth living for; and Death robs us of it; of love, and then of health, of strength, of our very life; and this for us all, and nothing gained."

This is the meaning of the old poet's words; but Duroy is the successful suitor of every woman that pleases him; he is so full of lust, energy and force, that he, hearing, hears not, and understanding, understands not, the old poet's words. He certainly hears and understands, but the springs of self-indulgent life pulsate in him so strongly that this self-evident truth fails to touch him, though foreshadowing his own end.

This interior contradiction, together with its ironic purpose, forms the chief meaning of *Bel-Ami*. The same thought

illuminates the excellent description of the consumptive journalist's death. The author asks himself what this life is, how to explain the eternal contradiction between the love of life and the knowledge of inevitable death. But he gives no answer to this question. He seems to seek, to wait for, a solution; but gives no decision in either sense. But still his moral attitude towards life remains true in this novel.

But in the stories that follow, this moral attitude towards life becomes confused; the valuation of the incidents of life begins to be uncertain, obscured, and at last altogether dislocated. In "*Mont Oriol*," Guy de Maupassant seems to join the motives of the two preceding novels, and to go over their contents once more. This story is rich in descriptions of a fashionable health resort, with its hygienic activities; full of admirable humor. But we see the same Paul, as cruel and as worthless as the husband in "*Une Vie*"; the same sweet, weak, lovely, sympathetic woman, deceived and ruined; the same heartless triumph of worthless vulgarity as in "*Bel-Ami*." The leading thought is certainly the same, but the author's moral attitude is considerably lower. His notions of good and evil become very uncertain. In spite of all his intellectual striving to be dispassionate and objective, the profligate Paul evidently has his sympathy, and consequently the story of Paul's passion, and his successful attempts to seduce, rings quite false. The reader does not quite know what the author intends, and whether he wishes to paint Paul's meanness and moral bankruptcy, his indifferent desertion and insults towards his victim, for the sole reason that, when pregnant with his child, she loses her grace and beauty; or wishes to show how easy and pleasant it is to live the life of this profligate.

In the stories that follow, "*Pierre et Jean*," and "*Fort Comme la Mort*," the author's moral attitude towards his creations is still more uncertain; and in "*Notre Cœur*" it seems to be altogether lost. All these stories are stamped with indifference, haste and unreality, and, above all, with the lack of that right moral attitude towards life, which was so clearly present in the earlier story, "*Une Vie*."

This deterioration seems to have begun exactly at the period when Guy de Maupassant's reputation as a fashionable writer was established; when he was led into the strong temptation belonging to our time; the temptation which is likely to come



to any successful writer, and the more so, if the writer is so attractive as Guy de Maupassant. On one side, the success of his first novels; the praises of the critics; the flattery of society and especially of women; on another, increasing gains and still more rapidly increasing wants; and, lastly, the importunity of publishers, who cease to judge the quality of what the author offers them, ready to accept anything bearing a lucrative signature;—all this intoxicates the author. He gives way, and though still as perfect, or even more perfect in style, and even taking delight in his descriptions, he loves what he describes from mere whim, and not because it is good and worthy of all love; or hates what he describes from mere whim, and not because it is evil and worthy of hate.

The motive in "*Une Vie*" is this: here is a human being, kindly, bright, sympathetic, open to all good influences; and for some reason, this human being is sacrificed first to her vulgar, worthless, stupid, sensual husband, and then to her son who is no better. Why is this being led to ruin without ever having given anything to the world? This is the question Guy de Maupassant puts, and, to all appearances, he leaves it unanswered. But the whole story, all our compassion for the victim, all our abhorrence for the causes of her ruin, are an answer to this question. If even one man could enter into, and express, her sorrows, they are justified. Such was the meaning of Job's answer to his friends, who said that none would understand his sorrow. You have learned suffering and understood it; this is its justification. And the author has seen and understood this suffering, and has unveiled its mysteries to others. The suffering is justified by the fact that, once it has been understood by mankind, its source will be inevitably removed, sooner or later.

The story that followed, "*Bel-Ami*," no longer raises the question of the suffering of the innocent; the question it raises is: Why should the unworthy win wealth and fame? What, then, are this wealth and this fame, and how are they acquired? This question also contains its solution within itself; its solution is the negation of everything that the mob values most highly. The theme of "*Bel-Ami*," is still serious; but the author's moral attitude towards his subject is far more infirm. In "*Une Vie*," the sensual blots which disfigure the story were few and far between; but in "*Bel-*

*Ami*," these blots spread and expand, till whole chapters are darkened by them, without disturbing the author's complacency.

In "*Mont-Oriol*," the question, Why should a gracious woman suffer, and a brutal seducer triumph? is no longer put. The author seems really to assume that this is exactly as it should be; moral requirements are hardly felt at all; but impure, sensual descriptions are frequent, though quite uncalled for by any artistic necessity or fitness. The author's moral attitude towards his subject is perfectly false; and, as a striking example of his doing violence to the laws of beauty, one may cite the very detailed description of the appearance of the heroine in her bath. This description is perfectly unnecessary; quite unconnected with either the exterior or the interior theme of the novel. Tiny bubbles cover pink flesh. What of that? asks the reader. Nothing! replies the author; I describe this because I like this kind of description.

In the two stories that follow, "*Pierre et Jean*," and "*Fort Comme la Mort*," there is no moral basis at all. Both are built upon profligacy, deceit and lying; leading the persons of the story to tragic complications.

Then in "*Notre Cœur*," the situation is perfectly monstrous, impossible and immoral. Here the chief characters make no attempt at resistance; they give themselves up heart and soul to the shallowest sensual pleasures; and the author seems to sympathize with them sincerely. The only conclusion the reader can possibly draw is, that there is nothing in life worth living for but sexual indulgence, no aim but its most extended enjoyment.

I shall touch on his short stories—his chief achievement and title to fame—later on; but in all his novels after "*Bel-Ami*," Guy de Maupassant is evidently enslaved by the false theory that reigned in his circle in Paris and still reigns everywhere: the theory that an artistic creation demands no defined sense of good and evil; that, on the contrary, a true artist is bound to ignore all moral questions, and that in this ignoring lies the artist's chief merit. This theory holds it to be the artist's duty to represent actuality—what actually is, or what is beautiful—that is, what pleases him or may serve as material for "science"; but that it is no part of his duty to discern between moral and immoral, good



and evil. In compliance with this verdict of elect spirits, Guy de Maupassant wrote his novels under the curious belief that whatever his circle believed to be beautiful, was that true Beautiful which all art must serve.

Guy de Maupassant grew up and formed himself among those who believed that feminine beauty and feminine passion were finally and universally acknowledged by the best minds as the only true subject of real art. This theory, in all its terrible inanity, enslaved Guy de Maupassant as soon as he became a fashionable writer; and, as could have been foretold, this false ideal led him into a whole series of mistakes, in work that grew steadily weaker and weaker.

And here we come to the radical difference between a novel and a short story. The theme of a novel, interior and exterior, is the description of a whole life, or even many lives; hence the writer of a novel must clearly discern between good and evil in life—a discernment which Guy de Maupassant never possessed. Quite the opposite, for it was blazoned on the banner of his school that he must ignore this very discernment. Had he been one of the throng of talentless prophets of sensuality, he would have depicted evil as good in perfect contentment, and his novels would have been complete and interesting for readers who shared his views. But Guy de Maupassant was not talentless; he had the true talent—the power of discerning reality—and therefore, in spite of himself, depicted reality, and saw evil in what he tried to depict as good. And this is why in all his novels but “*Une Vie*” his sympathies are so uncertain; sometimes depicting evil as good; sometimes seeing evil in evil, and good in good; and continually changing from one to the other. And this uncertainty is fatal to the wholeness of impression, fatal to the illusion.

With the exception of his early novels, or, to speak more exactly, with the exception of his earliest one, all his novels are weak as such; and, had he left us nothing but his novels, his life would be valuable only as a striking example of a brilliant gift ruined by the false surroundings in which it developed, and the false theories of men without love for, and therefore without understanding of, art.

But, happily, Guy de Maupassant wrote short stories also, in which he did not comply with a false theory; in which he did not aim at fine writing, but simply recorded what touched

his heart or repelled his moral sense. And so, in the best of these short stories, you can trace the development of his moral sense, and the gradual and unconscious dethronement of all that formerly constituted for him the whole aim and meaning of life. And the wonderful characteristic of all true talent is, that, unless the author does violence to his own better nature, a true talent will teach its possessor and lead him on the road of moral unfolding, making him love the truly lovable, and hate what is worthy of hatred. An artist is an artist only in so far as he can see things, not as he wishes to see them, but as they really are. The possessor of a true talent may err, but the true talent, when given free scope — as Guy de Maupassant's was, in his short stories — will unveil and reveal the truth as it really is; will compel love for it if it be lovable, and hatred, if it be worthy of hate. What befell Balaam will befall every true artist, when, under outward influences, he seeks to represent what should not be represented; seeking to bless the accursed, he cursed, and seeking to curse the blessed, he blessed. Unwillingly, he does not what he would, but what he should.

And so with Guy de Maupassant. There was hardly another writer who felt so sincerely that the sole end and aim of life is woman, and who described woman and woman's love so powerfully and passionately from every side; and yet who showed the dark reverses of the picture so clearly and truly, though sincerely seeking to exalt his ideal, and show in it the true end and happiness of life. The deeper he penetrated into life with this ideal, the more completely all veils were torn away, leaving bare the dark consequences and still darker realities. Guy de Maupassant wished to hymn the praises of passion, but the deeper he penetrated, the deeper grew his loathing. He loathes passion for the calamities and sufferings that follow in its wake; for its many disappointments; and, most of all, because passion counterfeits true love — a counterfeit which brings the more suffering the more credulous was its victim.

The moral progress of Guy de Maupassant's life is written in ineffaceable characters through the whole series of his delicious short stories and his best books, "*Sur l'Eau*" and "*Une Vie*." This growth is to be traced not only in the dethronement of sexual passion — the more significant that it is involuntary — but also in Guy de Maupassant's increasing

demands from life, in a moral sense. He begins to perceive the chasm between man and beast not in sexual passion alone, but in the whole fabric of life.

He sees that the material world, such as it is, is not the best of all possible worlds; that it might be far other; that it does not satisfy the demands of reason and love. He begins to perceive that another world exists; or, at least, he realizes the soul's longings for this other world. And this thought is strikingly expressed in "*Horla*." He is tortured by the material world's unreason and ugliness; by its lack of love, its separation. I know no other cry of despair that goes straighter to the heart, coming from one who from chaos had found conscience, than the expression of this thought in the charming story, "Solitude." The fact that tortured Guy de Maupassant most keenly, and to which he returns again and again, is this very loneliness, this consciousness of a spiritual barrier shutting him off from all mankind; a barrier that grows more palpable as physical intercourse grows closer. What makes him suffer so? What is he longing for? What could break down the barrier, and bring this utter loneliness to an end? What but love? Yet not the *mirage* of woman, of sexual passion; but true love—pure, spiritual and divine. And this Guy de Maupassant thirsts for. This true love, long clearly recognized as the salvation of life, is the goal of his struggles from the toils he feels drawn round him. He has not yet found the name of what he seeks; nor will he name it with the lips alone, through fear of bringing pollution to the shrine. Yet unnamed as is his impulse, his horror of loneliness is so intense that it is communicated to the reader, who is far more touched by this upward struggle than by all the idyls of passion that have flowed eloquent from Guy de Maupassant's lips. The tragedy of his life is in the fact that, though plunged in a life and tide of moral chaos, the power and luminousness of his talent was making for his liberation from this chaos; his release was definitely sure; he was already breathing the free air. Yet, having spent his strength in the struggle, he failed in the last needed effort, and perished unreleased.

According to the thought that surrounded him, in which he was formed, and which the young lust of his passionate nature strengthened and confirmed, life was for indulgence alone, and the chiefest indulgence was sexual love; and this

false tendency gained force and color from his wonderful power of depicting passion and communicating it to others.

But the more he bent his eyes on this indulgence, the more there struggled to the light elements foreign and hostile to passion and beauty; woman grew strangely repellent; then the pains of pregnancy, of childbirth; the unwelcome children; then deceit, cruelty, moral suffering; then — old age, and — death. Then again — is this "beauty" real beauty? Of what use is it? This ideal of his might hold, if we could bind the wings of time; but life hurries on, — and what does this mean? The hurry of life means this — thin and grizzled hair, toothlessness, wrinkles, tainted breath; even long before the end all becomes ugly and repellent; visible pain, sweat, foulness, hideousness. Where, then, is the god of my idolatry? Where is beauty? Beauty is all, and is — vanished. Nothing is left. Life is gone. Nor is it only that life has gone from where you beheld it. You yourself begin to lag behind. You yourself grow weak, dull, decrepit. Others cull the sweets before your eyes.

And even this is not all. You begin to see the glimmer of another life; something different; another communion with life, and with mankind; a communion with no place for these deceits; a communion not to be destroyed, but ever true and ever beautiful. But this may not be. It is but the gleam of an oasis, where we know no oasis is, but sand only. Guy de Maupassant has reached the tragic hour of struggle between the lies around him, and the truth he was beginning to see. The throes of the new birth were close at hand. And these throes are expressed in his most excellent works, and more than all in his short stories. Had he not been doomed to death in the birth-struggle, he would have given us great evangels; yet even what he gave us in his pain is much already. Therefore let us thank this strong, truthful writer for what he has given.

## DAVID A. WELLS' "DOWNFALL."

BY GEORGE WILSON.\*

(a) In the *Forum* for October, 1893, David A. Wells invites attention to his feat of causing the "Downfall" of certain "Financial Fallacies," which before would not down, but continued to trouble "many intelligent persons anxious to know the truth." Under this modest title he set forth "the appreciation of gold fallacy" and four other fallacies. He says it is doubtful if there has ever been a controverted economic or social question in which so much of error of assertion and assumption is involved, as has characterized the theories and statements of the advocates of silver.

Thereafter he tries to liken his opponents to Rev. John Jasper, the negro preacher in Richmond, Va., who says "The sun do move" and "The earth do stand still." Like the opposing general of whom Lee said, "He seemed not to be aware of his situation," Mr. Wells seems not to see that in claiming that gold is the "standard of value," that it has stood still and other things have moved, he is taking exactly the position in finance that Jasper does in physics. As there is no physical constant in the universe, so there is no price-constant in the market. Those who think there is a "standard of value" have not mastered the subject.

(b) In general, when dollars are few we must give much of other commodities for a given quantity of them; when plenty, less. There is therefore a *prima facie* case against the enemies of constitutional coinage. He tries to clear them thus:—

Nobody, furthermore, has ever yet risen to explain the motive which has impelled the sellers of merchandise all over the world during the last thirty years, to take lower prices for their goods in the face of an unexampled abundance of capital and low rates of interest, except upon the issue of the struggle between supply and demand.

That "assertion and assumption" has a radical fault; it is not true. The abundance of money is relative. In proportion to the enormous increase of new country to develop, money was seldom scarcer. In proportion to the increase of drafts on the future in the shape of deferred obligations, now constantly maturing, the world has never as urgently needed all the gold

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\* President of the oldest bank in Missouri.

and silver it could get for use as money. Our issue-bank currency and much of the English is paid for twice. We are taxed to create it and we pay interest on it when we borrow it. To suppose that value can be made out of nothing is not to understand the law of the conservation of energy.

Nowhere in the Union has production for the time named been carried on with money at low rates of interest. The same is true of South and Central America, Australia, Canada and Mexico. The chief cause of the trouble of the Jews in Russia is that they have plundered Russian producers by outrageous rates of interest.

When commodities are falling in price on the hands of sellers of them any rate of interest paid on money to carry on such business is a loss. Money naturally abundant and at a low rate of interest, as Mr. Wells seems to recognize, would not allow the disproportionately low prices to which he confesses. Men like Mr. Wells form opinions of interest rates from reading that the Bank of England rate to-day is two per cent and New York's rate perhaps three per cent. But at the same time our cotton crop is produced at an average of, say, fifteen per cent. His statement not being true, he is left with a *prima facie* case against the gold fiatists.

(c) Here is the meat of his case. He says:—

In all that has been written or spoken on this subject, on either side of the Atlantic, that has fallen under my observation, no one has ever named a single commodity and satisfactorily proved or even attempted to prove that its decline was due to the appreciation of gold. And the reason for such default is that it cannot be done. On the other hand not a single commodity that has notably declined in price within that time can be named in respect to which clear, abundant and specific evidence cannot be adduced in proof that its decline has been due to decreased cost of production or distribution or to changes in supply and demand occasioned by wholly fortuitous circumstances.

Did he forget silver bullion; or did he think demonetization "wholly fortuitous"?

It is not a matter of reasonable doubt that within the last thirty or forty years man has attained such a greater control over the forces of nature and has so compassed their use, that he has been able to do far more work in a given time and produce far more product, measured by quantity in ratio to a given amount of labor, than ever before. How great has been the average saving in the world's work of production and distribution cannot be accurately stated; but few investigators place it at less than forty per cent, and in some great branches of industry it has certainly amounted to seventy or eighty per cent. We have here, therefore, a natural, all-sufficient, and non-disputable cause of the remarkable decline in prices under consideration and also of its continuation.

That is his case: cheap commodities and dear money are caused by over-supply of the first, compared with the demand



for them. It is positively amusing to think that with all Mr. Wells' pretensions as an economist he should think that any answer.

Elsewhere he says that all true money is a commodity. How does it happen that the other commodities have increased so much beyond demand, by man's ingenuity, energy, control of the forces of nature, etc., and the commodity, money, has not? Oh! here's the rub. It was increasing, though not in proportion to the other commodities that are exchanged by it, and just there the fiatists interfered to reduce the supply of it. The same railroads that opened up new wheat fields in Nebraska, Kansas and the two Dakotas and new cotton fields in Arkansas, Texas and other states, also opened up new mines of the two money metals in the Rocky Mountain states and territories beyond them. He mainly agrees with us as to the going apart of gold on one hand and the mass of commodities on the other. But his assertion that it is from "fortuitous circumstances" is grossly and flatly false, and in one of his details he helps us to show it. He says the copper tea kettle now worth seventy-five cents was in 1860 worth two dollars and a half, "which, the commercial world is agreed, has been wholly due to the extraordinary productiveness of new American mines and new methods of mining and smelting."

In the ores of Colorado that are treated at Central and Black Hawk, Colorado, and elsewhere, there are gold, silver and copper blended in nature's laboratory. When separated, the gold and copper can be used for any purpose for which man has found them useful. The natural right to use gold as money according to immemorial Aryan custom-law is left, but the same right so to use silver is taken from the individual by fiat. If we could quote the price of the copper by a volume of money made up of the gold and silver the price of a copper tea kettle would not be as low as it is, if the other factors did not change. This anti-natural, unconstitutional, fiat treatment of silver has cut off one of its uses and it, too, has thereby declined as quoted in gold. The copper regions of Lake Superior are also silver producing regions. The same is true of Mexico and South America. The difference in the treatment of silver and copper has affected the product of those countries. Mr. Wells says that it can be proved by "clear, abundant and specific evidence" that this fiat change in supply and demand is "*wholly due to fortuitous circumstances.*"

The condition in the Union now is exactly as if a hundred men, each with a commodity to trade, had met as before in a market. The commodities must all be converted into money, but the one who had before all the gold and silver money he could get, now only has the share that he can get out of a volume restricted to



gold. Each commodity owner therefore tries to sell all he has and buy less than usual of what the others have, because money is scarcer and dearer and a certain fixed sum of it must be taken home to pay his debts. Hence there is, of course, except as to money, a greater supply than demand; *but from an unnatural cause — the fiat restriction of the volume of money.* The necessity, in the case of each producer, for raising more of products whose price is falling, in order to get a certain *sum* to pay debts and taxes; and the need of doing without other commodities and applying most of the product to paying liabilities — this factor in causing what he treats as over production, Mr. Wells ignores. In between alleged over-production of low-priced wheat and cotton let a natural supply of metal money go, and the money prices of both will rise.

This completely answers Mr. Wells' claim that improvement in production and distribution, control of the forces of nature, etc., alone have made low prices. But he angrily says that to ask for the retention of that natural equality among commodities, including gold and silver, is "rascally." If his theory of money is true, that Congress can make and unmake money, it is absurd to say that remonetizing silver is "rascally." His "few thoughtful minds" in Europe have decided that issue bankers and gold miners have a royal prerogative. He sees no rascality in limiting money by fiat after the world has made immeasurable contracts to pay money. Whence do governments get power to make and unmake money? He does not say. But the power to make and unmake money at will is tacitly assumed for Congress by him, as by the greenbackers. That is, at one end of his political economy he is a liberal or believer in natural rights; at the other a fiatist. He may properly be called an economic freak, a double-headed economic prodigy. Had he learned the principles of the science of money he would have seen that they are a part of the science of sociology and come under the same rule — that of the natural rights of man as opposed to the violent interference school. He has always professed to be with Bentham, Hume, Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and the liberal school in political economy, and now in a detail of political economy — finance — he appears among the champions of the fiat school. This is indeed a "down-fall." He has not learned the elementary fact that money is an evolution, not the creature of government. Yet he has always taught that the evolution of commerce ought to go on upon natural lines unrestrained by fiat.

Man's right to use as money all the gold and all the silver he can get is as indefeasible as his right to use as food all the wheat and beef that he or others can produce. Fiat can no more, justly, limit the amount of the two money metals that he may

use as money than it can limit the uses to which he may put wheat, or the quantity of it that he may use as food. The free coinage of the two money metals as under the law of 1792 is only the natural right of every one to the unrestricted use of gold and silver. There is no more right to restrict the use of silver as money than to restrict its use as spoons. It was immemorial Aryan custom-law, not statute, that made them "money"; as the law-merchant and not statute first made money contracts negotiable.

(d) Mr. Wells says:—

Again, if the appreciation of gold has been the cause of the decline of prices under consideration, the inference is irresistible that everything for sale, or exchangeable for money, ought to have experienced its influence; and that something of correspondence as respects time and degree in resulting price movements would have been recognized. And this is exactly what the advocates of silver claim has occurred. Thus in speeches recently made by the secretary and representative of the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia—Mr. Heber Clark—he is reported as saying that "The fact that prices of practically all commodities have steadily declined demonstrates that some one large force operating with equal pressure everywhere and simultaneously must be thrusting them downward. . . . That fact is the appreciation of gold." But nothing of the kind as thus asserted has happened. The decline in prices, though extensive, has fallen far short of embracing all commodities, and has not been manifested simultaneously.

Mr. Wells says also:—

There is, further, no foundation for the assertion that there has been anything like a simultaneous decline in prices due to the appreciation of gold and no one can name any two commodities whose price experiences during the period of decline have harmonized either in respect to time or degree.

That is to say, he requires the constitutionalists to prove that variations in supply and demand from other causes, making one thing rise and another fall at the same time, or one fall faster or more than another, have ceased by gold appreciation; to prove that under gold appreciation they fluctuate or fall in harmony: otherwise there has been no gold appreciation. He says we say this is the case. The language of the one witness that he quotes warrants no such construction as he puts on it. If, as Mr. Wells says, the fall in the case of each commodity can be shown to be from changes in supply and demand, cheapened production, distribution, etc., why has not the fall been parallel as to amount and synchronous in the cases of the commodities that he agrees have fallen? Evidently because they were not all acted upon by exactly the same influences in the same degree at the same time. Should gold appreciation, if a fact, have pulled them all into line and made them do it? Here is a fair application of Mr. Wells' logic on this point; if at the time fiat is lessening the money

supply an abundant wheat crop in the summer is followed by a fall in wheat prices there is not "simultaneously" a fall in the price of cotton, though the corresponding cotton crop will come in some five months later than wheat, or when it comes it is a short crop, then gold appreciation had nothing to do with any fall in either case. And here is another: when self-binders were introduced their influence was to cheapen wheat, and if gold appreciation had then been depressing prices, corn (though still cut, gathered and shucked by hand) ought to have fallen simultaneously and in the same degree.

Mr. John Henry Newman, member of the London Chamber of Commerce and author of "The World's Exchanges of Standard Metals," etc., one of the gold fiatists endorsed by Professor Sumner, says, "No two substances can be exchanged for any length of time on parallel lines of quantities or values." He thinks that a natural law. Mr. Wells thinks it would disappear under gold appreciation. He says in effect that we say this has happened. One would suppose that the constitutionalists, or Mr. Clark for them, alleged that demonetization wiped out all other influences "which vary with time, place and circumstance" (to quote Mr. Wells). Nobody, so far as I know, says that because this fiat treatment of money has resulted as it must result, all other factors that tend to affect prices cease to act as usual; but that is what Mr. Wells virtually charges the constitutional coinage party with saying and that is what he tries to answer. He fights a straw man of his own make.

There is an equal downward pressure everywhere, as Mr. Clark says, but it meets in some cases resisting factors, in others helping factors, all of various degrees of strength and coming at different times. Hence the results of gold appreciation cannot make the fall of any one product perfectly rhythmical nor all of them harmonious. But unless the latter be the case there has been no gold appreciation, according to Mr. Wells. Mr. Clark scarcely meant to say that in those cases where some opposite pressure is greater than the downward pressure of demonetization, the prices went down notwithstanding. What has happened is this: practically all prices of commodities are getting ultimately down upon a lower plane. But debts stay on the higher plane. It matters little whether gold has stood still or has appreciated, whether the distance put between a given quantity of wheat and of gold comes from the gold moving or the wheat moving or both moving. The purpose was to make debts worth more, and it has been accomplished. If it could be shown that gold has not appreciated it would be Greed's Labor Lost.

Mr. Wells says, "The number of persons who, far from considering themselves as 'cranks' and fanatics, persistently attribute

all the various and enormous fluctuations in prices since 1873 to an appreciation and scarcity of gold is still very considerable." That is, we are charged with asserting "a simultaneous decline in prices," and "a very considerable number" of us with also asserting "enormous fluctuations," both the fall in one case and the rise and fall in the other, from the same downward pressure. What one person can he quote as saying that the rise was caused by gold appreciation?

(e) Though the constitutionalists cannot show a single commodity whose decline has been *the result of gold appreciation*, he can show certain ones that have not declined at the same rate, "though subjected to the same gold scarcity influence." If he would say that all the factors in both cases were exactly the same and one set of commodities fell in price but the other set did not, he would receive respectful attention.

In proof that gold appreciation has not lowered all prices the same per cent and at the same time, he says that hog prices "fluctuate more rapidly and extremely than those of almost any other product of the United States, and are dependent upon the supply and price of corn. If the corn crop is large and its price low, the supply of hogs increases, and their price rapidly declines. If the crop is short and corn is high the price of hogs rapidly increases." There are several factors that Mr. Wells fails to notice, less, doubtless, from a desire to deceive than from want of knowledge of the subject. There is only space here to say that he has left out the very Hamlet of the tragedy of the American hog: the so-called "hog cholera," a name given it only from the swiftness and wide sweep of its destructiveness. It makes hogs a gambling crop to the individual farmer. It has so seriously affected the crop as to engage the attention of Congress, but not of Mr. Wells.

The logic of what he says about aluminum is that it ought to have fallen in harmony and in the same degree with wheat and other commodities if gold has risen, but it has fallen from ninety dollars a pound in 1856 to fifty cents now. Does any one really ask an answer to that?

One must sympathize with a person who has devoted his life to assailing the protectionists as teachers of the doctrine of dear-ness, who himself must now explain that protected iron's astonishing cheapness is not from gold appreciation. As he also says wages have been rising, McKinley has in this paper seen his desire upon his free-trade enemy Wells. There is need of iron and steel, for more railroads and bridges and many other purposes. There are mills and hands enough to produce it, and money enough in our mountains to pay for them. But those who need the rails, bridges, etc., cannot pay for them because fiat has

obstructed the natural exchange of commodities. When the taxes and interest are paid out of the products, reduced to money in a fiat-made scarcity of it, there is nothing left for the support of more roads. Mr. Wells says it is partly because we have so many roads.

There is less room to show where improvements in production and distribution have affected wool prices, as wool comes largely from countries where there has been little change in means of distribution in thirty years, and there is little change in the manner of producing it. He connects "the recent decline in the price of wool to a lower yearly average than ever before," with "the fact that in the country affording the world's largest supply of wool—namely, Australia—the number of sheep has increased more than fifty per cent in the short space of six years." But were silver not forcibly and without right kept out of the free exchange market where it meets wool, the decline in wool could not be as great. Forbid the use of wool for trousers and it would fall still more. Forbidding the use of silver as money tends to make it and wool both fall. The silver miner can no longer buy as much as he needs, and the wool grower has more than he can sell. Give back natural and constitutional rights to silver miners and they will largely increase the demand for wool, for they and the multitudes following and living off them need much woollen clothing in the countries where silver is mostly found. I wish Mr. Wells could see how badly many of the negro children here need the surplus wool of Australia for clothing. Missouri is first in the Union in mule-raising, and this Lafayette County (once first in number of slaves) is now first in the state in number of mules. If we could sell mules to draw ore wagons, and to do the freighting and staging off railroad lines in the mountains, under natural use of silver, the fathers of those children (who are the best hands in mule raising) could get more woollen clothing for them and help to raise the price and consume the surplus. Even when wool is low, if other things are low as now, many must wear shoddy, which makes a seeming surplus of wool, and low prices.

"Wheat has increased in price in India because railways and steamers have enabled it to enter markets which twenty years ago were absolutely closed to it." In America "The decline in prices of commodities due to great reductions in recent years in their cost of transportation and distribution should not be overlooked." The latter has been answered herein. The cause of the increased production of wheat in India has been so clearly shown, by Mr. Bland, and last summer by Sibley of Pennsylvania to be from demonetizing silver that it is useless to tell it again here.

He says, "Cotton has declined in India because excessive production in America lowered the price." And, "The world's demand for American cotton would be satisfied with fifteen million bales." When a man's fortunes change for the better he changes his cotton garments oftener and so buys more of them. Take off the limit that fiat has put upon the volume of metal money—make more pick-and-shovel money and less pen-made currency—and at once Mr. Wells' limit of the quantity of cotton necessary to satisfy the world's demand would be raised. He has no right to limit the number of cotton garments *per capita* used by mankind, but limiting the metal money does it.

(f) What products have not fallen? He says, "All that class of products which are exclusively or largely the result of handicraft; which are not capable of rapid multiplication, or do not admit of economy in production, have as a rule exhibited no tendency to decline in price, but rather the reverse." Here he is obnoxious to the charge that he makes against others, who "never express themselves other than generally." The decline has "been mainly confined to those commodities whose production and distribution have been cheapened by new inventions and discoveries." What handicraft work has not had the advantage of cheaper means of distribution than other things alongside them have had? What proportion of what the millions eat and wear, and of the materials that go into the construction of their houses, and the tools and implements that they use, is made otherwise than by the aid of machinery? There are, for instance, certain laces that only French fingers can make, and of which the output is very restricted, and that are only bought by the rich. The supply is not capable of great increase nor are the prices, for they are already very high; though, as Adam Smith showed, they do not well pay the makers. There are the French confectionery, crystallized fruit, fans and other products of inimitable French touch physical and French taste psychological that perhaps come under this head. They are a monopoly, for there is only one France. Fiat has practically doubled the rate of interest on all debts, and so the great debt-holders have made greater demand for those articles of luxury made by handicrafts, and the prices ought to rise. Elsewhere he says, "The products of the half-civilized monometallic silver countries, on the other hand, are mainly the results of handicrafts which have not changed." If these prices have not fallen it is largely because the makers of them were already living on as little as they can live on. Mexicans living on corn and Hindoos and other Asiatics living on rice must get what they got before or cease to live. If they have not consented to starve to death then gold has not appreciated, is Mr. Wells' logic. In his "gold scarcity fallacy"



he says that, for reasons given, the gold question does not concern certain silver-using countries, still he uses the steadiness of prices of some of their products as proof that gold has not appreciated.

(g) But he makes wages prove that gold has actually depreciated instead of rising. (Elsewhere he repeats the senseless gabble of those who liken it to the yardstick that always measures the same.) Thus:—

And then in respect to the one thing that is everywhere purchased and sold for money to a greater extent than any other, namely, labor, there can be no question that its price *measured in gold* has increased in a marked degree everywhere in the civilized world, during the last quarter of a century. Had the purchasing power of gold increased during this period, a given amount would have bought more labor, and a fall in wages would have been inevitable. And if wages under such circumstances have risen, the cheapening of commodities could not have been due to the scarcity of gold. Measured by the price of labor, therefore, gold has unquestionably depreciated; and can anybody suggest a better measure for testing this issue?

The sentence, "Had the purchasing power of gold increased during this period a given amount would have bought more labor," is ambiguous. It is capable of this construction: "Had the purchasing power of gold *in respect to commodities* increased during this period a given amount would have also bought more labor." It would then be open to the objection that as all commodities are not subject to the same price influences, so labor is not always subject to exactly the same price influences in the same degree that commodities are. If the sentence does not include something other than labor then it means: "Had the purchasing power of gold in respect to labor increased during this time a given amount would have bought more labor," which is a truism.

Furthermore, what does he mean by saying "Labor is everywhere purchased and sold for money to a greater extent than any other thing"? If he means that wages are more nearly cash than commodities what figure would that cut if true? Why was that sentence injected? And again, if "the price of labor" has, as he says, been changing for a quarter of a century, it would seem easy to suggest a better "measure."

But lastly, I do not see how Mr. Wells can afford to say that the price of labor all over the world for a quarter of a century has increased "*as measured in gold*," and coolly try to appropriate to his own advantage the implications in the statement. What he tries to do is as if he were to say, "wages reduced to gold by an arithmetical calculation, though paid in much of the civilized world in something else," and yet get for himself the advantage as if for that time gold had been, all over the civilized world, the only medium of exchange. The only way to tell whether wages for that time and all over the civilized world would have risen as measured in gold would have been to have



no money but gold for that time and in that part of the world. When wages have had the easing and inflating effect of silver money as a medium of paying them no one can tell what they would have been had there been no money but gold and they been quoted in it for the time named.

But let us examine the question of wages as measured in the medium of exchange, be it what it may have been for the time and in the territory named. Begin at bed-rock, a laborer working at cost; that is, for enough to reproduce as much vital energy as he has expended in doing the work. For convenience call this a ration. The ration produces the energy and the energy produces another ration. These two factors are the same to each other under the same circumstances as ever before. But the ration necessary to produce the same energy costs now less gold than formerly. The unit of energy, as we may call the amount necessary to grow a ration of food under the same circumstances, can be had for less gold than before the reign of financial fiatism. Therefore, measured by the *cost* of labor, gold has appreciated. If there is any *measure* of value in the case it is the energy, or the ration; not what Mr. Wells says—the money paid for it. He claims that gold is a measure and now thinks he proves that it has changed.

Wages usually represent something more than the money cost of the vital energy. What conditions enable labor to ask for and get more than cost? *A short supply.* If the supply is so great that most or many laborers will, in order to get work at all, work for what will just keep them alive and in working order, then all others must come down and live more meanly. The supply may be naturally or artificially made short.

Wages are the expression of two elements in terms of money: the energy, always costing the ration transmutable into it whether that costs much money or not, and the other element that the fancy of the laborer causes him to add for the value of his services above cost. The latter he may make greater or less as the supply of labor is (naturally or artificially) less or greater than the demand. It is clear that the net money cost of the energy (or the ration that produces it) may be falling at the same time that wages are rising. One element is cheaper but the other is dearer, and the resultant price of the whole is a higher one. Now if present prices of commodities were the results of natural conditions; if the disproportion between the force of the money volume and the power of other commodities in the market were in no part fiat-made, and if no artificial sequestration of laborers by military enlistments or strikes or demand from new countries or forcible opposition by labor unions had occurred, we might expect wages to become lower. The

Wells free traders answer the statement that wages are higher here under a tariff than in England by saying the same money buys more there than here. So we might suppose laborers saying, "As lower wages now buy as much of what we want as the higher wages formerly did, we will take the lower wages." But if when the cost of the energy or the ration transmutable into it is less, the total paid the laborer for his expended energy and for his demand or fancy over that is (as Mr. Wells claims) growing greater, it would not prove the depreciation of gold. It would be in harmony with the fact that many laborers are taken into the armies and that combinations of laborers are successful in getting what they demand, whether they are living as well as before for less money or not. As quoted above, he denies in so many words that this could happen.

Beginning with the price of labor twenty-five years ago, suppose that the money paid the laborer now buys more commodities for the laborer. But it buys still more product, quoted in money, in proportion to what it bought twenty-five years ago, after paying amply for capital invested. The increase in the wages has not been in proportion to the increase in value produced, allowing ample pay for capital, inventions, etc. If we look deeper than mere words, nominally higher wages may be really lower wages: that is, a given amount invested in wages earns a greater per cent profit now than before.

He has overlooked, moreover, that very large element of labor that is represented chiefly by the farmer who does his own work and hires no outside help, who has done this "all over the civilized world for the last quarter of a century." How can their pay have increased, with the price of most of their products falling most of the time?

There is another item in the matter of wages not to be overlooked. If taxes ever come out of wages the cost of making our paper currency comes partly out of wages.

During the time that Mr. Wells names, our Rocky Mountain states and territories employed large numbers of men at high wages in the mines of silver and gold. Owing to the discomforts and the high prices of living there, the danger to life in the mines, and the intelligence required, the wages were necessarily high. And they were partly paid out of the money paid for stocks and assessments on stocks of the stock holders who never got their money back; not all paid for out of the mines—another reason why high wages could be paid there. Necessarily this must tend to keep up the rate of wages everywhere. But now the mines opened by nature are closed by fiat; the labor is thrown on the market, and where wages have not tumbled, labor combinations have held them up.

Suppose that the armies of Europe were suddenly disbanded and the men had to go to work for their living, would not the price of labor fall, other factors remaining as they are? Then as Mr. Wells proves that gold has not risen by saying that wages have risen, would he not have proved that gold had risen because wages had become cheaper in gold? For he makes wages the best measure. (Gold, the sun of his system, moves with respect to wages.) Thus he says: "Wages have risen; hence gold has fallen. If that is true why is not the converse of it true, that if wages have fallen gold has risen? When Mr. Wells wrote, the plan was not in complete operation; but soon afterwards fiatism got possession and wages began to be reduced. But laborers have resisted by means of labor unions and strikes. Where wages have been kept from falling it has been by artificial means. Such cases are of no use to the economist in arriving at the true price of labor under natural supply and demand of the labor and its products.

The mere reports of statisticians that wages are such and such do not always tell the real story. My home is in a coal field where wages were (before the "Cleveland famine") high per ton of coal. But the work is not steady. The Wells free traders often tell us of the falls to shorter hours in protected factories. But the rate of wages, not the total earnings, are quoted as showing that wages are high.

The world's work has, for the last twenty-five years, been done more and more by machinery, so that the number of skilled laborers compared to unskilled ought to have increased, and many have changed from unskilled to skilled laborers as classified by statisticians and reported as earning higher wages, but who produce still greater proportionate value. Is it possible that this could have occurred along with an appreciation of the purchasing power of gold?

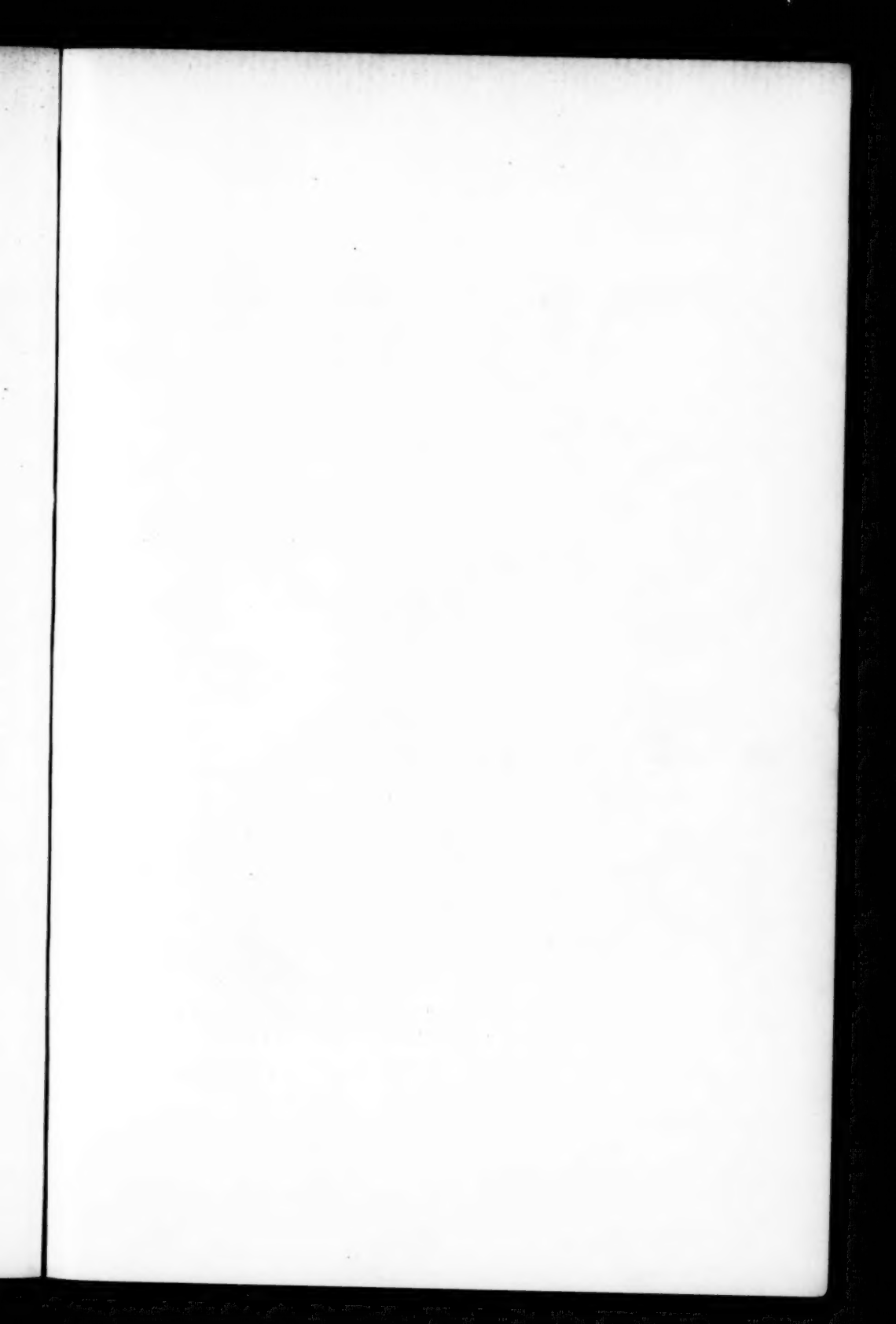
The gradual elimination of most of the metal money, with the purpose of leaving gold as a "basis," and the doubly expensive paper currency alone to do money's work, and the increasing of the demand for and widening the field for labor by army enlistments and opening new countries, ought to make gold and wages both go up as measured by other things. If the supply of metal money were naturally failing and causing low prices of commodities, labor unions still might hold up wages; and if armies and new countries were making the supply of labor short as compared with demand, it would only mean that circumstances were enabling labor to force capital to a more liberal division. As the supply of metal money is made artificially less and commodities fall thereby, so also circumstances might enable labor at that very time to artificially force capital to a more liberal divi-

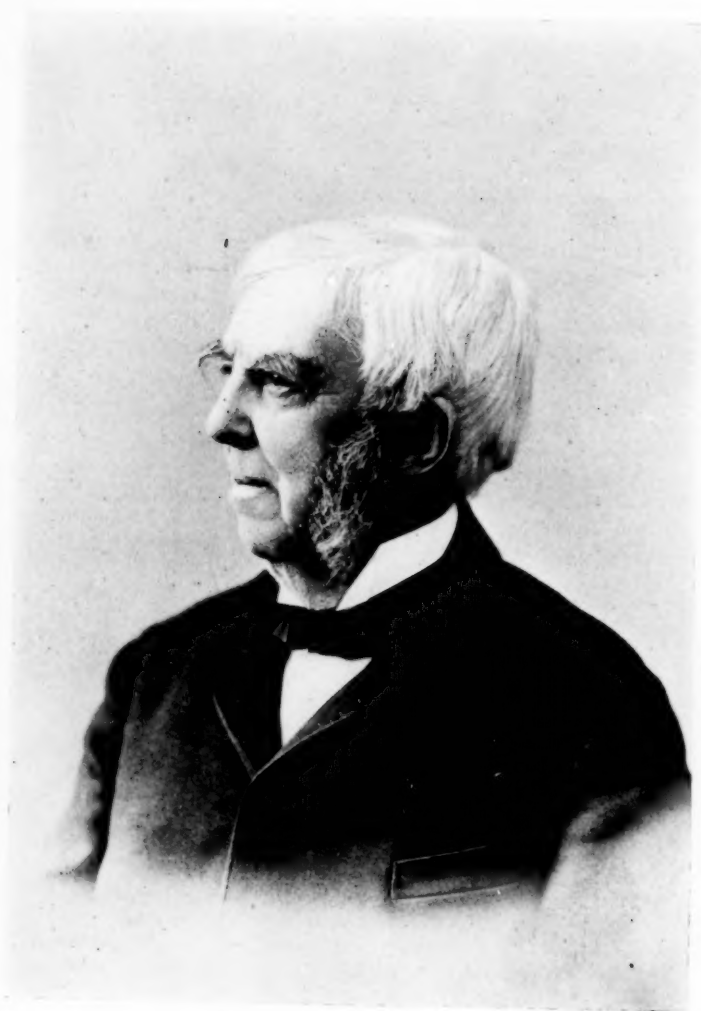
sion of new wealth created by the two. Mr. Wells' position is that this is impossible.

According to Mr. Wells, production and distribution have been cheapening, capital has been abundant and at a low rate of interest, and prices of most commodities have been falling. But the labor element in the production and distribution has been growing costlier. Who has stood the loss of what labor has gained? Has it been "the rich," who, the Wells free traders tell us, "have been growing richer"? Are these laborers who have been getting more money and whose money has been buying proportionately more commodities part of the "poor," who the same free traders tell us "have been growing poorer"? If not, where and who are these people who are on the down grade?

But after all these labored efforts to show that low prices are not caused by the scarcity and consequent appreciation of gold, he gives up his whole case by saying that remonetization is "rascally." What is "cheap money"? It is money that buys little, as "dear" money is money that buys much. He and all the Anglo-Hebrew school of fiatists say that the restoration of constitutional coinage would mean higher general prices, as the New York *Recorder* criticising him noticed. The coupon would buy less, and that is one reason why they fight the restoration of natural rights. But to thus increase debts by fiat is putting the debtors into slavery. Even as our forbears over two centuries ago helped to establish an English-given system of slavery, so New England has taken from the same source a system of slavery that she's "inclined to," though not yet done "damning" the one she "had no mind to."

The part of Mr. Wells' paper herein reviewed, like nearly all of it, is an astonishment, coming from one of his prominence and reputation as an economist. In each and every one of the points that he strives to make he fails completely and so causes no "downfall" but his own. Not knowing the principles of the science of money he has no test by which to tell financial truths from financial fallacies, and so the words of his title are "great, swelling words of vanity." Mr. Newman dedicates his book (1892) to the world's first man of science who shall write the science of money. Professor Sumner says that we have no science of money (and his own writings go to prove it). He who knows the principles of the science of money has worked them out for himself. Mr. Wells has not. He has by this paper only joined Bacon's long line of men who "follow at the funerals of their own reputations." It may be that he demands commiseration, having reached the stage that the canon had as shown by his sermons, and has no admonishing nephew to perform the duty of Gil Blas.





*Very truly yours,  
Henry Wendell Holmes*

## THE RELIGION OF HOLMES' POEMS.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

It is a significant fact that the great group of poets of which Oliver Wendell Holmes was the last were all Unitarians — Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, all Unitarians. There is an apparent exception in the case of Whittier, who never left the fellowship of the Friends in which he was born, and never dropped their quaint language in his speech. But, though a Quaker, he was in perfect sympathy with Holmes in his religious ideas. His theory of Jesus was Unitarian; and he cherished the boundless hope that we all love to trust in for the future of mankind.

This is not a strange thing, because the poet is always a seer, always a prophet by virtue of his office as a poet. He catches the finer voice with which God's spirit is whispering to the dull ear of the world, and puts it into words, interprets it to the people. When Edward Everett Hale noted this fact the Boston *Herald* criticised him in the following words: "There is no disputing Dr. Hale's claim that the five distinctly American poets were Unitarians; but perhaps some of the other denominations will dispute Dr. Hale's corollary that they were all Unitarians because they were poets. There's poetry in all religions, and a study of the old Latin and Greek poets teaches that there is more of it in heathen idolatry than in any other religion."

This is only apparently true. If you examine the old Latin and Greek poets, you will find that, compared with the religion of the times, they were prophets, seers, leaders. So, if we go back to the Middle Ages, we shall see that that part of Dante which is immortal, which makes him speak to us to-day, was not the theology that has passed out of the belief of the world, but the grand throbbing humanity which was in the heart of the man. It is a significant thing that not only our late American poets were liberals, but that Browning and Tennyson, the great poets of contemporary England, were liberals also, chiming in with the voices this side the sea in the utterance of the same grand anthem of trust in God and hope for humanity.

The last leaf of this wondrous tree, which had six such remarkable branches, has fallen. I would like to quote here Holmes' "The Last Leaf," one of the best of his poems, so ten-



der, so humorous, so full of fine humanity; but there will not be space for one half of that which might be used for its lesson.

I shall not deal at any length with the facts of his life. I wish merely to touch on two or three points in outline. The significant facts in a life like this are the words he has written, the works he has produced. Outwardly, his life was very simple, and not marked by any remarkable events. Born in 1809 of a long line of noteworthy people, it is natural that he should have been what he was — in every fibre of his being an aristocrat, in the better sense of that word. He was not an aristocrat in the fact that he was separated in sympathy from his fellows. But a man who had the blood of the Olivers, of the Wendells, of the Holmeses, of the Quineys, of the Jacksons, of the Bradstreets in his veins, might well have been glad, at any rate, if not proud of the fact. Six of our old colonial noted families contributed to make him what he was. It is significant that the first poetess that America ever produced, Anne Bradstreet, was in the direct line of his ancestry.

He was educated in Boston, at Phillips Academy, then in Cambridge, studied law for a year, concluded to be a physician instead, took three years in a medical school, went abroad for three years, came back, practised for a little while, was a professor at Dartmouth for three years, then for thirty-five years, I think, in active service as a professor of anatomy and physiology in the Harvard Medical School. For all this length of time he devoted himself sedulously to his profession, giving five lectures a week to the students — lectures unlike the ordinary medical treatise, because the brightness and the humor and the pathos and the wit and the humanity of Holmes went into them all. He loved his profession, and rendered it some distinguished services, making one or two medical discoveries, which, like most discoveries, flouted at the time, are now universally accepted by the profession.

If Holmes had died as young as Burns or Keats or Shelley or Byron, or many another of the bright luminaries of our literary heaven, he would have been known in the literary world only as the author of five or six bright little lyrics, which he wrote while in college or soon after. He was a remarkable instance of a man who becomes more productive as he gets older, showing no trace of the fact that he is a reservoir and may become empty, but rather proving that he is one of the perennial springs that can flow and flow as long as life lasts.

His first great distinction as a literary man was in connection with the *Atlantic*, when he was forty-eight or forty-nine years old. This was the publication of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." I shall not deal with the literary side of his career,

except to note that from that day to the present there has been a continuous production of one kind or another, prose or verse. He was the most distinguished writer of occasional verse that this country, or perhaps any country, has produced. He was always ready for the occasion, and always up to its highest level, not making doggerel but writing poetry. He went abroad again a few years ago, and wrote the story of it in "Our Hundred Days in Europe."

Then came the end. He has been a familiar figure in Boston streets. We have loved to think of him, and we have thought of him pathetically, as we have remembered that he was the last of that wonderful group; but we have hoped that he might still continue long with us, old physically, although young mentally, so far as his health permitted him to manifest that youth to the inner circle of his friends.

Two or three days before his death it is said that, anticipating the fact that he must go before long, and having in mind, as his son easily understood him, the funeral service in King's Chapel, which has always been his ecclesiastical home, he said to his son, Judge Holmes, "Well, Wendell, what is it — King's Chapel?" "Oh, yes, father," said he. "All right; then I am satisfied. That is all that I am going to say about it." And that was all he did say, except what he has left on record for us all.

Sunday, sitting in one chair and leaning his head on the arm of another, he looked a little uncomfortable. His son asked him if he did not think he would feel better in his old-fashioned arm-chair, to which he was partial. He said Yes, and he was helped into it; and, as he leaned back, he said, "That is better, thank you: it rests me more," — the last words he spoke. And in a few moments he was silent. This is the record, meagrely given, of the outlines of his earthly career.

The full story of such a man can never be written; he touched so many bright men at so many points, and entered so into the life of his time. That which concerns us now is Holmes' influence on the theological and religious side of his age. To illustrate this and to present to you some phases of his character, I shall give extracts from his verses. I shall not touch his prose works, though they are full of the same spirit. You cannot read a single one of his books without finding that the atmosphere of the modern world pervades them all. And this atmosphere, what was it? He illustrated it by one saying, that I cannot quote verbally, when he said, Free thought is contagious in these days, and, if you do not wish to take it, you must shut yourself up very close, and keep out of the air. That was the thought, though those are not the very words. He believed in that free thought. A student of science, a careful student of the human

body, he lost his faith in the old, the cruel and the unjust as it seemed to him; but he did not, like many an anatomist, come to the conclusion that the flesh and the bones were all. Holmes never lost his faith in the Father, never lost his faith in the soul, never lost his burning belief in the future — a magnificent future for the poorest and the meanest of us all.

I want to give you, first, an idea of the intense humanness and charity of the man; for you cannot build up any true religious life except on the basis of a tender, human, loving heart. Here are a few verses written for the Burns Centennial Celebration, Jan. 25, 1859: —

We love him, not for sweetest song,  
Though never tone so tender;  
We love him, even in his wrong,  
His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him, not for gifts divine, —  
His muse was born of woman;  
His manhood breathes in every line;  
Was ever heart more human?

We love him, praise him, just for this:  
In every form and feature,  
Through wealth and want, through woe and bliss,  
He saw his fellow-creature!

No soul could sink beneath his love,  
Not even angel blasted;  
No mortal power could soar above  
The pride that all outlasted!

Aye! Heaven had set one living man  
Beyond the pedant's tether;  
His virtues, frailties, He may scan,  
Who weighs them all together!

I fling my pebble on the cairn  
Of him, though dead, undying;  
Sweet nature's nursling, bonniest bairn  
Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe,  
Shall spare the minstrel's story,  
The centuries weave his purple robe,  
The mountain mist of glory!

The next one is not religious except as it shows the tenderest and most playful, boyish human feeling, which is the basis of all religion. It is called "Bill and Joe."

Come, dear old comrade, you and I  
Will steal an hour from days gone by,  
The shining days when life was new,  
And all was bright with morning dew,  
The lusty days of long ago,  
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail  
 Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,  
 And mine as brief appendix wear  
 As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;  
 To-day, old friend, remember still  
 That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,  
 And grand you look in people's eyes,  
 With H O N. and L L D.  
 In big brave letters, fair to see, —  
 Your fist, old fellow! off they go!  
 How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;  
 You've taught your name to half the globe;  
 You've sung mankind a deathless strain;  
 You've made the dead past live again:  
 The world may call you what it will,  
 But you and I are Joe and Bill.

\* \* \* \*

And shall we breathe in happier spheres  
 The names that pleased our mortal ears;  
 In some sweet lull of harp and song  
 For earth-born spirits none too long,  
 Just whispering of the world below  
 Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here,  
 No sounding name is half so dear;  
 When fades at length our lingering day,  
 Who cares what pompous tombstones say?  
 Read on the hearts that love us still,  
*Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.*

I quote this to give you a touch of the aristocrat's and democrat's tender human kindliness, out of which spring the main characteristics of his religion.

And now I must turn to another phase of his character. I wish to give you a little glimpse of his attitude towards the great facts and problems of life. If you wish to find out his main religious ideas, read all of the poems called "Wind-clouds and Star-drifts." Holmes himself has said that there was "more of himself" in these than in anything else he has written. One is entitled "Questions," in which he denounces the creeping, crawling kind of worship such as people think we ought to give to the Supreme.

My life shall be a challenge, not a truce!  
 This is my homage to the mightier powers,  
 To ask my boldest question undismayed  
 By muttered threats that some hysteric sense  
 Of wrong or insult will convulse the throne  
 Where wisdom reigns supreme; and, if I err,  
 They all must err who have to feel their way

As bats that fly at noon; for what are we  
But creatures of the night, dragged forth by day,  
Who needs must stumble, and with stammering steps  
Spell out their paths in syllables of pain?

Thou wilt not hold in scorn the child who dares  
Look up to Thee, the Father — dares to ask  
More than Thy wisdom answers. From Thy hand  
The worlds were cast: yet every leaflet claims  
From that same hand its little shining sphere  
Of star-lit dew; Thine image, the great sun,  
Girt with his mantle of tempestuous flame,  
Glares in mid-heaven; but to his noontide blaze  
The slender violet lifts its lidless eye,  
And from his splendor steals its fairest hue,  
Its sweetest perfume from his scorching fire.

Then in another of those poems called "Worship" he discusses what God it is that we are worshipping — whether it is one that came down and assumed the form of a man and walked in Eden, who was cruel in the days of Abraham, who killed thousands of the king's people for the king's sin, the one who sends to eternal pain millions of his children who have never heard of him, or

. . . is it He  
Who heeds the sparrow's fall, whose loving heart  
Is as the pitying father's to his child,  
Whose lesson to His children is "Forgive,"  
Whose plea for all, "They know not what they do"?

Then these grand words under the title of "Manhood": —

I claim the right of knowing whom I serve,  
Else is my service idle; He that asks  
My homage, asks it from a reasoning soul.  
To crawl is not to worship; we have learned  
A drill of eyelids, bended neck and knee,  
Hanging our prayers on hinges, till we ape  
The flexures of the many-jointed worm.  
Asia has taught her Allahs and salaams  
To the world's children — we have grown to men!  
We who have rolled the sphere beneath our feet  
To find a virgin forest, as we lay  
The beams of our rude temple, first of all  
Must frame its doorway high enough for man  
To pass unstooping: knowing as we do  
That He who shaped us last of living forms  
Has long enough been served by creeping things —  
Reptiles that left their footprints in the sand  
Of old sea-margins that have turned to stone,  
And men who learned their ritual; we demand  
To know Him first, then trust Him, and then love  
When we have found Him worthy of our love,  
Tried by our own poor hearts, and not before;  
He must be truer than the truest friend,  
He must be tenderer than a woman's love,  
A father better than the best of sires;

Kinder than she who bore us, though we sin  
 Oftener than did the brother we are told  
 We — poor, ill-tempered mortals — must forgive,  
 Though seven times sinning threescore times and ten.  
 This is the new world's gospel: Be ye men!

There is not space for other passages I had marked from another poem called "Truths." It is upon the attitude of the human mind towards the religious formulas and the life of the age. He was manly in his religion, manly in his trust, demanding that God be at least as good as the best of us, and that He do not ask a blind and grudging worship, worthless because blind, foolish because ignorant.

Now I wish to show you a few glimpses of the definite and positive religious side of his nature. I cannot do this better than by quoting one or two of his hymns. Here is one stanza: —

Be ours to mark with hearts unchilled  
 The change our outworn age deploras;  
 The legend sinks, but faith shall build  
 A fairer throne on new-found shores.

Another beautiful one is called a "Hymn of Trust": —

O Love Divine, that stooped to share  
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
 On Thee we cast each earth-born care,  
 We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,  
 And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
 Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
 O Love Divine, forever dear,  
 Content to suffer while we know,  
 Living and dying, Thou art near!

And just one more, one of the grandest in any hymn book: —

Lord of all being! throned afar,  
 Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
 Centre and soul of every sphere,  
 Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray  
 Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
 Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;  
 Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;

Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

These breathe the deepest and most genuine religiousness and the most worshipful, trustful, hopeful side of the man.

I have space left only to give you some illustrations of his attitude as he faced the future. Here are one or two verses of what, to my mind, is perhaps the finest poem that he has ever written, "The Chambered Nautilus," in which he illustrates how the true soul, growing ever through the progressive experiences of life, is expected to leave one after another his old aims, his old shells, and build for himself better, broader, higher, and thus more fitting for the enlarging life:—

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

As he grew old — and there is one blessed thing about a life like that, and one that we need to learn, because we are all growing old, whether we like to think of it or not—he did not lose courage or hope or heart or faith. He did not grow misanthropic or bitter. He did not abuse the life that he had received. He did not lose his trust that growing old meant coming to some-



thing better still. Note the following sonnet called "Nearing the Snow-line":—

Slow toiling upward from the misty vale,  
 I leave the bright enamelled zones below;  
 No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,  
 Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale.  
 Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,  
 That on their ice-clad stems all trembling blow  
 Along the margin of unmelting snow;  
 Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,  
 White realm of peace above the flowering line;  
 Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!  
 O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,  
 On thy majestic altars fade the fires  
 That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,  
 And all the unclouded blue of heaven is thine!

This was the spirit in which he grew old.

Then one or two verses from "Before the Curfew." This was written for his classmates, when he considered that they were growing old, and it would soon be time to cover the fire and go to bed. But he loved life, he believed in it; and the striking thought in this poem is one that touches me very closely, because my heart is full of the same feeling. He takes up the old cry of the Bible, and contradicts it, that there is "nothing new under the sun," showing that there is much of new and grand that the ages have developed, recognizing with deathless curiosity the growth of this wonderful creature, man.

Not bed-time yet! The night winds blow,  
 The stars are out. Full well we know  
 The nurse is on the stair,  
 With hand of ice and cheek of snow,  
 And frozen lips that whisper low,  
 "Come, children, it is time to go  
 My peaceful couch to share."

No years a wakeful heart can tire;  
 Not bed-time yet! Come, stir the fire  
 And warm your dear old hands;  
 Kind Mother Earth we love so well  
 Has pleasant stories yet to tell  
 Before we hear the curfew bell;  
 Still glow the burning brands.

Not bed-time yet! We long to know  
 What wonders time has yet to show,  
 What unborn years shall bring;  
 What ship the Arctic pole shall reach,  
 What lessons science waits to teach,  
 What sermons there are left to preach,  
 What poems yet to sing.

• • • • •

Or shall a nobler faith return,  
 Its fanes a purer gospel learn,  
 With holier anthems ring,  
 And teach us that our transient creeds  
 Were but the perishable seeds  
 Of harvests sown for larger needs,  
 That ripening years shall bring ?

Well, let the present do its best,  
 We trust our Maker for the rest,  
 As on our way we plod;  
 Our souls, full dressed in fleshly suits,  
 Love air and sunshine, flowers and fruits,  
 The daisies better than their roots  
 Beneath the grassy sod.

Not bed-time yet! The full-blown flower  
 Of all the year — this evening hour —  
 With friendship's flame is bright;  
 Life still is sweet, the heavens are fair  
 Though fields are brown and woods are bare,  
 And many a joy is left to share  
 Before we say Good-night!

And when, our cheerful evening past,  
 The nurse, long waiting, comes at last,  
 Ere on her lap we lie  
 In wearied nature's sweet repose,  
 At peace with all her waking foes,  
 Our lips shall murmur, ere they close,  
 Good-night! and not Good-by!

Before giving you the next extract, I must call attention to something bearing on his belief in the future. It is from Dr. Edward Clarke's book called "Visions," in which he treats of the whole sense of sight, and includes the visions that come to those passing away, reaching out and covering the whole theme, and questioning as to whether the visions of the dying are all hallucinations. Two brief extracts I must give you, to show you Dr. Holmes' attitude; for the introduction of Dr. Clarke's book was written by Dr. Holmes, his personal friend. He quotes Dr. Clarke, saying that it is probable that such visions as this are automatic:—

"But yet who, believing in God and personal immortality, as the writer [Dr. Clarke] rejoices in doing, will dare to say *absolutely all?* will dare to assert there is no *possible* exception?" It must be borne in mind, too, that he recognized the "*ego*" as distinct from his "*engine*," the bodily mechanism, and that he speaks of the will as a *primum mobile*—an initial force, a cause.

And then Dr. Holmes relates two cases told by Dr. Clarke, and shows his own sympathy with them:—

Dr. Clarke mentioned a circumstance to me not alluded to in the essay. At the very instant of dissolution, it seemed to him, as he sat at

the dying lady's bedside, that there arose "something," an undefined yet perfectly apprehended somewhat, to which he could give no name, but which was like a departing presence. I should have listened to this story less receptively, it may be, but for the fact that I had heard the very same experience, almost in the very same words, from the lips of one whose evidence is eminently to be relied upon. With the last breath of the parent she was watching, she had the consciousness that "something" arose, as if the "spirit" had made itself cognizable at the moment of quitting its mortal tenement. The coincidence in every respect of these two experiences has seemed to me to justify their mention in this place.

Holmes believed, even passionately believed, in continued existence after death, although he had studied the body as carefully as ever physician who finds the grave of his trust in the dissecting room. Witness the passionate outburst in the poem called "My Aviary":—

Is this the whole sad story of creation,  
Lived by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er —  
One glimpse of day, then black annihilation,  
A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?

Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes!  
Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds!  
Happier was dreaming Egypt with her sphinxes,  
The stony convent with its cross and beads!

Holmes, the scientist, full of sympathy with all the scientific knowledge of the world, still asserting the soul supreme above the body, outliving it and going on to grander spheres!

I wish now, as it seems a fitting close, and brings him round again into personal touch with ourselves, to quote a few verses which are not included, so far as I know, in any volume. Some newspaper the other day said that the last time Holmes appeared in public was to read a poem at the Authors' Dinner; but the paper was mistaken. The last time he appeared in public was on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reorganization of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, May 28, 1893. I met him at that reception. I found him genial, kindly, pleasant, hopeful, and in thorough sympathy with all the finest and highest religious ideas of the age. At that time he read the following verses:—

Our Father! while our hearts unlearn  
The creeds that wrong Thy name,  
Still let our hallowed altars burn  
With faith's undying flame.

Not by the lightning gleams of wrath  
Our souls Thy face shall see:  
The star of love must light the path  
That leads to heaven and Thee.

Help us to read our Master's will  
Through every darkening stain  
That clouds his sacred image still,  
And see him once again,

The brother man, the pitying friend,  
Who weeps for human woes,  
Whose pleading words of pardon blend  
With cries of raging foes.

If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt  
Our hearts grow faint and cold,  
The strength we cannot live without  
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;  
Our youthful zeal renew;  
Shape for us holier lives to live  
And nobler work to do!

Does not Holmes illustrate there that brilliant, witty saying of his, that a man had "better be seventy years young than forty years old"? Youth breathes in every line, in spite of his age; and we cannot do better than share the same personal youthful outlook.

As showing the doctor's religious attitude most clearly in his own words, as well as revealing his sympathetic appreciation of the work of Whittier, I cannot do better than close with this letter:—

LETTER FROM DR. HOLMES.

*May 28, 1894.*

At the Whittier commemoration at the Young Men's Christian Union the following letter, written as his contribution to the service by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, was read:—

*Dear Mr. Baldwin:* It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request that I would say a few words about our admirable and beloved poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, whose recent death we are all lamenting. The first poem of his which I remember reading was the one entitled "The Prisoner for Debt." The lines, "God made the old man poor," transixed me like an arrow; and I always felt a tenderness for his sympathetic nature before becoming well acquainted with his poetical writings.

The next poem that I remember as having deeply impressed me was that vigorous and impassioned burst of feeling, "Randolph of Roanoke." I can never read it now without an emotion which makes my eyes fill and my voice tremble.

Of late years I have been in close sympathy with him—not especially as an Abolitionist, not merely through human sympathies, but as belonging with me to the "church without a bishop," which seems the natural complement of a "state without a king." I mean the church which lives by no formulæ; which believes in a loving father, and trusts Him for the final well-being of the whole spiritual universe which He has called into being.

It is the office of the poet, as it was of the Hebrew prophet, to appeal to the principles underlying the distorted forms of worship which he finds more or less prevalent in the communities about him. The proof of his divine message is found in the response it meets from human hearts. The creeds of the great councils and synods have done their best to degrade man in his own eyes, to picture him as a being odious to his Maker, born under a curse, and destined, for the most part, to "darkness, death and long despair."

Doubtless Christianity has done much to assist the progress of civilization; but no less true is it that civilization has had to react upon the church with all the vigor of true humanity, to lift it out of its inherited barbarisms. The struggle is going on constantly, on the one hand to Christianize humanity, and on the other to humanize Christianity. The poet must be true to his human instincts, or "Thus saith the Lord" will not save his message from neglect or contempt.

Sixty-five years ago a Scotch poet, Robert Pollok, attempted to invest the doctrines of Calvinism with the sacredness of poetry; but his gospel of despair, listened to for a while as a sensation, has almost dropped out of human memory, while the songs of Burns are living in the hearts and on the lips of the Scotchman wherever he is found. In this country the poets who have been listened to have been the truest preachers of their time.

No doubt there is room for all the various sects which intrench themselves in their strongholds of doctrine, but do good work, each in its several way, among its own people; but there was needed a faith which should take down every barrier that tended to limit that larger belief in the Fatherhood of the God who is love, and this is the faith which breathed through all the writings of our principal poets. Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, have all preached this gospel to their countrymen.

The influence of Whittier on the religious thought of the American people has been far greater, I believe, than of the occupant of any pulpit. It is not by any attack upon the faith of any Christian fellowship that he did service for the liberal thought of our community. We never talked much about our doctrinal beliefs or unbeliefs: we felt that we were on common ground. His catholicity of feeling led him to attribute full value to the true man, no matter where he worshipped. He spoke to me most emphatically of my fellow student and brother physician, the late Thomas Sparhawk, as one of the best men he ever knew. Dr. Sparhawk was a Sandemanian, a member of a very limited society of Christians, best known to many persons as the church which claimed the allegiance of that great philosopher and admirable man, Michael Faraday.

Of his fellowship with the Friends, or Quakers, his writings, early and late, are full. There is no faith that is more real than that which begins with unbelief—unbelief, the protest of reason against the monstrosities of tradition and superstition. The poet who is true to his better nature is the best expression of the divine intelligence. He, too, speaks with authority, and not as the scribes of the sectarian specialists, who parcel out the faiths of Christendom in their formulæ and catechisms.

All through Whittier's writings the spirit of trust in a beneficent order of things and a loving superintendence of the universe shows itself, ever hopeful, ever cheerful, always looking forward to a happier, brighter era when the kingdom of heaven shall be established.

Nature breeds fanatics, but in due time supplies their correctives. She will not be hurried about it, but they come at last. Thomas Boston, the Scotch Calvinist, was born in 1676. Robert Burns, objectionable in

many respects—like the royal Psalmist of Israel—but whose singing protest against unwholesome theology was mightier than the voices of a thousand pulpits, was born in 1759. Jonathan Edwards, whose theological barbarisms reached a lower depth, if possible, than those of his Scotch model, Thomas Boston, was born in 1703. John Greenleaf Whittier reached the hearts of his fellow countrymen, especially of New Englanders, paralyzed by the teachings of Edwards, as Burns kindled the souls of Scotchmen palsied by the dogmas of Thomas Boston and his fellow-sectaries.

As I have said at the beginning, I was first drawn to him by his strong human sympathies. In the great struggle with slavery I found my slower sensibilities kindled by his burning enthusiasm; but, more than all, I was attracted by that larger faith which is shared by the Brotherhood of Singers, with whom he was enrolled. I compare their utterances with the dogmas over which men are quarrelling, and accept their messages as human expressions of divine truth. So when Bryant speaks to his fellow-mortal, and tells him to

“Go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust,”

I thank him for the noble words, which I contrast with the shuddering accents of the “Dies Iræ.”

When Whittier preaches his life-long sermon in “Songs of Love and Hope,” I think of the immortal legacy he has left his countrymen, and repeat in his own words, as applied to Roger Williams:—

“Still echo in the hearts of men  
The words that thou hast spoken;  
No forge of hell can weld again  
The fetters thou hast broken.

“The pilgrim needs a pass no more  
From Roman or Genevan;  
Thought free, no ghostly tollman keeps  
Henceforth the road to heaven.”

Always faithfully yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY BUSHROD W. JAMES.

SOFTLY the clock ticks on,  
And thou, O friend, art gone!  
Gone from this place!  
Yet scarce a void appears,  
Though long and bright the years  
That touched thy face.

We will not call thee dead!  
Only thy noble head  
Has bowed to rest.  
For still thy gentle life  
So grandly free from strife  
Has left us blest;—

Blest with thy tender song  
That sweetly trips along  
The gliding years;  
Bursting in joyous note,  
Or soft in pathos float  
Laughter and tears.

Resting without a thought  
Whether his life has brought  
Blessings or fame.  
Pause while the angels write  
Fair in the golden light  
His honored name!



## WELLSPRINGS AND FEEDERS OF IMMORALITY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink  
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free. — *Tennyson*.

The lily nestling fairest in the glade  
Is earliest plucked, and lightly left to fade;  
The deepest blushing rose is soonest gathered;  
The truest trusting maiden first betrayed.

\* \* \* \* \*  
O brother men, O maidens pure and fair,  
And happier wives, made glad with matron care  
Of tiny pattering feet and baby laughter,  
In your wide love has *she* alone no share? — *Grant Allen*.

### I.

A LEADING police official recently asserted that it was no use to attempt to reform fallen women; and this statement is echoed by church and society in the treatment accorded the most unfortunate of our people. We enshrine the Magdalene in art and give her a place in gorgeous windows of temples dedicated to Him whose greatest compassion was shown toward those to whom Christian society shows the least mercy. Nowhere is the absolute brutality of society so painfully apparent as in the treatment of women who have stepped aside from the paths of virtue. Nowhere is the revolting moral obliquity of society so manifest as in the treatment of the fallen man who corrupts virginity. This problem is one of the most stupendous and tragic of our day, and until the conscience of men and women shall be quickened so that justice shall supplant the base and brutal treatment which characterizes the methods of the slothful and pharisaical conventionalism of the present, civilization will make no pronounced upward stride, because the saving love necessary is the leverage upon which society now waits.

The lust for gold and the lust of the flesh are the two wellsprings of present-day misery, degradation and crime, and no permanent good can be brought about until we frankly and fearlessly recognize these evils in their enormity, with the grim determination which nerves the surgeon who beholds an eating cancer and resolves to save the patient by laying bare the affected parts and applying the knife. The social evil strikes at the fountain head of true progress; it paralyzes the conscience; and

whenever the moral sensibilities of a nation are anæsthetized, civilization declines, the happiness of the people wanes, and progress is arrested. Intellectual and physical achievements may continue to dazzle the world, but the upward impelling power, which is the oxygen of civilization, is absent, and disintegration sets in. The hope of social redemption lies in fearless and wholesome agitation. The conscience of the sleeping millions must be awakened, and the true situation set forth.

Nowhere else is so great injustice tolerated by society as in the domain of the social evil. He who loves womanhood and who gives the generation of to-morrow a second thought will be impressed with the importance of bravely and urgently insisting that the maiden caught in the meshes of designing lust or enslaved by unjust social conditions, and dragged to ruin, shall be recognized as a victim to be won back to virtue by that broad, sympathetic love which, more than aught else, possesses the redemptive potentiality, that love which closes the door on the past and says, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more," and which, while saving the victim, unmasks the moral leper who pollutes innocence and then flings it forth as a withered flower, but who while so doing poses as a pillar of society, who builds churches and endows colleges. The only way to accomplish this object is bravely to agitate the question and show the essential injustice and the debauching effect of the double standard of morals.

The girl to-day who falls under stress of circumstances which might well appall the strongest heart, is exiled and driven to the lowest depths. The betrayer of this same maiden, even though his crime be known, is welcomed into the homes of people who call themselves respectable, is permitted to marry a pure girl and become the father of children, cursed before they are born with the lecherous appetites of a morally depraved man. No better condition can be brought about without plain speaking, and though the subject is a painful and exceedingly unpleasant one, it is the duty of those who believe that an enduring civilization is possible only where sturdy morality prevails, to face this question with perfect frankness, no matter how much it may offend the lepers of conventional society or shock a sickly sentimentality which is the product of artificiality.

In the present series of papers I wish to notice leading root causes of prostitution — an examination of which will reveal the multitudinous influences at work pressing maidens to vicious lives — and to discuss the possibility of lifting to the path of virtue those who have been lured or drawn into immorality.

All persons who have made a sufficient study of this problem to enable them to speak authoritatively, agree that our first and

most important duty is to look to the stream of life before it becomes polluted. The drunkard may be rescued and his appetite overcome; but how much of all that is finest and most divine in him vanishes before his reclamation, and how much lower is he on the ladder of ascent than he was before he fostered low and depraved appetites and imaginings by indulging his taste for strong drink! So, in even a more pronounced degree, is it with prostitution. For while pure love is uplifting and divine, its abuse brings the most frightful consequences, exactly as electricity, which when guided by the hand of wisdom lights up the dark places and makes the world a mighty family, instantly destroys the man who ignorantly or recklessly seizes the live wire.

It is therefore of first importance that we address our attention to the chief feeders of prostitution, that through knowledge we may employ means and measures which will prevent the pollution of virginity. This duty, however, in no way lessens our obligations to those who have already gone astray. They may yet be saved. Every year scores and hundreds are being called back to lives of moral rectitude through the work inaugurated and the labor carried on by one noble-hearted, clean-souled American — Mr. Charles N. Crittenden, founder of the Florence Missions. There are thousands of erring girls who might be rescued by prompt, earnest help on the part of those who love probity and who believe in a higher existence than life on the animal plane.

Work here, then, as along other lines of social progress, should be twofold: (1) The causes of this evil which is worse than physical death should be diligently sought out and, so far as possible, removed. (2) While the removal is being effected, strong and loving arms of sincere and spiritually minded men and women should be extended to the sinking children of a dreadful fate.

Numerous, subtle and complex are the causes which are operating as feeders of prostitution; among the chief of these, however, may be mentioned: 1. Hereditary and prenatal influences. 2. Ignorance. 3. The age of consent laws. 4. Social conditions. 5. Deception and betrayal. These I shall notice somewhat at length.

## II.

Among the most fruitful sources of triumphant lust in modern society may be mentioned *hereditary and prenatal influences*. Children come into the world cursed with an appetite far more terrible and insatiable than the drunkard's thirst for drink. They are the legitimate product of a society which, while making clean the outside of the cup, refuses to have the poison within removed, lest the sensibilities of its offenders be hurt by the

operation. The leper who, doomed to a horrible death, deliberately brings into the world children destined in turn to bequeath leprosy to society in their offspring, commits a heinous moral crime. But what shall we say of the man who calls into the world a family of moral lepers, some to prey on innocence, others to be preyed upon, or in turn destined to pass the scourge of moral death to the next generation by implanting in the brains of their children the fires of unrestrained animalism?

Says Mr. Eldridge T. Gerry:—

In New York City alone the Superintendent of police and the author [Mr. Gerry] compared notes with exactly the same result, and viewing the matter from different standpoints, we agreed that the number of prostitutes in New York City was at least forty thousand.

This army of fallen women does not, of course, include the vast commonwealth of very poor girls and women who are hovering between starvation and ruin, and who, while working at starvation wages, fall the victims of the horde of lecherous men who are ever on the alert for such unfortunates. Forty thousand women making a living by abandoning themselves to the lust of corrupt men! And, says Dr. DeCosta, "For every fallen woman there are five fallen men."

These figures cannot, of course, be accurately ascertained, but if we include the commonwealth of men who do not openly patronize houses of ill fame but who are holding illicit relations with women other than their wives, the estimate is doubtless conservative. However, to be ultra-conservative, let us cut these figures in half. The result is, one hundred thousand impure men in New York City! How many of these men are fathers, or will become husbands within five years? Surely a third would be a small estimate. We will place it at thirty thousand. Thirty thousand men in one city from whose souls that which is finest and most divine has taken flight! Thirty thousand men, a large proportion of whom are giving to the civilization of to-morrow a generation poisoned with the virus of triumphant animalism.

Beyond the debauched imaginations which a large proportion of men bring into the new home, due to society's upholding the double standard of morals, and which taints the natures of the unborn even when it fails to drag down the unsullied soul of the wife to its low level, there is that frightful and hopeless form of prostitution about which so much is known, but of which so little is spoken—prostitution within the marriage bond. "For more than twenty years," wrote one of America's most brilliant women to the writer of this paper, "my mind has been a sponge which has absorbed the wrongs of outraged womanhood. Almost daily," she continued, "I have had to listen to tales of abuse and outrages borne by wives which thrilled me with horror."

Since writing the first pages of this paper I have received a letter from a merchant in one of our large cities. In it he says: "I write to commend the persistent and forcible manner in which you are presenting to the public the great importance of prenatal influence. I am quite intimate with several physicians of high standing here and have discussed the subject with them. One of them told me that within a few months three women, soon to become mothers, had come to him for advice about their husbands using them in a way that made them fearful of the consequences." My friend then gave some details of the outrages being perpetrated upon these women by their husbands, who, perhaps, were more thoughtless than intentionally brutal; but the narrations are too horrible and revolting to give, although another friend of wide experience who has passed middle life assures me that he and his wife have known of numerous instances even more tragic and disgusting than those given by this gentleman.

During a conversation I recently had with a lady who is a skilled physician, and who is engaged in a noble work of calling back to virtue unfortunate girls who have been caught in the nets of vice, I asked the question, "What are the principal causes, judging from your personal experience, which lead to the ruin of girls?" She replied, "Of course the causes are numerous; ignorance, our social conditions and other things might be mentioned, but my experience leads me to place among the principal causes the inborn appetite, the passion which is the legitimate result of a child being the offspring of lust instead of the blossom of love." And I believe every person who has looked below the surface of this appalling and deeply tragic problem will agree that the popular acceptance of the double standard of morals and the low ideals prevalent in society in regard to marriage are leading wellsprings of present-day impurity.

We must unite in demanding a single standard of morals, and that standard must be the one which man demands of woman. The man who claims that man is so constituted that he cannot exercise the control over himself which he requires woman to exercise over her passions most pitifully belittles manhood, and would have us believe that when life in its ascent has reached the plane of man there is on the part of the male a pitiable weakness when there should be manifested perfect strength. Is it not strange that there should be found physicians and others who profess to be evolutionists, and yet while knowing that the female protects herself on the lower plane of life, argue that woman, within or without the marriage bond, should become a prey to the lust of man? Only the low moral ideal resulting from generations of female subjection and the long prevalence of

the double standard of morals could account for any person who calls himself reputable taking such a position.

Specific cases illustrating the effect of this evil condition, which society regards with such complacency, might be cited until a volume would be too small to contain them. I shall, however, confine myself to a single illustration, which I cite because specific cases are more likely to vividly impress the mind than generalizations. The facts given came to my personal notice. A gentleman who was a deacon in an influential church, an exhorter and a leader in prayer meetings, had for many years been leading a double life; his wife, an exceedingly sensitive and refined woman, at length became acquainted with her husband's faithlessness. The frightful revelation came to her some months before she became the mother of a beautiful little baby girl. The discovery did not instantly kill the wife, but it broke her heart, and she did not live to raise the daughter, who was after some years taken by a relative. The girl was remarkably beautiful, possessed an emotional nature, and emotional religion had for her the same strong charm it seemed to hold for her father. One day the relative with whom she was living compassed her ruin—she declared by threats and force. But whether the child spoke the truth or not, certain it is that soon there was awakened in her a wild, uncontrollable passion, as strong as the appetite of an opium eater for that drug. Of her fate it is not necessary to speak. I have cited this instance merely to show the influence of heredity. And who shall say that the father who so terribly cursed his own offspring may not have inherited his terrible passion largely from a father who had been allowed to sow his "wild oats" until he had thoroughly debauched his soul?

This case reminds me of one reported in *The Philanthropist* some time ago. A Sunday school teacher, writing to the editor, gave the details of the ruin of a most promising young girl in her Sunday-school class. Investigation showed that because the girl was beyond the legal age nothing could be done to the man, although this girl was the fourth victim of his lust. The idea that a young man may sow his "wild oats" and then settle down to a clean life and raise a morally wholesome family is as false as it is degrading, and like the vicious theory of a double standard, must be combated as a fallacy, the acceptance of which can bear Dead Sea fruit only. On this point I have already spoken, and perhaps I can do no better than repeat in substance what I said at a time when we had brought before us a word picture of the results of a theory which if not overthrown will sap the vigor of civilization.

Nothing more clearly marks the lethargy of society to-day than the constant iteration that young men must "sow their wild



oats"; in other words, that our nineteenth-century young men must wallow in the filth of the social sewer; must burn up the vital forces of the system on the altar of sensuality; must degrade all that is holiest, purest and most sacred in being before they are ready to settle down to a steady or virtuous life. This doctrine is as essentially debasing and soul-destroying as the ancient Phallic rites of Greece. Moreover, the assertion is a libel on nature and on manhood; and to those who pause long enough to think about any serious question it will appear as false as it is preposterous. The man who has once become a slave to his passion, who has once descended into the gutter of sensuality, has scorched his finer nature and scarred his soul for life. An ineffable charm, fragrant as roses and beautiful as the moonlight on Lucerne, has vanished forever.

I am strenuous on this point because I am profoundly convinced that the future of civilization hangs upon this vital pivot. Unless we raise the standard of morals for men, the standard for women will inevitably be lowered; and until we absolutely discard the false and debasing theory that it is right and proper for young men to descend from the clean and pure atmosphere of healthy life to wallow in animalism, there can be no elevation in the moral tone of society. I affirm that there is no more reason why a young man should fill his brain with filthy or bestial imaginings than that a young woman should make her soul the storehouse of vile thoughts. Neither is there any more reason why a young man should become a slave to his appetites than that a young woman, who has inherited the taint of sensualism from a father, should give way to her passional nature. If civilization is to move upward, it must be impelled by sturdy morals; and no high morals can flourish when the intellect of man is possessed by the fatal idea that vice is pardonable in youth.

On Nov. 24, 1892, the annual game of football was played between Yale and Princeton. Yale won, and therefore scores of her young men felt justified in indulging in bacchanalian revelry, the bare recital of which must fill all clean-minded persons with disgust. Nor was the defeated college unrepresented. Numbers of her youths seized this opportunity to debauch their natures and render themselves unworthy the love or respect of pure girls. The city of New York was the scene of this modern exhibition of saturnalian abandon. The following morning the New York *Herald* said: "Such pandemonium was never witnessed by any Koster and Bial audience that ever assembled, as was witnessed at this concert hall through the bacchanalian actions of the Yale and Princeton boys present." In depicting scenes at another place, the same paper thus hints at the moral abandon of these youths who are expected to help mould the thought of the



morrow: "While Vanoni was on the stage, one inebriated Yale man essayed to mount the stage and take her in his arms." So significant and so serious is such a spectacle, reflecting, as it does, the prevalence of moral miasma in college life to-day, which will necessarily continue until ethical instruction is introduced into popular education, that I feel it demands more than a passing notice; and below I give an extended extract from a pen picture of some of the happenings as given by the daily *World*:—

If the whole Central Park menagerie—not only the monkey-cage—had been turned loose in Sixth Avenue and Broadway, things couldn't have been worse. The college boys shouted themselves hoarse, and drank themselves drunk, and fought themselves to a standstill. They were everywhere—in the theatres, the music halls, the saloons, and down the whole scale of respectability. As the night progressed they fell by the wayside, but morning found the more hardy ones still at it.

With all seriousness the *emeriti* professors of drinking, the three-bottle men, the men who never draw a sober breath and yet are never drunk, looked at the college men in New York when they began to drink last night, and held up their hands in holy terror. It was absolutely pitiful to watch them. Here were hundreds of young men wandering from place to place, pouring into themselves, each in its turn, beer of various brews, whiskey, gin, brandy, all the infernal French concoctions that are sweet and are intended for women; and with the daring of youth topping all off with champagne, as if they thought to use a yeast to leaven the whole.

Yes, the professors of physiology ought to deliver those extra lectures if only because of this fact—told tersely enough, told in the manner of police telegrams—which was wired to the *World* last night:—

"College boy, wearing Princeton colors, was picked up insensible from drink at Thirtieth Street and Sixth Avenue about 10 p. m. He was taken to the New York Hospital, but could not tell his name."

The Imperial Music Hall, at Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, has always tolerated some freedom of conduct from those who frequent it. Men smoke and drink while they watch the show.

Four hundred students from all the colleges shout: "A-a-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ain't yere glad yere came! A-a-a-ah!"

Half the students (at the top of their lusty lungs): "Washer matter with Princeton? She's a' right. Who's a' right? Princeton!"

Other half: "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Yale! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Yale!"

The performers go on stage. Scattered cries all over the house, "Waiter! waiter! waiter!" Some one starts up a college song. Every one joins in. The band is perfectly inaudible. "Charles Duncan, vocalist," comes on. Universal chorus: "Fougere! Fougere! We want Fougere!"

When Duncan is permitted to sing, the gentlemen from the cradles of learning join in his chorus if it pleases them, or sing one of their own if it does not. So it goes on. All the time waiters are busy carrying trays laden with drinks and carrying back the empty glasses.

Man comes on stage and hangs up No. 6. Universal and excited chorus: "A-a-ah! a-a-ah! The high kicker. What's the matter with Fleurette? She's all right, you bet."

Half the students break into a chorus from one of the Greek plays, and the other half bark and croak back at them. Fleurette appears. She's in blue.

Yale men, wild with enthusiasm: "Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Yale! Princeton isn't in it! Kiss me, kiss me, dearest."

Fleuriette dances, kicking a tambourine she holds above her head, while the tobacco smoke rolls in waves from the applause. Then Fleuriette dances again as a housemaid with a feather duster, dusting her ankles.

Everybody: "There are no flies on you. Yum, yum, yum!"

After that the students do not condescend to hear or observe any more. They put up an impromptu entertainment of their own that would do credit to a lot of bacchanals until Mlle. Valesca appears — Mlle. Valesca, the trapeze marvel. Mademoiselle wears very long flesh-colored tights and a very short salmon-colored silk jacket. Several considerate collegians awake their comrades who have fallen asleep despite a din that would awaken a mummy. *Every "risky" pose of mademoiselle is saluted by howls like those of wolves chasing their prey.*

Two hundred of America's best blood: "Wash's th' masher with Valesca? She's all right. Who's all right? Valesca."

The awful din goes on until Fougere lands, with a jump, in the middle of the stage.

The French woman can say more in a kick than can most women in a thousand words. Her wink is a suggestion, her smile an invitation. The young men who listen to her and look at her go absolutely crazy.

The show ended, and these young men went out into the cold air that could not cool their senses.

Over five hundred of the college boys attended the performance at Koster & Bial's, and were eminently successful in running things. All other sounds were drowned in the roaring and yelling of well-developed lungs, the blare of tin horns, and the shrill notes of whistles purchased for the occasion.

The hit of the evening was made by four young ladies who danced quadrilles with the utmost grace, and kept kicking their French heels higher than their heads. The boys began yelling at them instead of at each other; and when the big fan-shaped curtain shut them out from view, a tremendous encore went up.

A young man in a dress suit came out with a cornet. He was promptly invited by a hundred throats to "get off the earth," and a hundred more asked him to "go lie down and die."

"We want the four ladies!" shouted some one, referring to the high kickers, and the whole house began chanting in a monotone: —

"Four — four — we want four ladies!"

Two comedians came on and did their turn without being heard, the cry for four "ladies" being kept up incessantly. A few beer glasses were tossed about the hall, but no one was hurt by them.

The performance was brought to a close at 4.45 A. M. instead of at midnight, as is usual.

Just as at some other playhouses, the managers of the Academy of Music tried to keep the college boys from getting many seats together. But the sly youths got there all the same.

When in the third act the ballets "Mary Green," "Ta-rà-ra," "The Bowery," and "Maggie Murphy" were put on, the boys sung themselves hoarse while the girls danced. When a particularly airy costume was seen, a Yale man shouted, "Go put on a sweater." It brought down the house. Kisses were recklessly chirped stageward, and the ballet had to smile back, even if they were fined for every smile. "Those are the kind of girls we want at Yale!" shouted a group in chorus when La Sirene, Eglantine, Serpentine and Dynamite, the French quadrille dancers, pointed their little shoes roofward. The band in

blue that plays for the Amazon march caught the Yale fancy, and they yelled, "What's the matter with the Yale band? She's all right!"

While the youths of the Nassau and the Yale armies were at dinner or at the theatres, the streets were fairly dull for a Thanksgiving night; but when the playhouses let out, the boys broke loose. Broadway, from Twenty-third Street up, was like a college walk, and the students owned everything.

It was like getting into the Vatican to get to the counter at the Hoffman House art room. The corridor was packed with a wild, howling set of shouters, and in the barroom they kept up a pow-wow before the Satyr and the Nymphs that was enough to burst a man's tympanum.

About 11.30 the boys who took to executing Nautch dances before the Nymphs and the Satyr, of which Mr. Stokes is so proud, began making the glasses on the shelves clatter like castanets, and there was danger any minute that the end of a walking stick might be poked through a canvas. The order was given that the room be cleared. And cleared it was in a rush. Bang went down the doors at 11.30 sharp.

The lads then marched down to the Fifth Avenue. On the way some of the happy *avant couriers* caught up a Tenderloin lassie, and half hoisting her, half hugging her, they ran her down to Twenty-third Street, and through Twenty-third Street to Sixth Avenue. The camp followers chased after, singing and whooping and guying the girl. As she passed by the Fifth Avenue Hotel portico, half a dozen lusty young boys boosted her up on their shoulders, and, shouting for Yale in tipsy tones, turned the corner to the cross street. Somebody made a rough tug at her petticoat and tore off half a yard of edging. There was a wild scrimmage for the trophy, and in the set-to the leader let go of her and she escaped.

Shut out of the Hoffman, the crowd gathered in the bar of the Fifth Avenue. There was a deafening vocal mixture of "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, what's the matter with Yale?" "Where's Princeton at?" "Where in the soup's Harvard?" drowned finally in a general husky chorus of "Here's to good old whiskey; drink her down, down, down."

The moral contagion emanating from a few score depraved youths infects other minds unused to the world's temptations, nor is the conduct described above so rare as many people imagine.

About two weeks after the shameful orgies just portrayed occurred in New York, the press despatches described a similar outrage carried on in a much smaller way in New Haven under the very eyes, so to speak, of the faculty of Yale. One would think that, after the shame and odium attached to this seat of learning through the disgusting debauchery of a large number of her students described above, the faculty would have seen that, even on a small scale, no repetition occurred during that season; but such was not the case, as will be seen from the following clipping from despatches sent out on December 5:—

Yale students were out in force for a lark last night. They started in by visiting the opera house, where a specialty company was giving the closing performance of a week's engagement. Over one hundred of the boys got possession of the first rows and boxes, and as soon as the curtain rose the fun began. They began to criticise the work of the actresses and the chorus girls, telling each what they thought of her.

Soon this was too much to satisfy them; and to make the dancers jump and kick a little higher, the boys tossed giant torpedoes beneath the dancers' feet. The torpedoes exploded with a report like a rifle, and soon began to fall so fast that it sounded like a fusillade of musketry. Manager Smith came before the curtain and said he would stop the performance. This was greeted approvingly by the boys, who said they would take possession of the stage and finish the programme themselves. At this the manager became alarmed and sent for a squad of police.

The arrival of the police was received with scornful jeers. One of the officers attempted to arrest a student, but his companions took the officer's club away. Other officers came to his assistance, however, and between them they marched the prisoner to police headquarters. Subsequently two others were arrested and locked up, but all were bailed out.

Several who engaged in the row were laid out with beer mugs and other missiles and one student was felled with a heavy iron shovel.

Another party visited a café in Court Street, and departed leaving all the tables and furniture turned upside down. During the scrimmage Miss Maggie Kilbridge was divested of the greater part of her wearing apparel.

That any considerable number of students from such centres of learning as conventional Yale or orthodox Princeton could so degrade their manhood, speaks more impressively than argument of a threefold crime against the young: (1) the hereditary taint of lust; (2) neglect in relation to early environment; (3) a wofully defective education which so neglects the moral side of young men as to render possible such pollution of the imagination. Greece and Rome are melancholy illustrations of the crumbling to dust of civilizations which permitted the intellect to overrule the ethical element in man's culture; and when one reflects on the fact that the brains of these passion-swayed youths will play an important part in moulding the civilization of tomorrow and also that their children will, through the inexorable law of heredity, partake, to a greater or less extent, of the vicious taint of unrestrained passion thus fed in the opening hour of manhood, the problem assumes colossal importance, and becomes a question which reaches far beyond the petty span of our day and generation. Only the ethical degradation which is the legitimate result of a double standard of morals, prevents society from beholding the enormity of this evil which is dragging down youth and lowering the virtue of the race.

Let us try for a moment to reverse the situation. We will suppose that Vassar and Wellesley had played an exciting college game of tennis, and in order to celebrate one its victory and the other its defeat, hundreds of the maidens who attend these colleges escaped from their chaperons and *en masse* congregated in the Empire City, launching out with the same reckless abandon which characterized the actions of hundreds of Yale and Princeton boys. Let us suppose that these young ladies deadened all sense of respectability by freely imbibing liquor; that

they infested the streets, and visited by hundreds concert and dancing halls, where every ribald joke or every suggestion of indecent action emanating from any of the performers elicited wild applause. Let us suppose, further, that they swarmed in the barrooms and raced after men in the streets, tearing their clothes and struggling madly for pieces of the torn garments. Would not the world stand aghast? And yet who shall presume to say that a man more than a woman has a right to transmit the baleful poison of sensualism or a debased appetite to his children? Who, furthermore, shall presume to say that a man has any more inherent right than a woman to burn out the flame of vitality in bestial gratification, and then seek marital union with one who is chaste in thought and life? Who shall presume to say that nature intended man more than woman to wallow in the sewers of animality?

Human nature is the same the world over. The question of *sex* does not enter into the problem of *soul elevation or debasement*, and yet it is on the latter that the advance or retrograde movement of civilization depends. *That which debases manhood must in the very necessity of the case sooner or later debase womanhood*; not only through its moral atmosphere, which is more potent than society imagines, but through inheritance. Said Dr. Rainsford at a meeting of the League for the Promotion of Social Purity in New York, speaking of vice among the children of the metropolis: "I have seen attempted immorality at an age you would not believe, and it is growing worse every year." It cannot be otherwise if men are to transmit to children lawless and vicious passions and instincts. We may check to a certain degree the spread of vice by restrictive measures; but to bring civilization to a higher standard, we must go to the fountain-head. We must insist on an absolutely white life for two, or a single standard of morals; and with this thought in view, we must insist on the education of the future resting on the granite of a broad ethical culture. We must build character from the kindergarten to the closing days of university life, bringing forth a manhood untainted by vice, intellectually cultured, physically trained and morally developed; in a word, a true manhood, worthy to stand side by side with a pure and cultured womanhood in the battle for a diviner civilization.

### III.

Ignorance is another fruitful cause of prostitution. "You would be surprised," said a prominent lady physician to the author of this paper, "at the number of girls who come to ruin through ignorance. The vital instruction which it is the right of every girl to receive from her mother is carefully withheld by

most mothers. The ignorance of some girls is almost incredible."

A few years ago a physician in this city made a terrible discovery. A young girl who had only a short time before reached maturity was brought to the doctor for examination. The trouble was perfectly apparent. Inquiry elicited the fact that for years a boy and this girl had ignorantly outraged nature's laws. It is more than probable that these children came into the world tainted with animalism; but had each been surrounded from birth with clean, wholesome environment, had they early learned from their parents the mystery of their being and the sacred character of the gift of life and death with which nature had endowed them, the wreck of at least one life, and perhaps of two, might have been averted.

If the fall through ignorance were rare we could afford to be less strenuous on this point; but the truth is, children are day by day falling on every side through the criminal neglect of fathers and mothers. "Any one who has come in contact with erring girls and knows the causes of their downfall," says Charlotte Edholm,\* "would be guilty of criminal negligence in writing on the subject, not to depict the awful evils of girlish ignorance of physiological laws, which renders maidenhood an easy prey to designing scoundrels. Mothers and fathers will have much to answer for, because they allow a *pseudo* modesty to prevent them from explaining to their children the use and abuse of the sexual system, as they teach them the use and abuse of the stomach, or any other organ of the body. Why there should be such reserve in speaking of the reproductive organs, while all others are freely discussed, is a mystery, and can only be explained on the theory that the great majority of people are guilty of sexual excess, and do not like to discuss their own sins."

On this subject Dr. Anna B. Gray writes as follows: "I have given years of attention to the subject, and have arrived at this much of knowledge. In nine out of every ten cases of seduction, the woman in America has erred through affection, not passion—that instinct of common humanity most highly developed in women, to please the beloved—but chiefly through *ignorance*. They feel no passion; they are totally ignorant of its signs in others; even if they feel, they are in equal ignorance of what it means. While that much-lauded ignorance prevents any thought of evil, the result is that before they know they have arrived within sight of it they have crossed the threshold of sin. I have not arrived at my conclusions hastily nor do I state them lightly. I have talked with all sorts and kinds of women, from the common prostitute to the purest matron, from the girl who

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\* "Traffic in Girls."



committed suicide when told of the consequences that would follow her error, to those whose sins never became known, and this is my sure conviction — the commonest and largest factor in the seduction of unmarried women is unadulterated ignorance — ignorance of any love less innocent than that which teaches her to clasp a baby in her arms, caress its tender limbs, smother it with kisses, and half crush its life out in a passion of tenderness. If she wonders at the fervor of the caresses bestowed upon her, they mean no more to her than those she so freely bestowed upon her baby brother or sister."

Another thoughtful writer makes the following observations which should appeal to the sober judgment of every parent: "Complete ignorance is neither possible nor desirable in these days; therefore the only real safeguard for our girls and boys is complete knowledge. When mothers are more generally awakened to a sense of their duty in this respect, we shall no longer find women deeming it inexpedient to inquire concerning the past lives of their prospective husbands, for, meeting them on the vantage ground of equal knowledge, girls will so respect their womanhood as to be incapable of degrading themselves by union with those who are morally their inferiors. Never, until the relation of the sexes is properly adjusted, and woman demands in her husband purity as absolute as that which he requires in her, will women gain true freedom."

Light is what is needed. The one thing the moral leper fears more than anything else is that sturdy agitation which will compel every man and woman to take sides. During the past two years I have read much in our religious and secular papers about the frightful abuses borne by the child wives of India, and have noticed numerous articles devoted to the horrors of the harems of the East, and while I would in no way minimize these evils, I have been pained to observe how wide a berth most of these same journals gave to wrongs equally grave which are being committed almost under the shadow of the buildings where have been published these protests against the treatment of women in oriental lands. The harem life cannot be other than demoralizing; but would it not be more consistent and more to the purpose for us to take the beam from our eye before we open a crusade against the harems of the East?

Let us be honest with ourselves and face the question squarely and impartially. Is harem life as hopeless or horrible as the fate of the women of the streets in our great cities? Does the girl who enters the harem suffer in mind, body or soul as does the American girl who at first is pure but poor, who is ignorant and beautiful, and who is compelled to earn her livelihood and perhaps help support a destitute parent, but who in her struggle for



bread is tracked, hunted and lured into the net of an intriguing libertine only to depart despoiled of her virtue, and who in course of time is compelled to live by selling herself to lecherous animals who poison her body and corrupt her mind, until sinking step by step she reaches the bottom of the pit of social degradation, probably there to meet death in its most horrible form? The fate of the girl in the harem is unutterably sad to those who have caught a glimpse of true civilization; but what shall we say of the fate of such a one as I have referred to?

And how serious appears this problem when we remember that in our own republic there are thousands of girls who a few years ago were prattling, innocent little ones, who to-day are virtuous, but who next year will be ruined, and in fifteen years, if they live so long, will have become bloated, poisoned and debauched wrecks, loathing themselves and being loathed even by the denizen of the social cellar. Every year the tribute of thousands of maidens is paid to masculine lust, while the moral sentiment of the nation sleeps, and parents persist in keeping their daughters in ignorance of that knowledge which would prove their shield in the hour of peril.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE FATE OF MAJOR ROGERS: A BUDDHIST MYSTERY OF CEYLON.

BY HEINRICH HENSOLDT, PH. D.

AMONG the many curious and seemingly unaccountable phenomena which were observed and, in part, personally witnessed by the writer, who spent over nine years as an amateur naturalist and explorer in the far East, few have more profoundly impressed him than those which attended the strange fate of Major Rogers. Although the main facts in connection therewith occurred almost thirty years before the writer's arrival in Ceylon, it was still a frequent theme of discussion among the European residents; the interest even now has not subsided, and it may be confidently asserted that the story of Major Rogers will live in Ceylon while the rifle of a single sportsman resounds through her luxurious jungles.

Major Rogers had originally come to Ceylon as a lieutenant of Her Majesty's 57th regiment of foot, which, in 1840, was stationed at Kandy, the ancient mountain-capital of the Singhalese kings. He was then a fine, tall young man, of about twenty-six years of age, "every inch a gentleman," popular with his brother officers, and almost idolized by the soldiers of his company.

The duties of an English officer in the tropics are not of a very arduous nature, and those who are acquainted with the details of military life in India will be aware that one half, at least, of a regimental staff are perpetually on furlough, either roaming the woods in search of game, or recruiting their health at some convenient sanatorium in the uplands. Lieutenant Rogers was one of those who, in order to escape the dreary monotony of barrack-room existence, sought refuge in the jungle, and soon his fame as a sportsman resounded through the island. He became, indeed, a mighty hunter before the Lord; in one year alone he killed over five hundred antelopes, and his deadly rifle became an object of superstitious dread among the Singhalese, who, as orthodox Buddhists, looked upon such wanton destruction of animal life with the utmost abhorrence.

With Rogers hunting had developed into a kind of mania; a more inveterate slayer of game Ceylon has, probably, never harbored, and even the famous Sir Samuel Baker's laurels pale by

the side of those of Rogers. During the last two years of his life (so the writer was assured by several old Ceylon coffee-planters, who had known him intimately and had hunted with him) Rogers' exploits no longer deserved the name of sport, but rather that of indiscriminate slaughter. He had made a specialty of shooting elephants, which then abounded on the Ouvah Plains and in the Badulla coffee-district—in those days a lovely wilderness of teak-wood and palmyra—and he would go about the jungle, followed by several Tamil gun-bearers, locating or stalking his noble game, and never more happy than when he could send one of his five-ounce bullets crashing through the skull of a huge creature which, perchance, had roamed the forests for more than twenty decades.\* According to Sir J. E. Tennet,† Major Rogers killed upward of 1,400 elephants, and was able to purchase his various commissions in the army from the proceeds of the ivory.

In 1844 the regiment returned to England, but Rogers, who, in the meantime, had acquired the rank of major, was so loth to leave the fair cinnamon-isle that he contrived to exchange his position in the army for one in the civil service of the Ceylon government, securing an appointment as colonial resident, or "government agent," for the Ouvah district. This was, practically, a sinecure, for Ouvah had only been recently organized, and was then an almost unbroken wilderness—perhaps the fairest of Ceylon's hunting grounds—a mighty jungle-land, watered by great rivers and interspersed with lakes, the home of myriads of flamingoes and heron, lakes on which the lotus never faded, and which enraptured even the stern Samuel Baker when, ten or fifteen years later, he first beheld them on his wanderings. The vast jungles, teeming with game, were a hunter's paradise, and never did Major Rogers more keenly enjoy his adventurous existence than after his appointment to the Ouvah residency. The climax of his master-passion had been reached.

Now, as already stated, the Singhalese looked upon Major Rogers' exploits with a holy terror; for did not Sakyamuni teach that all animal life is sacred, and that the wilful destruction of even the most insignificant insect is a deadly sin? The Singhalese are, perhaps, the most orthodox of all Buddhists, and if they venerate one animal more than another it is the elephant. Whether the huge size which these proboscideans attain, their wisdom, or the age to which they can live, is the cause of this, we will not here attempt to discuss; enough that their regard for elephants amounts almost to worship, and

\* It is a well-known fact that elephants are very slow to reach maturity, and that, under favorable conditions, they may outlive from five to eight generations of men.

† "The Wild Elephant in Ceylon," p. 77. Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1867.

according to a general superstition the souls of former rajahs are incarnated in these strange creatures.

No Singhalese will ever hurt an elephant, not even when he finds him destroying his rice-fields. He will calmly stand by and wait till the intruder has eaten his fair portion, and only when exceeding that, or doing serious damage, will he attempt to interfere; not by trying to frighten the visitor back to the jungle, but by arguing with him, telling him that he has had enough and ought to be ashamed of himself. The writer once came upon an elephant who had broken into a rice-field near Kurnugalla, in southwestern Ceylon. A Singhalese *ryot* stood within fifteen yards of him, trying to coax him away by entreaties, interspersed with gentle remonstrances. As the elephant, however, kept on feeding with the greatest unconcern, the language of the poor *ryot* became less deferential and complimentary, and finally terminated in a torrent of abuse, involving serious reflections upon the general character of the elephant's antecedents, both near and remote, which the writer would be sorry to translate. This seemed to be more than the pachyderm could endure with equanimity; he grunted uneasily while making his way back to the jungle, and the writer, who wanted to expedite his departure with a shot from his Remington, was implored by the Singhalese to let him go in peace, "for Maha Oya was a sacred beast," and in this particular instance harbored the soul of a great pundit.

That so inveterate a slayer of elephants as Major Rogers should become an object of terror to the Singhalese, and excite their utmost indignation, need not, thus, surprise us. They looked upon him as the ancient Hebrews would have looked upon one who had dared to penetrate to the ark of the covenant and desecrate the holy of holies. He was shunned like one stricken by a pestilence; no Singhalese would enter his service; his groom, cook, gun-bearers, etc., were Malays and Tamils, and whenever he passed through a native village on his hunting-trips, the people would fly to their huts in consternation; not so much on account of personal fear, but in order not to be near when the vengeance of heaven should fall upon his head, lest they themselves should not be spared by the outraged *Devas*. For that Major Rogers *would* be punished in a signal manner for his misdeeds was the firm belief of the Singhalese.

It was on a day in January, 1845, that a curious and portentous incident occurred. Rogers had invited a number of coffee-planters from the Morowe Korle district, and was on the point of starting with these on an elephant-hunt, from the ancient village of Badulla, where, at that time, he had taken up his headquarters. The party of Europeans, numbering about eight, and followed by

a retinue of Tamil coolies, was just passing the great pagoda, in the centre of a grove of sacred fig-trees,\* on the Minneria road, when Rogers' attention was attracted by the appearance of an old Buddhist priest on the stone vestibule, who stood there, like a statue chiselled out of amber, fixing his calm eyes upon the major. There must have been something unearthly in that Oriental's gaze, for it froze the very marrow of its victim. Those who witnessed the scene have repeatedly asserted in later years that the priest's face wore a kindly aspect, and that his voice was melodious, yet to Major Rogers it seemed like a vision of Medusa, foreboding his doom.

The priest calmly stretched forth his right arm, pointed to the great elephant-hunter, and delivered himself of the following sentence: "White *sahib*, thine hour is drawing near; thou hast persisted in slaying the bodies and disturbing the souls of our sacred brothers; the measure of thine iniquities is full, and thou shalt be consumed by the lightning of heaven before thou canst raise thine accursed weapon for another act of sacrilege."

These words, slowly and solemnly uttered by the venerable representative of one of the noblest and most philosophical creeds the world has ever known, profoundly impressed even the planters from Morowe Korle. As for Major Rogers, he sat on his horse like one in a trance; his eyes were still fixed on the spot where the priest had stood, even long after the latter had retreated into the temple, and it was only with difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to continue on his way.

The incident cast a gloom on the entire enterprise and spoiled the day's sport. The major's *esprit* had departed; he grew morose and taciturn, and no efforts on the part of his companions could restore his good humor. The party returned to Badulla without having fired a shot, and Major Rogers started the next morning for Colombo, "on important government business."

It was not long before the story of Major Rogers' strange adventure became known among the European residents of the island, and to his annoyance he was frequently questioned about it, in a jocular way, by thoughtless and inconsiderate friends. At the Army and Navy Club in Colombo, for instance, he would be greeted in something like the following style: "Hello, Rogers! See you're still alive and sound; the lightning hasn't got you yet. You're all right, old boy, threatened people live long." Rogers never relished such allusions to his weird experience; he was like a changed man, and an expression of pain would steal over his handsome features whenever the subject of elephant-hunting was broached.

\* *Ficus religiosa*. These trees are claimed to be derived from shoots of the identical fig-tree in Nepal under which Sakyamuni attained Buddha-hood.

Growing weary of Colombo, after a two months' residence, he tried the refreshing atmosphere of Kandy, located high in the central mountains, the loveliest spot, perhaps, in this terrestrial Eden. But even this wonderful city could not dispel his gloom; her ancient palaces and pagodas repelled him, and for the first time he looked with indifference upon the marvellous artificial lake of the Singhalese kings, which, five years earlier, had risen upon his vision like a fairy-dream of the Hesperides.

Almost eight months had elapsed since the Badulla incident, and it seemed as if Rogers had at last broken the spell which the priest's prophecy had cast over him. He thought of his rifles and of the great jungles of Ouvah; an irresistible longing seized him for his familiar hunting-grounds, and he almost wondered how he could have managed to exist so long away from them. Moreover, news came to Kandy of a rogue-elephant having recently killed two bullock-drivers near Badulla, and that settled it. Within less than a week after his resolution, he had succeeded in organizing a hunting-party of Kandian residents and planters from Kaduganawa, and a gayer cavalcade never proceeded along the Nawalapitya road than that led by Major Rogers in the early part of September, 1845. His heart was light, and once more he seemed like the Rogers of old; he was bound for his favorite jungles.

It was on September 9 that the great hunt was to commence, in the dense palmetto-brakes, which extend from the foot of Adam's Peak to the mountains of Newera Ellia. An army of drivers had been sent out to locate the game, and Rogers and his party started from Badulla before dawn, in order to reach the second government rest-house before the heat should become oppressive. From this point the jungle was to be entered, and a path leading in a southeasterly direction was to be followed for about eleven miles, to a little swamp, where the first beaters would be stationed and the camp was to be fixed.

A sumptuous lunch had been previously ordered at the rest-house\* and everything augured well. It was about ten o'clock when the cavalcade arrived. The sun stood already high in the heavens, sending down fierce rays from a cloudless sky; but what was that to old Ceylon "jungle-hands," who were wont to stalk the *cheetah* in the noonday-glare, and who wore cork-helmets? Soon the lunch was served by the obsequious rest-house keeper, and a dozen hungry men sat down to astonish the

\*The government rest-houses are located at intervals of about ten miles on the principal Ceylon high-roads, and are excellent bungalows for the accommodation of travellers, with stabling for their horses. They are invariably under the management of a native, who is required to provide certain viands at a fixed price, and clean bedding. The writer who, during his wanderings in Ceylon, has had frequent occasion to patronize these rest-houses, has always fared well in them, and remembers them with pleasure.



natives. Roast chicken disappeared as if by magic, and the quantities of rice with fish-curry, cold ham, canned lobster and chow-chow partaken of by these Englishmen excited the admiration even of the Malabar Tamils, who are notorious for their gluttony.

While the last of these dishes was being washed down with the favorite brandy and soda, and several members of the party were preparing for a short siesta, a low rumbling sound, as of distant thunder, struck the ear, and, before the lapse of another ten minutes, one of those vehement tropical rain-torrents was upon them, for which Ceylon is noted, and which are as sudden in their appearance as in their complete cessation and dispersal. The rain came down in sheets, and the sky grew dark and darker, while a cannonade commenced in the clouds, which would have appalled any one but an old Ceylon resident. Long flashes of lightning illumined the landscape at intervals, yet Major Rogers was in excellent spirits.

"We shall have a glorious time at the swamp to-night," he shouted, "this will clear the atmosphere and give our trackers a chance." In less than a quarter of an hour the rain ceased to fall, and the sky began to brighten visibly. "I think we can start pretty soon," said Rogers, "I'll just go out and see how things look."

And out he went on his *last* errand; he never returned, nor uttered another word, for, thirty seconds later, Major Rogers was a black, unrecognizable mass. A flash of lightning had struck him with terrific force, before he got to the centre of the high-road in front of the bungalow, and had almost carbonized every particle of flesh, down to his bones. His hour had come at last.

A remarkable coincidence, the reader will conclude, yet a *mere* coincidence. Among the myriads of human beings who inhabit this planet, such things must, at times, occur, and stranger ones are on record. Thousands are annually killed by lightning, and why should it not once happen that among these there be one whose death had been thus foreshadowed? Look at the innumerable cases in which similar prophecies and predictions have been proved *false*. Such was also the writer's opinion when he first learned the curious details of the fate of Major Rogers.

But the story has a sequel, which no coincidence-hypothesis will explain, and which is so strange that it may well be doubted whether anything of a similar character has ever come within the experience of man. The news of Rogers' tragic death created the utmost sensation in Ceylon, as the story of his encounter with the Buddhist priest, six months earlier, was known to all the European residents. For a long time it formed the chief topic of discussion on the island, and numerous were the theories,



comments and opinions advanced in reference to it. The Singalese did not manifest the least surprise at this appalling termination of the elephant-hunter's career; to them it was not unexpected, as they had been thoroughly convinced that something of this nature was bound to happen.

Rogers' body was taken to Newera Ellia, and there buried in the little cemetery of the European colony. Newera Ellia is the sanatorium of Ceylon: a cluster of beautiful villas, in the midst of the loveliest scenery, seven thousand feet above the sea level. Here rich merchants of Colombo and Point de Galle, eminent government officials and wealthy planters have erected fairy bungalows, surrounded by luxurious gardens, where they take refuge from the heat of the lowlands, at times when a "change" is deemed necessary.

Rogers having been one of the most popular men on the island, the Europeans subscribed for a tombstone, which was duly placed on his grave, and on which the principal events of his life and his sad end were briefly recorded. The stone had been there barely two months when the residents of Ceylon were startled by the news that it had been struck and seriously damaged by lightning. And, what is still more marvellous, *lightning struck that stone at least a hundred times within the next thirty years.*

The writer, to whom this part of the story appeared utterly incredible, and who suspected some trick on the part of the Singalese, visited Newera Ellia in the month of July, 1876. Starting early from Peradenia, and riding through the Ramboda Pass, he did not reach the famous sanatorium till after sunset, taking up his quarters at the only hotel there, kept by one Hawkins, an old Scotchman. The cemetery was within three hundred yards of this place. After supper the writer and his host, who proved an exceedingly well-informed as well as kindly gentleman, repaired to the verandah, where comfortable easy-chairs were inviting for siesta. Cigars were lighted and soon the topic of Major Rogers' tombstone was in order.

"Young man," said Hawkins—the writer having strongly expressed his doubts as to the genuineness of the lightning business—"wait until to-morrow morning! I have lived in Newera Ellia thirty-six years, and never, before Rogers' burial, has lightning, to my recollection, struck in that cemetery. Now it occurs on an average three or four times a year, and it invariably selects the tombstone of Rogers."

The writer was indeed impatient to behold that wonderful stone, and, at an early hour the next day, found himself in front of it.

"What do you call *this*," said Hawkins, who was present, "does this look like man's handiwork?"

"Indeed not," the writer replied, lost in astonishment, for here were the clear and unmistakable proofs of lightning's action. The stone, a huge slab, about nine feet long, five feet wide and ten inches thick, placed flat on the grave, had been cracked in at least a dozen places, and evidently by lightning, while the peculiar furrows of lightning were visible all over it. As one well acquainted with lightning-marks on rock surfaces, the writer, after a careful examination of the slab, feels thoroughly justified in stating that they are genuine.

Now where is the clue to this mystery? Major Rogers' tombstone is in no way peculiar, or different from the other tombstones in the Newera Ellia cemetery. It is composed of the same garnetiferous gneiss (the prevailing rock of the central mountain-region of Ceylon), and the grave which it surmounts is neither higher nor lower than the other graves. There is absolutely nothing which, from a scientific standpoint, would account for the reason why lightning should persistently have selected the spot where the charred remains of Ceylon's famous elephant-hunter were interred forty-nine years ago.

## IF CHRIST SHOULD COME TO-DAY.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

I HAVE come, and the world shall be shaken  
Like a reed, at the touch of my rod,  
And the kingdoms of time shall awaken  
To the voice and the summons of God;  
No more through the din of the ages  
Shall warnings and chidings divine,  
From the lips of my prophets and sages,  
Be trampled like pearls before swine.

Ye have stolen my lands and my cattle;  
Ye have kept back from labor its meed;  
Ye have challenged the outcasts to battle,  
When they plead at your feet in their need;  
And when clamors of hunger grew louder,  
And the multitudes prayed to be fed,  
Ye have answered with prisons or powder,  
The cries of your brothers for bread.

I turn from your altars and arches,  
And the mocking of steeples and domes,  
To join in the long, weary marches  
Of the ones ye have robbed of their homes;  
I share in the sorrows and crosses  
Of the naked, the hungry and cold,  
And dearer to me are their losses  
Than your gains and your idols of gold.

I will wither the might of the spoiler,  
I will laugh at your dungeons and locks,  
The tyrant shall yield to the toiler,  
And your judges eat grass like the ox;  
For the prayers of the poor have ascended  
To be written in lightnings on high,  
And the wails of your captives have blended  
With the bolts that must leap from the sky.

The thrones of your kings shall be shattered  
And the prisoner and serf shall go free;  
I will harvest from seed that I scattered  
On the borders of blue Galilee;  
For I come not alone, and a stranger—  
Lo! my reapers will sing through the night  
Till the star that stood over the manger  
Shall cover the world with its light.

## WILLIAM PENN AND PETER THE GREAT.

BY HENRY LATCHFORD.

WHEN I lived in London, and was supposed to be studying law in the Temple, I had frequent opportunities of meeting literary people who were more lively and interesting than the ordinary law book. One of the literary receptions I remember with particular distinctness. The drawing rooms of a well-known writer were crowded with guests who represented many of the schools, *coteries* and camps of culture then existing in the metropolis. Near the window of the front room, and isolated from his fellows, who seemed to be all talking at the top of their voices, sat an elderly gentleman reading a book. In that warm room he looked like a cool fountain in the middle of a hot sand bank. And, indeed, he was quite as cool as he looked. Undisturbed by the babel of conversation he read on, slowly turning over the leaves of the volume which he held close to his eyes. Suddenly the door opened and a great Newfoundland dog entered the room. He walked leisurely around among the guests as if looking for a friend. Deliberately he paused before the reader. With one loud, sharp bark which announced his arrival he seemed to say, "So, here you are!" The gentleman dropped his book, rubbed his eyes, and simply said, "Bless my soul! that's the best remark I've heard to-night!" And then he patted the Newfoundland's head.

Everybody stopped talking for a moment and laughed, while one lady said, "Oh, that's just like Hepworth!" And then we all knew that the studious person was none other than Mr. Hepworth Dixon, editor of the *Athenæum*, who had just circumnavigated the globe, seen everything and everybody, and written much about curiosities of American society. In the course of the evening there was some discussion about the merits of his books, and it seemed to be agreed that he had done much good by his "Life of William Penn," in which book he had completely disproved the charges brought by Macaulay against the great Quaker. That book left a deep impression upon my mind and an influence that remains, although the great events of Europe since it was published have not done much, apparently, to advance the principles of Penn in any part of the world.

More than twenty years after the Dixon incident I was living one summer in the State of Indiana, where I became acquainted

with many of the Quakers in the country districts. There was much talk about the famine in Russia that summer. The events in eastern Europe, following the assassination of the czar, including the rapid development of nihilism and periodical appearance of famine, were attracting the attention of the civilized world. Through Turgenief and Count Tolstoi the misery and degradation of the emancipated serfs became almost as well known to the American people as the troubles of the men and women of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Living in the peaceful and prosperous Quaker district I was induced, by the principle, I suppose, of contrast, to read all I could find about Russia. Among other books I read with special interest Eugene Schuyler's "Life of Peter the Great," and as I finished it I could not help recalling Napoleon's remark that at the end of a hundred years from his time Europe would be either Cossack or republican. Indeed, if there had been a succession of czars like the great Peter, the Cossacks would have had ample opportunity to break up such civilization as we possess. If, in the course of a few years, one semi-barbarian of superhuman energy and daring could have pulled Russia half way out of Asia, and established it firmly in Europe, what might not successors of similar political genius have accomplished with the modern resources? But fortunately for Europe the mantle of Peter's energy did not fall upon those who succeeded him. There have been great soldiers and diplomatists in modern Russia, but no ruler, except perhaps the second Catherine, has given sign of the constructive ingenuity necessary to carry out Peter's colossal projects. Europe is today very much more republican than Cossack, while the strong tendency in Russia seems to be a return to the democratic institutions which prevailed among the Slav races before the Mongol invasion.

Comparing Schuyler's book with Dixon's "Life of Penn" it struck me that the period of these contemporaries—Penn and Peter—was one of the great historic partings of the ways for civilization.

In one of the notes at the close of his book Mr. Dixon gives a short but graphic and striking account of Penn's visit to Peter the Great during the czar's sojourn in England in 1697. Peter was studying shipbuilding in the Deptford dockyards. Some members of the Quaker sect called upon him to try and enlist his sympathies for their cause. As they did not understand the czar's speech, and as he knew nothing of the English language, the meeting was futile. Both Penn and Peter, however, knew something of German, and accordingly Penn called upon the czar. One would like to have some Boswell's account of that interview. Penn explained the cause, the history and the creed

of the Quakers. Peter seemed to be amused and listened with quite as much patience as he could muster.

Finally the czar said, "Do Quakers fight?"

"No, Friend Peter," replied William, "that's just what Quakers don't do."

"Then," said the czar, "I have no use for them. Russia requires men who can and will fight"—intimating that all other countries required men of the same kind.

This closed the conversation, though the interview seems not to have been without some good effect. It is said that ever afterwards when the czar found himself in the neighborhood of any Quaker community he attended the meetings and "conducted himself quite like a gentleman." It was indeed a real concession to Quaker sentiment that the czar of Russia did not pull the noses or knock off the hats of Quaker worshippers.

While turning over this curious episode in my mind I could not help thinking of another possible conclusion to Penn's interview with Peter the Great. Giving wings to imagination I heard Peter say:—

"William Penn, if you think you can govern Russia on your peace principles I will hand over my country to you. I am tired and sick of being a ruler, as I have no quality of mind that fits me for governing men according to the laws of civilized society. I was born to be a soldier or a ship carpenter. I prefer the carpentering, and if some trustworthy person would relieve me of my intolerable duties and responsibilities—called imperial—I am quite willing to spend the rest of my waking life in a dock-yard. Now, I ask you this: If I can gain the consent of my people to be governed by you for a term of years, as an experiment, while I remain in England working happily at my natural occupation, will you take charge of Russia?"

Penn opened wide his large, calm, benevolent eyes, as he said in mild astonishment: "Friend Peter, the world has not been accustomed to regard thee as one who wastes much time in speaking light or vain things. I cannot think thee serious when thou askest me to take thy place as the ruler of Russia."

"Serious! William Penn," retorted the burly potentate, as he poured out for himself a huge bumper of brandy, "I was never more serious in my life, and for reasons which I now proceed to give you. Nearly six hundred years ago my predecessor, Vladimir, forcibly Christianized his people in one day. He compelled them to accept that religion which you preach and practice. After six hundred years of professed Christianity I do not see that Russia is to-day much farther advanced in the Christian life than when Vladimir compelled it to abjure paganism. I have made inquiries about you and your associates, and I find that

you really try to adapt your lives to the precepts of the creed you profess. People mock at your doctrines and you personally as a mere dreamer because you believe that all men are brothers and should live at peace. I must say that I can't regard that man as very much of a dreamer who established, as you have done, the right of a jury to return a verdict in opposition to the judge's charge. That piece of work, William, convinces me that whatever else you may be you are not a fool.

"I have also heard much of what you call your *Civitas Dei*, and your 'Holy Experiment' in America. The Indians of that country, whom your peaceful methods have subdued, were not less barbarous than my Cossacks. You went among them as a plain man who wished to live as a friend among friends. I hear that the Indians laid down their arms at your request, and that not in a single case have they broken the agreement you made in good faith with them. They are the helpers and brothers of the palefaces, as they call you, so that perfect harmony prevails between them and your people. This, too, while the same Indians are at perpetual feud with the white men who are not Quakers. It is to me more than wonderful. It is simply miraculous. We have heard of the events in Palestine, but I have never been in that country, and those events are very far away. Historians do not always write the truth, and in my experience the law of life is not the Golden Rule which Christ taught, and of which the preachers tell us in church on Sundays and holy days.

"When you went among the Indians of your territory in America you were not armed with the powers of head of a state or head of the church. The king of England was your chief, and you acted only with deputed and temporary power. You were neither king nor pope — not even a bishop. Your own personal character as a Christian man, who practised what he preached, was the only secret of your success with the savages. If you go to Russia your position shall be very different. I am practically head of the church, and absolutely head of the state, and I know that my people will accept in this same position the man or men whom I see fit to appoint as my representatives. I have only to command and it is done. You think, perhaps, that I speak under the influence of strong drink, as I see that you have been watching my potations. But I was brought up on brandy. It is the natural food for such a barbarian as I am, and, until it puts me to sleep, only serves to make me clear-headed.

"No, William Penn, I am not now speaking as a drunken man, but as the czar of Russia, fully aware of my own defects, and more than anxious that the millions of poor people whom I bully, without knowing how to govern them, shall be brought



under some of the genuine influences of Christianity and civilization. I ask you again, and this time I request, that you accept my offer, and that you go out to Russia in my place as head of the state. I will see to it promptly that you shall also be head of the church."

With such an effort of imagination I was fairly exhausted, and at this stage of Peter's speech I was asleep. But while I slept I dreamed. Mixing up the events of centuries with the freedom of the land of visions, I saw William Penn established in St. Petersburg as firmly as he had formerly been in Pennsylvania. Peter had accompanied him to Russia and had summoned a great council of the nobles, bishops, governors of provinces, statesmen and generals. At Penn's request the wives and grown daughters of the leading men were also requested to attend. Penn had prepared the manifesto which the czar read aloud to the convention. The new constitution was based upon the principles of Christianity as applied in America by the people called Quakers. Serfdom was absolutely abolished within the boundaries of Russia. Peace was proclaimed with Sweden, Poland, Austria and Turkey, with the proviso that if at any time within the period of Penn's administration Russia should be invaded it was expected that every man in Russia capable of bearing arms would appear at the frontier. The regular soldiery was abolished. Invasion was to be met and defeated by an armed, patriotic nation, which, having once realized the priceless value of peace, liberty and brotherhood, would guard sacredly these good things, or die to a man in the effort to defend them.

Great public works were to be undertaken at once in every province, under the direction of the local noblemen and priests. The money that would have been expended upon arsenals, fortifications and military campaigns was for the next twenty years to be devoted to primary education. Women of ability were to be admitted on a perfectly equal footing with men to all positions in church and state. The most distinguished thinkers of Europe were to be invited to Russia for the purpose of helping to draw up a political constitution adapted to the requirements of an industrial and agricultural community—the framers not to be bound by any precedents save those of justice, humanity and the practical wisdom of the Christian religion.

Meanwhile in each city, and in every town, village or district with a population exceeding three hundred, justice was to be administered by a government official sent out from St. Petersburg. This magistrate must have had a course of study for six months in the college presided over by William Penn. The nobles and bishops might sit in court as associates, but were not to be qualified to pass judgment in legal trials until they, also,

should have graduated from Penn's college. Justice was not to be bought, and not to be sold or denied to any man, woman or child. The official or other person to be his power and position what they might — detected in any act of interference with the administration of law, was to be condemned to imprisonment and a prolonged course of study in St. Petersburg. School teachers were to be regarded as the social equals of nobles and bishops. Judges of the supreme court at the seat of the central government were to make semi-annual visits to the principal city of each province, and among other duties, were to hear all appeals from inferior tribunals. The rich land owners, bishops, priests, merchants, and educated professional men were to be held responsible for the moral and material prosperity of the districts in which they lived, and their favor at court was to depend upon their efforts to advance this prosperity.

The czar spent three hours in reading and commenting upon the new rules of government. He drew many brief but vivid pictures illustrating the difference between the new *regime* and the old, and then, in words uttered with deep emotion, introduced his "friend, brother and representative, William Penn."

The stranger, dressed as usual in the suit of drab cloth, relieved by a large linen collar turned down over his coat, rose to speak. Penn had acquired a competent knowledge of the Russian language, and was as self-possessed as if engaged in a friendly talk with the king of England or George Fox. His calm, peaceful, benevolent appearance was a revelation to men and women who had always associated distinguished foreigners with military uniform and brilliant retinue. He commenced by describing the beautiful home he had left in England, pointing out, however, that such homes were confined to the happy few, while the great majority of the English people lived in a very different condition. Passing on to the "Holy Experiment" in America, he dwelt at length upon the widely-diffused happiness of the community in which no man was very rich and none very poor. He explained the methods by which the savage Indian had been brought to regard the white European immigrant not as a foe or an intruder, but as a friend and partner, who had come to coöperate with him in procuring the means of general comfort and happiness.

In simple but eloquent language he described the horrors of war as he had seen it in Europe, the degradation it brought on women, and all the ruin of home life. Then he explained his gospel of peace, and pictured its results as he had seen them developing by the banks of the Delaware. He told, too, of the Quaker women who, like their fathers, husbands or brothers, were engaged actively in all good works for the benefit of all the

people. And then he spoke of the doctrines of Christ as laid down in the religion of Russia, and of the desire of the illustrious czar that such doctrines should henceforth govern the public and private life of the Russian people.

When he concluded, the audience, not accustomed to free expression of opinion, remained silent, although pleasure and gratification were depicted on almost every face. The czar rose quickly, shook hands warmly with Penn, and then turning to the audience said, "Those of my people who are in favor of accepting William Penn as the representative of the czar during my absence, will stand up." There may have been some soldiers and statesmen who had views to express, but, as Peter cared little for any views except his own, there was no dissenting voice. Every man and woman stood up. Peter then waved his hat over his head and called for cheers, which were given with an enthusiasm that the announcement of peace principles had never before excited on any portion of Russian territory. The court officials were then summoned, and promptly appeared bearing the robes of office. Then and there William Penn, brother of Czar Peter, was arrayed in all the externals of his high office. Having signified his allegiance to Russia by holding up his right hand, he bowed his head before the patriarch who offered prayer and pronounced the benediction.

The new experiment was carried into operation immediately. Missionaries were despatched at once throughout the length and breadth of the land, explaining the new gospel of peace and holiness. They were armed with power to redress grievances and arrange for the sustenance of the people. It took some years to elevate the Cossacks and wandering hordes of the East and South to a comprehension of the new order, but after their leaders had met and talked with Penn, either in St. Petersburg or Moscow, the wildest of them decided that the experiment at least deserved a trial. No doubt the expressed desire of Peter had much to do with this ready compliance.

Within a year after the czar's return to England Charles the Twelfth invaded Russia. He was met by a nation in arms. From the remotest recesses of the country came men, accompanied in many cases by their wives or sisters, who, having enjoyed peaceful life for one year, had determined that any death was preferable to a return of the fighting and barbaric stage. By mere force of numbers they would drive back the enemy, and if necessary they would fight to the death for the privileges that had become so precious to them.

They come as the winds come when forests are rended,  
They come as the waves come when navies are stranded.

Not all the armies assembled under the Swedish kings, from the first Charles down to Voltaire's hero, could stand before such a host as came pouring from the interior to the northwestern frontier. But Charles took no heed. With his usual recklessness he led the attack in person. Now that the vigilant Peter was absent he expected an easy prey in an army of peasants. But as, in aftertime, the untrained troops of Dumouriez — when inspired by an idea — would drive back the seasoned veterans of Europe, so the emancipated serfs of Russia rushed into battle with a valor and resistless force that the knights of lion-hearted Richard or the gallant Godfrey had never surpassed. The women fought, if possible, with more fury than the men. The army of Charles was driven back with prodigious slaughter. "We can't fight against devils," said the king, "and these Russian women are furies."

The Russian generals held a council of war. It was decided to pursue the Swedes, take bodily possession of the king and his army, and to retain all as prisoners until a satisfactory guarantee should have been given that no Swedish soldier should again enter Russia as a foe. The pursuit began and the capture followed rapidly. Preliminaries of peace were not long delayed. Charles declared he had had more than enough of fighting with Russian Quakers. He was quite prepared to make any promises if his troops were supplied with provisions.

Thereupon this remarkable campaign assumed quite a new aspect. When the Russian people were satisfied that their purpose had been fully accomplished, the men and women at once transformed themselves into nurses or agents of the commissariat department. From avenging fiends they became ministering angels. Having attended to the wounded they knelt and prayed beside the dying. Charles laughed. "If," he said, "these Quaker Russians are as good with their prayers as with their bayonets, they'll send those poor devils of mine to heaven sure enough."

There was little delay about a treaty of peace. Shortly after Charles reached Sweden he dispatched a messenger to William Penn with a request that the ruler of Russia would send the king of Sweden a book or a man to explain how a peaceful nation could at a few days' notice be transformed into an army, and how, after the battle, that army of fighting demons could be changed upon the battlefield into a corps of nurses, missionaries or cooks. Penn sent the recipe, and it is almost unnecessary to add that no other army from Sweden attempted to invade Russia while William Penn was ruler.

Tidings of these strange events were carried rapidly over Europe. It soon became known that although Russia was conse-

crated to peace it was invincible in war. In a conversation with the king of Poland, who proposed a coalition against Russia, the ruler of Turkey said: "No, Poland, it is quite useless. There are too many of these men of peace and prayer. Every boy fights like a veteran. Until this new fashion blows over I'll leave the bear alone. I have no objection, however, to your tackling him yourself." And so with all the western countries. No sovereign cared to risk his army against an armed nation, patriotic, enlightened, industrious and religious.

Penn rapidly carried out the programme laid down in the manifesto. With no army to maintain, the bulk of the revenue was applied to education and the diffusion of all available knowledge concerning agriculture and improved industrial methods.

The invasion of Charles took place in the year 1701, and in the year 1715 the Russian Empire was admitted even by the economists and bankers of France and England to be the happiest and most prosperous country in Europe. No man did injustice, because no man feared injustice, and, the dread of poverty being removed, free play was at once given to the operation of the Golden Rule. Little children of Siberian hamlets, as well as those among the villages of the Caucasus and around the Black Sea, were trained at home, at school, in church, to guard and cherish "the light within." They found the moral law written upon their hearts long before Emmanuel Kant discovered it — after the tedious process of eliminating pure reason. They heard their parents explain the law they lived by, and they saw daily conduct in strict accord with the teachings of the Sabbath. Peace, industry and marvellous intellectual energy prevailed in Russia.

So fared Russia in the year 1715, under William Penn. What splendid conquests, I thought, this country will have made in another hundred years! In two hundred years, by means of precept and example, it will have banished poverty, if not sin, from Europe and America, and its political constitution, embodying ethics and religion, will prevail wherever men and women live and love, suffer and die.

And as the glory of the vision grew before my inward eye I woke to find myself in the last decade of the nineteenth century, in Boston, Mass., July, 1894. It is about the time appointed by my dream for the final triumph of Penn's laws of peace and justice, for the full brightness of the light within, for the fullest, richest note of human happiness. I take up the morning paper and I see the first page packed with details of the labor struggle in Chicago. The militia and federal troops have been shooting down workmen who have been guilty of the unpardonable sin —

guilty of combining to procure wages for themselves and their fellows upon which self-respecting men can subsist. And in a special despatch to another paper I see that a few days ago in Southern Russia the peasants threw themselves before the prancing horses of the soldiers, preferring death under iron hoofs to the lingering torture of starvation. And my dream was not true. Peter and Penn have been dead for nearly two centuries, and to-day the loud blast of war is being heard as close to the Delaware as to the Danube.

## A WOMAN IN THE CAMP: A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

MARTHA HOLLAND was a bride of less than six months when she received her marching orders from her husband. She was requested to join him at Masinee. Her heart was very heavy when she took her seat on the sleigh laden with camp supplies and utensils. She knew it meant a long separation from her parents and her young friends, and she looked back at the group at the gate with eyes blurred with tears.

The country grew wilder as they went north. The pine woods thickened and all signs of cultivation disappeared. The road grew at last to be merely a winding track in the sun-bright snow. It grew silent. At times when the bells on the horses' harness were still, nothing could be heard but the wind's low snarl in the pines, or the crackling of a twig settling under the snow. The camps drew farther apart, and to the young wife it seemed as if the world were being left behind.

At the Falls Holland met her, and she felt a shock of disagreeable surprise at his rough look.

"O Henry! What makes you wear a beard? I *don't* like it."

He laughed. "Too much trouble to shave, Mattie. You'll like it after you get used to it. Are you tired?" he asked with abrupt tenderness.

"Yes. How far is it yet?"

He pointed to the fine, rounded outline of Old Masinee. "We'll soon be there."

They moved off on the widening trail which cut across the elbow made by the river. The sun grew low, and faint clouds drew across it, and the wind strengthened. The bells jingled pleasantly, and the drivers shouted from sleigh to sleigh, but they could not soften the effect of the wilderness over the young wife.

They came at last upon the camp. It consisted of three little, low log huts; one for teams, one for the men, the other for the kitchen. A little creek ran by, deeply smothered in snow.

A dozen red-shirted men came pouring out of the large hut and raised a shout of welcome. They looked rough and wild to



Mattie, but they swarmed cheerily about the team, unhitching, and unloading the furniture.

A tall old man came forward to say, —

"We're mighty glad to see you, madame."

"You bet we are," said two or three others. "We've had a hard scuffle with Ralph's cooking."

"Mattie, Miller, my partner."

Mattie shook hands with Miller, whose round, smiling face she liked at once.

"And this is your headquarters," continued her husband, throwing open the door of the other shanty. She walked in and looked about. At one end was a small kitchen partitioned off with rough boards. A broken old stove was roaring with heat there.

"Here's where we eat," said Ralph.

The central portion of the room was the dining room. It had a long table running along the middle with benches at each side. It was lighted now with candles, and on the table were some tin plates and some rough knives and forks.

"And this is your room," Henry said, opening the door into another apartment at the opposite end of the long hut.

It was a rude place to bring a bride. The walls of logs were plastered with mud. The dresser was a board nailed to the wall. The partition had large cracks and knot holes in it, and the apartment was bare of even a bed. A lump rose in the wife's throat. She looked away for a moment at the window, with a set look in her eyes as she crowded down her discontent. The men swarmed in noisily, bringing the bedstead and chairs and the few little things which had been given the young couple at their wedding.

She stood by while Henry and Miller arranged the bed and hung up the little looking glass. Then she unpacked her trunk and got out her extra dresses and her brush and comb, trying all the while to conceal the tears which dripped down upon her hands.

After Ralph went back to the cooking and Miller returned to the barn, she broke down and wailed, —

"O Henry, I can't stand it here — I just know I can't."

He sat down by her side on the trunk. He was not a rough man, and he was touched.

"Now, now! Don't cry, Martha, you're tired and homesick. You'll feel all right when you get up to-morrow morning."

She sat passively while he went all over the ground again. "You know it saves us a lot of money, Mattie, and if we buy that farm next spring we'll need every cent, and besides it makes it easier for me and Chubb."

"Oh, but it's all so lonesome!"

"Lonesome! with fourteen men around? Well, now, it'll be lively enough when you get working for 'em. You won't have time to get lonesome."

She said nothing more, but sat dumbly there while the men swarmed in and ate the evening meal with much clatter of tin dishes and very little talk.

"Where's the woman, Hank?" some of them asked. "Ain't she goin' to set at the head o' the table to-night?"

"She's tired," he apologized. "She don't feel like coming out." He added, "You'll see her in the morning; she'll cook your breakfast for you."

The shrill yell which greeted the good news brought Mattie to her feet in terror.

"Three cheers for the woman who bosses the boss."

"Ralph, you're *'aus ker spielt'*."

Their loud laughter did not provoke a smile in Mattie's eyes. She lay down on her bed and cried. She was only a girl of eighteen, and this was so far away from her modest little romance.

It was dark when she heard her husband call her. She started up in alarm. "What is it, Henry?"

"Four o'clock, time to get up. Wake up, don't you know where you are?" He shook her gently.

She remembered, and struggled slowly awake. It seemed like the middle of the night. Faint streaks of light came across the room, but they were from the candles in the dining room. She heard a strange sound, a snarling, humming, roaring sound; it was the wind in the pines. She dressed hurriedly, for it was very cold, and when she came out into the kitchen she was not yet awake. Her feet stumbled and her eyes dreamed.

Old Ralph, with his red arms bare to the elbow, was laying huge slices of beef in a great dripping pan.

"Good morning, cap'n," he said to her. "I'll just absquatulate" —

"No, no, please go on. I don't know anything about what to do."

"You've cooked for harvest hands and threshing crews?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, often."

"Well, just figure on a threshing crew of twenty-eight hungry men, and you'll have the needs of our gang of fourteen."

She watched him while he fried the steak and filled the tea pots and took up the beans and biscuits. At last he took down the horn and blew a short snort. There was heard a scuffle, a shout, and the men tumbled into the room like a herd of steers

into a cornfield. They ducked their heads at her as they passed; one or two said "Good morning" as if the effort were colossal.

She helped about the table, and the struggle was soon ended. They scraped in the beans, caught up some chunks of brown bread, heaved up the tin cups full of tea, and shoved back and disappeared with slow mutter of laughter.

Miller and her husband came in a little later and sat down to eat with her. They ate almost as swiftly and silently as the others and then Henry said, —

"Ralph will stay and help you get dinner, Mattie; and try and get the hang of things to-day, so I can have Ralph to-morrow," and then they rose and went out. It was not yet light, and the wind was roaring in the tree tops. There was something terrible in this grim dawn.

Old Ralph showed her the various boxes and barrels of food, and how to coax the stove, and how to wash the tin dishes wholesale, and many other things which long experience at dodging work had taught the male cooks.

At noon the men came tumbling in again with appetites like wolves. It was very hot and close in the little kitchen, where the meat sizzled and the potatoes steamed. Ralph was kindly and patient in all things, even taking her suggestions about cleaning up things with great composure.

Once or twice during the afternoon Henry pulled rein to shout just for the pleasure of seeing her come to the door. Occasionally some driver could be heard singing, but mainly all sounds were lost in the snarling moan of the pines.

At night, after supper, the men went into their own quarters. Henry and Chubb worried over some figures and the record of the logs, while Mattie and Ralph did up the evening work.

This came to be the regular routine of the camp life. On the second morning Old Ralph shouldered an ax and went out with the rest of the men, and Henry said, —

"Well, Mattie, you're chief cook and bottle-washer now. If you need any help, just blow on that horn there and we'll come. If you toot twice, we'll know you want something mighty bad and we'll come a-whoopin'."

All about was the wilderness of pine and tamarack, laden with snow. By day all was silent, save the click-clack of the axes and the perpetual moan of the pines. At night the wolves and owls and wild cats awoke and uttered voice. Mattie drew close to her husband then and was glad to hear the noisy laughter of the men. But in the early dawn, just after the men took their way into the dark woods-roads, or at night, just before they came to camp, she felt the wilderness like a visible presence marching in upon her. This feeling came upon her with terrible force the

third morning. It was cold and cloudy. The wind roared through the pines like a mighty river washing a pebbly beach; its grinding snarl was intolerably desolate and pitiless.

She seized the long tin horn which hung by the door, but the thought of her husband stopped her. What could she say in explanation?

This was her life. Up every morning at four o'clock to cook cakes and steak for the ever hungry men. Then two or three lonely hours of cleaning up the camp, then the attack upon dinner. A noisy, hearty quarter of an hour of dinner, and then silence again and the voice and presence of the pines.

## II.

As it drew toward Christmas, Mattie grew childishly eager to go home. She had never been away from home so long before. Her desperation made her brave to the point of saying, —

"Henry, I want to go home for a week."

"I don't see how we can spare you, Mattie."

"But I can't stand it here any longer, it's so lonesome."

"O nonsense! with a crew of fourteen men around! If you'd settle your mind to staying here you'd be all right." There was a note of impatience in his voice.

Mattie's throat filled up and she stammered, "You don't think of me, how hard I work and how lonesome it is for me."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't snivel about it," he said irritably. "Of course, it's hard work. We all have to work hard; that's what we come up here for. I can't spare Ralph just when the sleighing is the best. There may be a January thaw, and I want to finish up the lumbering business this winter." As he talked his voice grew softer, but he could not take away the effect of his harsh, contemptuous tone. Mattie heard him in silence, with set face wet with tears. She had supposed he could never speak to her like that.

Sunday was a noisy day. The men played games and sang, or went hunting. They ate if anything more than on week days, and Mattie was busy most of the day. It was on Monday morning that she made up her mind to an epic deed.

"I'm going home," she said with determined straightening of the lips.

As soon as it was light, she put on her warmest clothes and cautiously opened the door to be sure none of the teams were in sight. It was a dazzlingly bright winter morning. The roads curved away into the forest, deep furrows in the almost unstained snow. The sun threw a golden sheen over it and stained it with purple shadows. The trees were silent; everywhere the frost glittered. The ring of the axes was very distinct to her ear, so

still were the pines. It was like setting boat into unknown waters, but her resolution did not waver now. She closed the door behind her and started on her long and lonely walk to Masinee to take the stage.

Up on the hillside the swamper's axes rang, the sleighs creaked to and fro, the trees crashed falling steadily, the logs rumbled on the skid-ways, the oxen snailed the logs out of the tangle of boughs, the saws rang, and the hearty voices of the men made up the pleasant jangle of sounds the logging crew enjoys.

Henry called to Ralph, "Say, Ralph, what time have you? My watch must be fast."

"Twelve-thirty."

"That's what mine says. I wonder what's the matter with the woman. I guess I'll go up and see."

"Guess you better. The boys have been looking at the sun for an hour, and my stomach's been saying 'cub-berd' for some time."

Henry went up the road to the shanty feeling that something had bothered and delayed Mattie, but when he saw the chimney — there was no curling smoke this time — he quickened his pace to a run. She was sick perhaps — or an accident! He dashed the door open. The room was silent and cold. He called as he ran into her room. He stood there astonished, confused. His mind reasoned upon the cold stove, the orderly room. She had been gone since morning, that was evident. What had happened to her?

He seized the horn and blew two blasts upon it, then ran to the stable and down to the spring looking for footprints. The men came rushing down out of the woods. Their voices clamored in his ear almost before he knew it.

"What's the matter?"

"My wife is gone," he said.

"Gone where?"

"I don't know. Something must be the matter with her. See if you can find her tracks."

They bent to the ground, but the road was so hard her steps did not show for some distance. At last they found them. She had hurried down the road.

"She's gone to Masinee."

"She's gone to catch the stage," said Ralph.

"What makes you think so?"

"She asked me a few days ago when the stage left, and I told her about ten. She's on her way to her mother's."

Henry thought for a moment. Then his rage flamed out. "I'll bring her back." The men moved away a little. "Ralph, go back and get dinner. I'll go after her."

"No use now, Hank," said Chubb. "She's on the stage. You can't get off till to-morrow. Keep cool now. She's all right."

"I'm going, anyway," the husband said. "I can't stay here till I know where she is," and he started off down the road on the run.

"Come back and take a horse," yelled Chubb, but he kept on.

"The woman got homesick," said Ralph. "I don't blame her much. She's only a girl anyway, and Christmas comin' on."

### III.

As Mattie entered the door the Adams family rose up from the table with a clamor of expletives.

"Well, for Peter's sake!" "Where'd you drop from, Mattie?" exclaimed her mother and sisters.

"Home for Christmas?" asked her father.

"I'm here to stay," she sobbed, as she ran to her mother's broad bosom to hide her face.

"Had a row, Matt?" asked her sister, Nettie.

"N-no, I've just—just run away; I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Well, there, there! Don't bother about it now. Nettie, put on a clean plate. Sam, stir up some fire and heat some tea. I s'pose it was hard work."

"I didn't mind that, but it was so lonesome, and I wanted to see you." Again her head went down on that sheltering breast.

"There—there! Wanted to see her ol' mammie; course you did, and it's all right. Now don't 'oo worry, there—there!" She patted the hysterical girl on the back and made little soothing sounds to her. At last the runaway sat down to supper with tear-stained cheeks and ate heartily.

"I'm awful glad you've come, Mattie. We're goin' to have a dance here to-morrow night."

"What'd you run away fer? Wouldn't he let you come?"

"No. He said he couldn't spare me."

"How'd you get down here?"

She set her cup down and distress came back into her face. "I had to steal"—

"Good land o' mercy! Well, Marthy Adams, you *are* doing things—Stole—who of?"

"Him."

Mrs. Adams was relieved. "Oh, well, I guess you earned it. How much'd you take?"

"Ten dollars and seventy cents. All there was in his wallet."

"Well, did you ever! Hiram Adams, do you hear what your daughter is a-tellin' of?"

"I do, mother, but I ain't responsible. She always took after you."

Mrs. Adams rose up in wrath. "Well, I never! Do you accuse me of being a thief?"

"Oh no, of course not," he replied. "You never had any chance. I never had ten dollars to steal."

They all laughed and sat down to the table to enjoy a meal together.

It seemed so good to get home again. The light, the dishes, the homely smells, the clock ticking on the shelf, the cat by the stove, all the homely things which had been so dear since childhood, every figure in the tidies, every stripe on the wall — everything was dear and sweet.

Well, she would not leave it again. Of course, all was over with her and Henry. He would never forgive her, and she would live here sadly and quietly for the rest of her life.

But she went to sleep beside Nettie, while Nettie was telling her about Ned Peasley.

#### IV.

She was dancing the next evening. It was about nine o'clock. She was quite gay and girlish as she threaded the figure of the dance. She was, in fact, laughing heartily at Peasley, who danced like a negro at times to please the girls, when the door opened and her husband looked in.

Henry pushed the door open and entered slowly, with a gloomy face. He looked dangerous. His face was uncouth with beard. His coat was faded and his gray shirt collarless. His brows were drawn down sharply over his keen eyes.

"Stop the dance! Where's that wife o' mine?" he asked.

A gurgling of outcry followed.

"Hello, Hank!"

"Just in time."

"She's here."

The dancers fell away from the young wife and she stood confronting him, pale and silent. He looked at her, his arms folded sullenly.

"I want that wife o' mine," he said, advancing toward where she stood dazed, uncertain what to do.

"O Henry, I didn't mean" —

He caught her by her outstretched arms and drew her to him. His face blossomed into a smile of loverlike joy.

"Go ahead with y'r darned old fiddle," he said. "I've got a pardner."

And in the clamor of questions and gurgling of laughter, the fiddle had difficulty in making the measure of "Honest John" heard.



## A "FIN-DE-SIÈCLE" VISION.

BY MARGARET STEWART SIBLEY.

WITH glory and honors of proudest achievement,  
The century rounds to its ending fast;  
And yet somehow, despite the lives that are saintly,  
A shadow of gloom is over it cast!  
And we think if the Man from Nazareth lowly  
Were to come to dwell on the earth again —  
Preaching and teaching, with the multitude mingling,  
Beholding the ways of these modern men;

Should He go where the sons of luxury, idling,  
Kill time with the costliest, newest "fad,"  
Or enter the "sweater's" great palace, gilded  
With gold he has ground from some woman sad;  
Should He watch the curious and diverse methods  
Of our gambling in complex, baffling guise,  
Or the riddle unsolved of wages and labor, —  
Could we meet the gaze of His searching eyes?

In a search for the "ten that are righteous," mayhap,  
Though He chanced on a steward truly just,  
Would He call for a scourge to drive from the temple  
Nine others combined in the latest trust?  
In the shop or field, on the street, in the churches,  
Should He seek for the Golden Rule He taught,  
Would He marvel somewhat how we've missed the spirit  
Of Love, since the letter alone is aught?

Should He see the toil-worn, old faces of children,  
Where the tireless spindle noisily hums,  
The baby-fingers gravely plucking the bastings,  
Or the nameless horror of city slums;  
Then, noting our wonderful growth and progress,  
Our knowledge of arts and sciences new,  
Would He think it strange, why are passing, repassing,  
An army of men with nothing to do?

And if gladly the weary should stop to hear Him,  
As after a drought is the cool rain drank,  
While He tenderly spake of the great commandment,  
Would this *fin-de-siècle* vote Him a — crank?

Strange vision ! The land is filled full with the harvest —  
Hungry men look for the morrow with dread;  
Our hearts swell with pride of our civilization —  
God! hear that piteous crying for bread!

O brothers! hear ye that sad cry of the toilers,  
That constantly goeth up unto God?  
He giveth His bounty and we are but stewards;  
Pray ye that His mercy spare chastening rod!  
America! hope of the down-trodden peoples,  
Whose glory the nations are pressing to see,  
Make haste, from thy 'scutcheon, to cleanse blot and staining;  
In deed and in truth, be the land of the free!

## CINCH: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

THE air was full of plaintive suggestiveness: drifting leaves, bursting burs, the startled scurry of a rabbit through the crisping brown grasses. Autumn in the mountains, Nature's time to die. A haze lay upon the river, the old Indian-loved Himassee, and veiled the finer line of mountains rising above Sweetwater Valley. Higher up, where the road lay along the rim of the mountain, overlooking the valley, a rider had drawn rein, and sat gazing down into the mist-enwrapped silence in a sort of fascination that seemed almost to illumine his bearded, sunbrowned face.

"Well," said he, rousing from his reverie, "it *is* pretty. It has growed more prettier since I been gone, danged if it ain't. Lord, Lord, but if I haven't a-thirsted for it, as that there Texas parson useter say, 'like rain in a dry an' thirsty land.' The very sight of it's coolin', blamed if it ain't. An' if yonder ain' Sugar Creek friskin' along same 's ever to the Himassee. Well, well, well!"

He had been absent eight years, yet the fact that nature had stood still during the interval of his own varied wanderings filled him with surprise. It was like meeting, after years of separation and silence, a friend, and finding his friendly heart unchanged.

"Now I *do* wonder if old man Stampes cabin is still standin' over yonder on the side o' the Knob where it useter stand. I'm good mind to ride down there an' see; they're blood kin to me, an' if the old folks are gone maybe that triflin', liquor-lovin' Jerry's livin' there. An' if I ain't forgot more'n I think, I know a nigher cut to the house than the big road. Oh, but it *is* pretty, the mountains is; an' I've missed 'em, oh, I've missed 'em might'ly!"

He had fallen to dreaming again, his keen dark eye passing from peak to peak, sighting Cardwells, Chilhowee and Frog Mountains. The sound of a horn, long, winding, melodious, among the rocky steepes, aroused him; he shook himself, as if the witchery of dreaming had been a material bulk, to be thrown off at will.

"Well, I must be mosin' on; Christmas'll be comin' along here by an' by," he declared.

Giving the reins a jerk that turned the horse's head eastward, he struck off into one of the little cattle trails with which the mountains abound, laughing the while like a boy to discover how

well he remembered the old parts. For two miles he rode on; silent, after the manner of the mountaineers. Only once, in the woods upon his right hand his sharp eye detected a buckeye tree, and instantly he rode his horse under the freighted, low-drooping limbs.

"The best luck *in* the world, findin' a buckeye tree is," he told himself, and gathering two of the largest buckeyes he could reach, slipped them into his pocket and rode on, back by the cattle trail in the direction of Stamps' cabin on the Knob.

In a little while the woods broke away; the whole earth seemed to lie at his feet bathed in sunshine and carpeted with purple and scarlet and bright gold. He found himself upon one of those odd elevations, neither hill nor mountain, which across the Carolina line are known as balds, but upon the Tennessee side go by the no more euphonious name of knobs. Almost at his very feet stood a house, a weather-worn log cabin of the primitive build—a room on either side, with a broad, open passage between; a shed room in the rear, an ash hopper so near that it gave the impression of being a part of the house. A group of gnarled old cedars brushed their dark boughs in a kind of rhythmic time against the gray-boarded roof.

In the open passage, in the full glare of sunlight, a woman was sitting. She was busily at work upon a piece of sewing that lay in a white heap, its coarseness concealed by distance, upon her knees, and had not noticed the stranger's approach. The face attracted him strangely; there was a cameo delicacy about the pretty, pinched features, and the October sunshine made a warm sheen in the brown-red hair. The face, the attitude, the half suggestion of weariness in the slightly drooping figure, even the gold-red tints in her hair, all were in keeping with the over colored death abroad in the hills. The strange man studied the picture intently while his horse went down the little bridle path to the gate, his hoofs giving out only a soft rustle among the dry grasses. To his restless, wandering heart it was like heaven; the restful sweetness of the sad young face might have belonged to the face of a cherub. She stood out in contrast against his own turbulent nature as the quiet of the mountains contrasted with the wild western life to which for eight homeless, danger-crammed years he had given himself. As he drew nearer the horse set his foot upon a loose stone; the woman gave a little start and looked.

"Good mornin'," said he over the rickety gate. "Is this where the Stampses live?"

"Yes, Jerry Stamp lives here," was the reply. "Leastways," she went on quickly, "he calls this home: *mostly* he's to be found at the settlement on the mount'n."

He did not in the least understand her meaning, though he detected the reproach in her voice, and noted the quick attempt to conceal the rash and too ready complaint in a show of hospitality. "Won't you-uns light an' come in? Jerry'll be along befo' long, an' while you're waitin' I'll knock you up a snack fur yer dinner."

There are moments that come to all when fate stands at the elbow of life ready to take advantage of the next step made; fateful moments we call them, and looking back upon them through the smoke and dust of after years we can trace all life, for shade or shine, from the step taken at one of these moments. It was such a moment with him; he hesitated — saw her get up and go into the room at the left of the passage. She was hiding her sewing, the odd little heap of domestic; he did not know that she tucked it carefully under the bolster of her bed, blushing scarlet while she drew the bolster securely over it.

When she went back he had dismounted and was coming down the little pretense of a walk to the door. He was well dressed; to her, accustomed only to the coarse jeans of the mountains, he was royally clad. A gaudily prominent chain depended from his watch pocket; in the bosom of a white shirt three golden studs shone lustrously. For a moment she felt almost timid. But the mountaineer is ever king of his own domain, ever the hospitable host.

"Haden't you better put yer horse critter up?" she asked, the red still tinging her cheeks. In the eyes lifted to his he saw the liquid lights come and go with vitalizing warmth.

"No'm," said he. "I'll just set a bit if you don't mind, and wait for Jerry. Thank you, ma'm, but I can get my own cheer."

He dropped into the shuck-bottomed chair with a lightness that seemed to her young experience the perfection of all grace. It brought back the fair days of her own first sweet youth, not long gone, when she had tripped lightly over the puncheon floors to the tune of "Rollin' River," in faraway Sequatchee Valley.

She seated herself upon the doorstep, in the sunlight, and he saw the warm sheen return to the pretty gold-red hair, coiled girlishly upon the shapely small head. For a moment both were silent; he with wonder at the luck that had dropped him down in the company of the very girl, he told himself, that he had "travelled earth over to find."

"Pretty country hereabouts," he found voice to say at last.

"Hit's fair," was the uncertain reply. "I ain't keerin' fur the mount'n country much. I'm valley-born. I'm a S'quatchee Valley gal."

There was the familiar drawling sweetness in her voice that had tracked and trailed his memory like a sleuth hound in all

his weary wanderings, in his yearnings for home, and had driven him back at last, homesick, heart-hungry for the scenes that had surrounded his first manhood. He talked only enough to keep her talking — the voice was heaven's music to him.

"Yer horse looks like it might 'a' come a tolerble fur ride," she said, with a glance at the wind-blown, foam-flecked animal fastened to the low fence palings.

"He ain't come so far; he's just from Cleveland down here; he wasn't much shakes of a horse to begin with," he told her.

"Air you-uns from Cleveland?"

"Texas."

"From *whar*?"

Had he said from paradise she would not have been more surprised. Texas — that far-off myth-land of the mountaineer. He laughed aloud at her wonder; he knew that to the people of her class Texas was the limitation of all distance — almost of all life, indeed.

"Lord, I know just how you feel," he declared. "I useter feel the same way till I went there, eight year ago. Now it ain't no more than a canter over inter Kintucky or Alabama. Still," he modified, "lookin' at it one way it seems a good bit off, too. When a fellow got homesick it seemed like the tag end o' creation. And I always was homesick; I always wanted to come back. I'm mount'n born. Me an' Jerry useter play together — played marbles in this very yard; and when we got bigger we fished together in Sugar Creek many a time; to say nothin' of Himassee River. And I just couldn't forgit it. I was always hankerin' for the mount'ns."

The wonder in her eyes gave place to incredulity. "'Pears to me," she declared, "as I'd shake the dust of 'em off mighty quick if *I* could git ter Texas."

Poor, pretty young thing; there was a wound somewhere in the young heart that could not quite hush its plaining. He set himself to find it, to learn the nature of the wound, after which he would look to a remedy.

"Would you like to go to Texas?" he asked. "It's mighty far an' lonesome."

"*Would* I? Lonesome? Psher! *I* know lonesome."

There was no need of further words. "*I* know lonesome." That expressed it all, the longing and helpless loneliness of her life. He felt its narrowness and pitied her — he who had seen Texas.

"Yet," he said, as though following out his own thought, "it's lonesome; a body can't content hisse'f to love the levels when he's once knowed the mount'ns. You'd be honin' for the hills again in no time. You'd soon be sorrowin' for Tennessee. You'd die out there for the sight of a *tree*."

"Sorrer ain't killin'." There was knowledge, founded upon experience, in the simple declaration. "Sorrer ain't killin'." If it ware the graveyards 'ud be full."

She lifted her eyes to the distant peaks; the little complaint seemed to have been made to them, the veiled, unresponsive hills, rather than to him. Yet his large, man's heart went out to her in sympathy. To her, trouble was imaginary, of course. She was too young to have felt the real fangs of it; yet, to youth, pain is pain, whether it be real or fancied, and so he pitied her, felt for her, wondered what petty, girlish grief had unblinded her young eyes to the heavy truth that sorrow doesn't kill.

"Do you live here?" Even as he asked the question he remembered that she had said she was "a Sequatchee Valley girl." Her reply quite startled him.

"Yes, I live here, of course. I am Jerry Stampses' wife."

"Which?"

He had supposed her a young girl, a visitor perhaps, perhaps a kinswoman; at most a poor girl earning a home for herself by working out, among friends.

"I'm Jerry's wife" — he scarcely heard her — "married better'n a year ago. If you don't believe it, look" — She had begun to unbutton the wristband of her sleeve; there was a bitter note in her voice, a hard line about the mouth that should have known only girlish gladness. A moment she hesitated, pushed the sleeve slightly up, hesitated again, then as though ashamed of her impetuous confidence, drew it quickly down, buttoned the band again, and laughed.

A harsh, mirthless laugh it was, that made him shudder, and think of a young fellow the cowboys had hung one night. He was a young fellow just come out from Kentucky, and brave as the bravest. A belt, containing money, belonging to one of the gang, was missing; they had searched for it for three days, and finally charged the Kentucky lad with having stolen it. Proud, hotblooded and defiant, he had sworn he would die before he would submit to being searched. And they had hung him; they had not really intended to hang him, only, they said, "to scare the little fool into measures." Instead of being frightened when they led the pony under a limb and adjusted the rope about his neck, he had *laughed*, and flung himself from the saddle; cheating them, he had believed, of their triumph. The next day the belt was found where the owner had secreted and then forgotten it. And in the dead boy's trunk they found a little diary, kept in a boy's unformed hand. There were pages and pages of impassioned nonsense; then came other pages of wild ravings because of *some* one's falseness; the wild determination to run away, go West and be a cowboy. But it was the last entry had



caught and held their hearts: "*Life holds for me no hope so sweet as that of laying it down.*" After all, they had but given him that which he sought — death.

And this girl-wife of Jerry Stamps had recalled to him the young martyr. She, too, had learned that laying life down is not always its hardest feature.

She drew her sleeve down, holding it fast, lest the inclination to disloyal confidence return with irresistible force.

"Shucks!" she exclaimed, when the silence began to grow embarrassing, "it ain't nothing. An' yonder comes Jerry down the road. I can't see him yet, but I can hear his horse. Thar ain't another horse critter in this country comes gallivantin' down the mount'n like Jerry Stampses. I reckon Jerry must 'a' scented comp'ny an' come home; it couldn't 'a' been dinner he smelt fur I ain't tetched it, more'n ter put on the punkin."

She went back into the shedroom leaving him to make his own introduction to her husband; though, as for that, he had forgotten to tell her who he was and why he had called. He had cared only for *her* story; his own appeared as nothing against the pretty misery of hers. He wanted to tell her not to bother with getting dinner for him, but she had not given him the opportunity; already he could hear her among the pots and pans, and already the man of the house was coming across the yard.

The visitor rose, hat in hand, and stood waiting. A moment and the tall, slender figure of Jerry Stamps cast its gigantic shadow upon the floor. A bloated, reckless face, a boyish face despite the marks of dissipation, met his. The two regarded each other intently, before the stranger extended his hand, and with a low, chuckling laugh said: —

"Howdy, Jerry — if you haven't forgot old friends and kin-folks."

"Bob Binder, or I'll be blowed," exclaimed Stamps. "Whar'd yer come from, what made yer stay so long, an' how long ware yer gittin' here? If this don't beat my time! Settin' here gossippin just like yer useter do eight year ago. Whar'd yer come from, anyhow?"

"Texas."

"Texas? Hell, yer better say; thar ain't no sech great differ'nec as I can make out. Had yer dinner?"

"No, but it's no matter. Don't let your wife go to any trouble for *me*."

"Waal, she may go ter a little fur me, then: I'm hungrier'n a b'ar. Hurry up thar, Belle; thar ain't but twenty-fo' hours in a day."

He dropped down upon the step where his wife had sat, and from the kitchen Isabel could hear their talk; now low and

reminiscent, now merrily resonant with some gay experience of the western plain. Once when her husband's laugh echoed through the passage, she paused in the work of slicing potatoes for the frying skillet, and drew up her sleeve. A bluish, sullen looking bruise shone revealed against the pink-white flesh. The laughter seemed to have set the wound to stinging.

"I ware about ter show him *that*," she sobbed, "ter prove ter him I ware a lawful wife. Any fool ud know a woman wouldn't take a lick like that off any but her husband. No other man have the right ter so bruise her." Alas! that man should so mistake his privileges. Her tears fell softly, unchecked; the bitterest of them were for the reflection that she was a wife of but one year.

"Been cow-boyin'?" Her husband's voice drowned the soft sound of her sobbing.

"Some."

How restful this new tone that had come into her life for a moment. And how pleasant the unspoken sympathy she had recognized in his eyes searching out her sorrow—how temptingly, ruinously pleasant.

"I had a ranch for three year, out on the Rio Grande, an' made myse'f a bit of a start. Then I went to San Antony an' Houston an' Dallis. Saw a bit o' the world."

"What business d' ye foller all that time? Must 'a' done some-thin', jedgin' from the size o' yer watch chain."

There was a moment's silence before her husband's laugh again reached the ears of the woman in the kitchen. "I see," said he. "Been suckin' of yer paws, I reckon. What the hell fetched ye back here? Anybody as can make money, buy gold chains an' store clothes, an' can see the sights o' the world, ter come a-mosin' back here amongst hedgehogs an' screech owls air pretty bad off fur gumption, that all."

"Wail," said Binder, "as I was tellin' your wife, I got homesick."

"'Homesick,' hell!"

"Fell to hankerin' after the mount'n; the run of water in a laurel thicket; the feel of a bowlder under my feet; the sight of a tree."

"Did, eh? Told Is'bel that? I'll be boun' *she* didn't respon' ter no sech slack jaw as that. Said *she'd* like ter git a chance ter see Texas; *she'd* like ter git foot loose o' Tennessee sile one time. Oh, I know Belle."

"I tell you, Jerry," the visitor quietly ignored the outbreak, "I have laid 'wake nights in the corral long o' the horses, with the stars shinin' down on me, that lonesome that I actually *cried*. Cried for the sound o' the wary wind in the tops of a Tennessee

cedar, man as I was. Think of it: long level miles o' land, nothin' *but* land, and wavin' grass that made your brain rock; sunshine until your very eyeballs blistered. Then nights so still you could a'most hear your own ghost go by; moonlight so constant an' so bright, it reminded you of them midnight suns you've heard tell of off yonder in Norway somewhers. Why it's most daylight on them Texas prairies before the moon goes down. An' fires — great God! they swoop down an' skit across them prairies, an' sweep your ranch off the face o' the earth in half a minute. Nuthees, chills, tarantulas, horse thieves: that's Texas."

"An' what air Tennessee?" demanded Stamps. "A bed o' rock; a chenk o' mount'ns, with ribs o' iron an' belly o' coal that's bought up in a lump by the rich syndicates, who set the pore ter work it at a dollar a day, an' a passel o' stinkin' convicts fur comp'ny. A little runt of a cornfiel' now'n then over which state an' gov'mint air wras'lin' like the devil; what's the gallon o' whiskey come ter after state an' gov'mint have had their pull at the kaig? Sometimes the kaig air left fur the owner o' the cornfiel', but more of'n he gits the bare cob of a stopper fur his sheer. Taxes an' trusts an' syndicates an' booms *an'* starvation; that's Tennessee. Damned if hell ain't healthier, or Texas either."

How different to the other, the wanderer from home. The injustice of the accusation hurt him to his very soul. His voice, even, when he repudiated the calumny, had a softer tone; unconsciously he fell into the dialect of his people, which he had lost among his western associates.

"She ware allus mighty sweet ter me," he declared. "Tennessee ware allus home ter me, Texas or no Texas. I honed fur her like a man hones fur his wife an' babies. Why, once when I ware cowboyin' it out on the Rio Grande I rid thirty mile ter hear a Metherdiss' preach, beca'se he allus preached about the mount'n. I didn't tell the boys — they'd 'a' luffed me out o' Texas. I lied ter them; told 'em I ware goin' court'n'. But I went ter meet'n', ter hear the old Metherdiss' talk about the mount'n. He give out thar that day that Christ allus loved the mount'n might'ly, an' that He useter go off an' lonesome on it, all by Hisse'f. An' seem ter me I knowed percisely how He felt. Whilst he ware talkin' I could see Frog Mount'n, plain as day. An' I got ter honin' fur home till I fell away ter skin an' bone, an' couldn't sleep o' nights. Lord! Lord! I'd a died if I'd knowed I couldn't come back to *they-uns*."

He waved his hand, a kind of salute to the sombre, mist-veiled peaks. His dark, deeply-set eyes kindled with the joy of nearness. Life might offer broader vistas, but none more fair, more dear.

When Isabel called them to dinner, they kept right on with their talk, Jerry ignoring her presence, and she refusing to allow Binder to draw her into the conversation, though she knew that he talked for her. For her were recounted the midnight rides across the prairies, the race from Indians, the capture of wild horses. For her he described the wonderful cities he had visited, the magnificent buildings, museums, theatres, churches. He even attempted a description of the fine women he had seen; and was rewarded with a quick brightening of her eyes, a smile, when he told of their "furbelows an' fine fixin's"; silk skirts that trailed a yard on the floor, and hats loaded with feathers costing, to her simple experience, a small fortune. It was worth a trip to Texas to be able to bring back the smiles to that poor little face.

"How long ye goin' ter stay?" said Stamps. "Long 'nough ter give yer nag a bite, I reckon."

He had not intended stopping for any great time, but the pathetic little face of his cousin's wife, repeating with silent eagerness the question her husband had asked, bewitching him with its unspoken pleading, held him with a fascination as new to him as it was delightful. Was Jerry really unkind to her, he wondered; was he mean, brutal? Or was it neglect alone that had printed that hopelessness in the fair young face? He decided to stay awhile; at all events until he had satisfied himself that she preferred to unravel her life's mystery without his assistance.

"Well," he replied to his cousin's question, "if you've got a spare peg for my hat I'll hang up a day or two. If you haven't I'll stop down ter Uncle Silas Moore's down the valley; or else over to Cleveland."

"Silas fiddlesticks!" said Stamps. "Stay right whar ye air; if ye can put up with pore folks' livin'. I'll hitch up an' go fur yer duds after dinner. Thar's the whole o' the roof-room fur yer, and if that's too cramped thar's the horse lot, an' you can occupy hit, Texas fashion."

He laughed aloud at his own smartness. He was not sorry to have his fine kinsman stay; the latter's nimble tongue and rare experiences rendered him particularly pleasant company.

"I guess I'll choose the roof room," said Binder. "Say, Jerry, what's become o' the old cabin us boys useter sleep in? Useter stand in the front yard."

"Waal, the last time I see that cabin, it ware only yistiddy evenin'; it had been invited ter a back seat, an' ware occupied by as likely a fam'ly o' gopher rats as ye ever set eyes on. The ole man gopher ware settin' on the do'step pickin' his teeth with a cedar splinter, an' a-jawin' at the ole 'oman fit ter kill."

"Is the door locked?"

"Locked? Who'd ye 'spect ter lock it? It ain't been locked sence Bragg busted of it open, endurin' of the war, ter git we-uns' meat out fur the rebels ter feed on. Locked; *I say!*"

He got up, pushed his chair back and crammed his hat down upon his long, tangled hair.

"Look after Bob's nag, Belle," he said to his wife. "I'm goin' ter hitch up the wagon."

"I can attend to my own horse," Binder interposed. "An' I'd rather go for my trunk, too. There's valu'bles in it."

"Valu'bles?" laughed Stamps. "Paw suckin' must pay out in Texas. Can't yer put a feller on ter yer tricks? Come, Bob, now what game did yer play?"

"We played cinch. I'll learn you how to play if you want."

A teacup slipped from Isabel's hands and crashed into a dozen pieces upon the hard puncheon floor. Had Stamps been an interpreter of the human countenance he must have seen the pleading in the glance his wife gave their guest. But Stamps saw nothing but the fascination of a new game of chance, and with the gambler's greed he was ready to seize upon it. He slipped his arm through Binder's, and the two walked off together—gamblers both to the heart's core.

When Binder's trunk had been put away in the spare room, and Isabel had cleared away the supper things, by the light of a dripping tallow candle they had their first game of cinch. It was a four-handed game, but Binder explained that it could be played with two dummy hands until Stamps could become acquainted with it.

"Then we'll play with the boys at the settlement, maybe. Unless Cousin Belle here'd like to take a hand."

A pallor crept over the face lifted for a moment from the sewing upon her lap, and she got up quickly to leave the room.

"I ain't playin' o' no cards *myse'f*," she said, "an' thar'd never be none played in *my* house — *if* I had a house."

"Pity ye ain't got none," Stamps retorted, as the door closed upon her.

It was an every night thing. Jerry resented Isabel's opposition to the game as an insult to his guest, and at last she learned to be silent. He even forced her to sit by while they two played. He gave no further heed to her, however, and was ignorant that she paled and flushed, trembled and quaked under the steady, searching eyes of the man calling himself a Texan. Not that she was afraid of him: it was herself she feared; her own poor, starved little heart, aching and breaking with its own desolation. His eyes were full of the unspoken sympathy her life yearned for; she had but to respond once to the glance she dared not

interpret, in order to have the wild, passionate devotion her girlhood had dreamed of, her wifehood missed, poured at her feet. He understood her thoroughly, and while he played to the husband's passion he played upon the wife's loneliness. True, at times a great pity for her would spring up in his heart; and more than once, while the beautiful Indian summer drifted into desolate winter, he resolved to go away and leave her to work out the riddle of neglected wifehood as neglected wives must, alone. Then her sweet face would beam upon him, and he would declare that it was for her good that he stayed on; for her good that he was opening to her profligate young husband another road to ruin. He saw her growing whiter, frailer, more silent every day; and thought how upon the warm, sunflooded prairies of Texas his love would woo the roses back to the thin cheeks, the smiles to the colorless lips. His heart yearned for her, ached to take her away from the daily death she suffered.

She had not been, like her husband, bewildered by his wealth and show. She might have been, had she like him had a craving for such. But she did not; yet had he assailed her chiefest weakness also, her craving for affection. If he could have assured her a taste of the real blessedness of the wifehood that had been her dream and her delusion, she would have followed him to earth's ends.

One afternoon he came upon her as he had seen her first, in the sunshiny passage, the little bundle of sewing upon her knees, her hands folded idly upon the small white heap, her fathomless eyes fixed upon the distant peaks of mountains. Jerry had been off on a drunken spree for three days.

Isabel started, and crushed the coarse domestic under her palms when Binder stopped at her side and stood looking down upon her with that strange, compelling gleam in his eyes.

"Cousin Belle," said he, "this is a mighty hard road you have elected to travel in."

Her bitterness of heart found outlet in words at last: "This here *cinch* o' yours ain't makin' of it any more easier, as *I* can see," she replied.

He placed his hand lightly upon her bright bowed head, stroking the soft waves gently.

"Ain't it, Belle?" he said. "Then I'd ought to go away an' not bother you about it. I meant it for good; I swear it. I meant it, I played it so's I could stay along here an' kind o' look after you, Belle. 'Peared to me you war lonesome. I didn't mean to worry of you, cousin, an' I'll go away if you say so; to-day, *now*."

Without a word, she seized his hand and carried it to her lips, held it there, and burst into tears.



"Never you mind, now," he said, reassuringly. "Don't you worry. I'm a-thinkin' of how to pleasure you constant. That's what I'm here for, just to help you. You just trust to me, Cousin Belle."

"I can't," she sobbed. "I can't never trust ter nobody any more. My trust air all killed, killed, killed. It's been so long since anybody tried ter pleasure me, 'pears like I've clear forgot the feel of pleasure."

He took her hands in his, pressing her head against his side. There was an odor of musk in his clothes. Even in her sorrow she noticed the perfume, and thought what a great thing it was to be a man and free — free to go to Texas where life was glitter and perfume.

She did not observe that the bundle of work had slipped from her lap and lay upon the floor. But Binder, whose keen eyes lost but little, saw the scrap of domestic as it fell: shaken out of its wrinkles he saw it take the shape of a little shirt, a tiny baby garment, and he understood for the first time that she was soon to be a mother. For a moment he was dumb. That little muslin shape, telling in unspoken pathos the story of the untried, unshared, uncomfortable motherhood, shamed and silenced him. Then his hot anger was kindled against the man who was to be father to the little unborn baby. To be alone, abused, neglected at a time like this! no wonder she went about the place like a doomed soul, ready to accept any refuge offered.

"I'm going to fetch you away from here, Belle," Binder broke out fiercely. "I've heard his talk to you when he was drunk; an' when he's sober he's off, neglectin' you shameful. I'm goin' to fetch you away from here, away from Tennessee; away to Texas, where they string up a fellow for wife beatin' same's a bologna sausage. I've got money, Belle, lots of it; enough to give you rest the balance of your days. You'll go back with me, won't you, Belle?"

Go? The temptation lay before her weary eyes like a golden pathway straight from her darkness into day's perfection. Safety, shelter, peace, love. Women will barter heaven for these things.

"I—dunno," she faltered. "I ware not thinkin' o' that. I dunno what Jerry'd do if he knew this. Kill me plumb, I reckon."

"I'll make him give his consent."

"*Make Jerry Stamps?*" She gave her head an unconscious little lift that made him laugh outright.

"Well, I *can*," he said. "I've got the screw will press him. Will you go if he gives his consent?"

He saw the hesitation, the wavering; the temptation had its



charms. He slipped his arm about her shoulders and with a sudden swift movement stooped and kissed her, full upon the parted, trembling lips.

The effect was electric; she bounded like a startled fawn to her feet, eyes ablaze, the delicate nostrils distended, lifted her arms, dropped them; the white lids fell under his passionate glance, and she saw the little brown domestic shirt lying upon the floor, between them.

The rebound came with quick, delicious thrills, that swept through her whole body. The motherhood awoke, and seemed to whisper presciently of the craving for affection that was soon to be satisfied, when baby fingers should press the no longer lonely bosom. She shook off his touch upon her shoulder, stooping to regain her treasure:—

"I dunno," she said sharply. "I dunno anything. I don't even know what I ware sayin' of."

She covered her blushes with both hands, the little shirt against her cheek, and staggered away from him. He heard the latch fall heavily into its place as the door of her room closed upon her.

For days he did not see her again, except when Jerry was about. And the autumn faded; the time of Christmas drew near, and with it came the time of her deliverance.

He thought she grew sadder, more thoughtfully quiet; she no longer ran away when she found herself alone with him. She was too weary to contend against her temptation. And he offered it her constantly, in a thousand little careful acts which her condition rendered her doubly capable of appreciating. But when he pleaded with her to fly with him she always gave him the same uncertain reply.

"Wait till after Chris'mas; I'll tell you after Chris'mas."

"But if I get his consent?" he urged shrewdly.

"His consent means that he flings me off," she replied. "Oh, yes! I reckon I'll have ter go if he gives his consent—after Chris'mas."

The hours were days while he waited, and the effort to keep up the good feeling between the husband and himself became indeed an effort. Yet he never once left off trying to hold the confidence of the man whose peace he was about to slay. He held him in his toils as a snake holds its victim. If he were late joining him at the store where they played cinch with the men there, Jerry would walk the floor and rage for him like a youth for his first sweetheart. The game ended, he would call to him, "Tell us about the night ye rode ter the ranch before the prairie fire, Bob"; and he would enjoy the interest expressed in the recital as keenly as though it had been his own story they were

applauding. And all the while he drank, drank, drank, with his last glass reminding Binder to take him home to bed all right. There was scarcely a night that he was not in his power; scarcely a night that he could not have dropped him off the bluff and had a dozen witnesses to swear he was too drunk to have walked down the path without falling off the mountain. But he restrained himself; he was waiting to get the consent without which Isabel would refuse to go—waiting for that, and for Christmas. She had stipulated Christmas, "after Christmas." He did not know that she was waiting for the baby and the effect its coming might work.

As the blessed season drew nearer and more near, his impatience became torture. There were days he did not eat, nights when he thought his brain was giving way. And good St. Hilary's cradle did not swing within the radius of his grasp, to rock him back to reason.

The night before Christmas he sat with the men in the back room of the settlement store, among mackerel and coffee scents, playing his last game of cinch.

He had not seen Isabel for five days, having absented himself from the house that she might feel the full weight of her aloneness before he put to her his final offer of escape. But he had calculated as man calculates—leaving out God, who stands beyond man, and leaving out the unexpected, which they tell us is what always happens.

He had plied Stamps with whiskey until his tongue began to thicken; he had told his best stories, sung, laughed, cried "Merry Christmas" "as they do it in Texas," and staked his silver dollars until the eyes of his fellows were fairly dazzled.

It was when the hands of the little dusty clock on a shelf over the door pointed to midnight that he chanced to glance toward the window against which the moonlight fell weirdly, grotesquely bright. The next moment he shuddered and started up with an oath.

He had seen distinctly, pressed against the murky, dusty pane, a gaunt, gray face; a woman's face. Isabel it was, but grown old; *how* old and haggard and gray.

"What ails ye?" said the storekeeper. "Somethin' give ye a start?"

"I seen a ghost, a sure enough ghost, Mr. Hartson. Its face was pressed against that window yonder."

"You seen the devil," laughed Stamps. "Mighty quare, a feller come from Texas not ter know his friends when he meets 'em."

This raised a laugh in which Binder did not join. At that moment a fleshless, ghoulish hand appeared, and tapped against the pane.

"There! there it is again. Look for yourself."

They did look, every one of them, and they saw the ghost's face return; it was close against the pane.

"Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!" a quavering voice called.

He half rose with an oath. "What the devil's ter pay out thar?" he demanded.

"Jerry, I'se come from my granddaughter Is'bel. Thar's a mighty fine boy down to you-uns' place, Jerry."

The ghost vanished, its midnight mission accomplished. The men laid down their cards to laugh—all but Binder. In an instant he felt his plans give way, his unholy hopes perish before this new comer, this babe born at Christmas. It had come, as life always comes, for good or ill, for better or worse, for power or pain. Only a babe's life; a thread a breath might snap in sunder. A tiny thing; the babe's head had not learned the pressure of the mother's breast, nor its little lips the secret of milk drawing. Young; one of God's little ones. The Christmas sun would be the first of suns to give the little strangeling welcome into the world it shone upon, and in which he, God willing, would have the right to shine also. Through every chink and crevice the golden rays would come rejoicing; searching for the babe born in the cabin, as once in old Judea the startled stars stood still in wonder for the babe born in a manger.

The tallow candle sputtered and flared, and cast the shadows of the gamblers upon the bare, brown wall, grotesquely. But the game had lost its flavor. It was the babe's doing.

"Well," said Hartson, "I reckon it's about time ter quit; Jerry 'll be wantin' ter git off home ter see his heir."

Clearly Stamps had no idea of allowing himself to be teased; he tilted his chair, his boot heels fastened securely upon the lowest rung, and with his largest air of bluff said:—

"Got mighty keerful o' Jerry all 't once. When I git so blamed anxious ter go home as not ter be able noways ter stand it I'll notify the crowd. Pass that thar jug over here, Texas. An' deal the cyards, Jim."

"Naw," said Hartson, "naw he won't. It's time ter stop. Ye ought ter go home ter yo' sick wife. If me an' Jim stop you-uns 'll be boun' ter, sein' as it takes four ter play this here cinch. Hit'll soon be Christ'mas day anyhow."

"Well, what if it air?" demanded Stamps. "Hit'll come off just the same, I expect, whether ye play cyards or not. I ain't goin' home till I git ready. I ain't *never* goin' if I don't feel like it."

Binder's dark eyes emitted flashes; he was thinking of the woman in the cabin, alone in her hour of trial, save for the old grandmother, whom she had sent upon her last hope of enticing

the ungracious father to his home, with the news of the baby's coming.

"Take another drink, Jerry," said he. "One more for lag-niappe, as they say in Houston; we call it luck in Tennessee."

As the already drunken Stamps lifted the jug to his lips, Binder added: "That's what a man gits fur bein' married. Now look at me: I can go all the world over if I'm so minded. Better trade 'em off, Jerry. Say the word, an' I'll trot 'em off ter Texas termorrer an' give you your freedom. Or, better, I'll give you-uns the money ter light out, an' I'll stay here in your stead."

Stamps lifted his eyes; in a twinkling Binder had lowered his, but too late. Quick as he was, Stamps had caught the serpent gleam hiding in their dark, unholy depths. In that one swift, devouring glance all the unholy passion, the sinister and secret meaning of his every action since he had come to his house that fair October morning, lay revealed. This was why he had lingered, this the foundation of all his fine talk and finer professions of friendship. For this he had tossed his money constantly before the bewildered eyes of the victim he was making ready to stab. It was all plain reading to Stamps. He lowered his right hand, and lifted it to the table again; the sickly candle rays reflected the glitter of steel where the muzzle of his pistol shone beneath his broad, brown hand.

"You damned son of Satan," he hissed. "So that air yer game, air it? Be still thar; move a finger an' I'll blow yer blasted brains out fur ye. Cinch! ye think ye've got a cinch on a feller's soul, I reckon. Damn ye! Ye Texas horse-thief, ye."

Binder had half risen, his hand upon his hip. The two men who had made partners for the others offered a feeble protest. They even got Binder's pistol from him, leaving him helpless, at the mercy of the man he had wronged.

It was scarcely a glance that Stamps cast upward, into the dingy rafters, festooned with the web of the spider, and ornamented with the nests of wasp and dirt dauber. But in that glance he saw, beyond, behind the gray, gauzy spiders' web, the dust and soot, a woman's face, pictured against the smoke-discolored boards; a face full of unspoken reproach; eyes in which hope's hard death was reflected plaintively. It was the face of the woman for the possession of whom a professional gambler had offered him money.

"God!"

The quick, stifled exclamation burst from his lips in spite of his effort to restrain it. It came to him like a knife thrust, this cruel, barbarously inhuman thing that he was doing; leaving his wife, his wife who had lain upon his heart and had once believed

him tender, leaving her to the pity, the confidence, the insulting affection of a man whose extremest sense of honor boasted no loftier height than the gambler's table. What a travesty he was upon the sacred name of husband, and of father—he *was* a father. He had not thought of that, and as his heart whispered the blessed word he felt the warm thrill of conscious fatherhood creep through him,—something new and strange and indescribably sweet.

Slowly he rose, his hand still grasping the glittering weapon, his keen eyes never for an instant turned from the startled man who had too rashly risked his last throw of the die upon which his fate swung dependent. Amid breathless silence he lifted, poised the weapon:—"I give you," he said, in low, even tones, "jest three minutes ter quit this country. Open that door thar, Hartson. Git up; take that path up the mount'n, an' the fewer stops ye make this side o' yer cussed Texas the better it'll be fur yer health."

A moment, and the tall, skulking figure disappeared like a black shadow in the white moonlight that lay upon the mountain.

In the chill gray of the Christmas dawn Stamps lifted with trembling fingers the latchstring of his own little cabin. As he did so there came to him the faint cry of a little child, a baby. Again that delicious sense of fatherhood swept his being; again he remembered that other Christmas babe in faraway Judea. With noiseless step he entered: a slow fire burned in the deep old fireplace. An iron lamp swung by a rod from the sooted jamb, a tiny blue blaze sputtering a protest against the liquid grease that threatened its extinguishment. The old grandmother, who had tramped up the mountain with news of the babe's birth, nodded in the corner, her fireless pipe held fast between her toothless gums.

Jerry seized the lamp and carried it to the bedside. Isabel's bright head lay like a heap of spun gold upon the pillow; the lamplight brought out all the hidden, burnished beauty of the soft, girlish tresses. The blue reflection of the blaze fell upon her face, tinging it with daintiest sapphire; it bathed her bosom, bare and white, showing him the tiny head pillowed against the exquisite fairness, in dreamless, infant slumber; it stole beneath the mother's eyelids and they opened.

She smiled and put out her hand, to lay it on his bosom: "Hush," she whispered, "else you'll wake our baby."

*Our, not mine;* the simple words touched him as no sermon could have done.

"God!"

It was not spoken as he had been wont to speak the name of God; it was more a breath of reverence that had come with the

babe at Christmas time. He drew nearer, almost afraid of the little bundle of humanity that had come to claim his sonship.

Isabel's glad eyes waited his approval; he read the wifedom beaming in their honest depths and knew the man he had sent stumbling out across the mountain would not be missed in the heart the babe had come to fill. The neglected wife might fall a victim to the tempter, but never the worshipping mother.

Many thoughts awoke in his heart and held him silent. To Isabel his silence held a different meaning; she withdrew her hand, turning her face from him, and speaking for the baby at her breast:—

"If yer ain't got a word o' welcome fur us, Jerry Stamps, I reckon we'll have ter do without it," she said sharply.

He laid his hand upon her head, stroking it gently; it was the first time she had ever seen him embarrassed.

"I can't think of a blessed thing ter say, honey, exceptin' of jest Christmas gift."

She laughed softly, like a happy child, and lifting her arm placed it about his neck, drawing his rough, red face down to her own soft cheek.

"We're goin' ter be mighty happy *now*, I reckon," she whispered. "An' I'm mighty glad he came at Chris'mus; 'pears like he's almost of some kin ter Christ."

And who shall doubt that the mission of the two, at all events, was one?—a mission of love, humanity; a message of good tidings of great joy.

## THE ABOLITION OF WAR: A SYMPOSIUM.

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### I. THE ETHICS OF PEACE, BY REV. HARRY C. VROOMAN.

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THE season approaches when we commemorate the birth of Him who was heralded by the angels' song of "On earth peace, and good-will toward men," and whose exit was preceded by the no less striking phrase, "My peace I leave with you." It is well to call Him "the Prince of peace." After nineteen centuries of struggle and growth, our very civilization is named after His name and the leading countries of the world are avowedly Christian nations, yet the anomaly still confronts us of strife and ill-will among men.

"Still the cannon speaks in the teacher's place;  
The age is weary with work and gold."

But we meet now on every hand a marked revival of the cry for peace. It comes from every department of life. In the religious world the same cry comes from the deep Christian mystic who wants relief from the falsities and hallucinations of the phenomenal life, from the distracted Protestant who would be delivered from the interminable tangle and clash of sects, and from the Catholic church which yearns for the unity of the world to be found within her own fold. In the industrial world capital wants peace, so it masses in huge corporations and trusts, to abolish competition, lessen friction, and establish its security. Labor also groans for peace and organizes into trades unions and combinations of unions to establish harmony and to secure itself against the encroachments of capital. And the strife between the two grows steadily more deadly and more irreconcilable, and both in the meanwhile loudly proclaim for peace.

So, too, in the political world. The czars and Bismarcks in the name of peace are transforming all Europe into a vast military camp, and our own ruling classes—those who supply campaign funds to the two dominant political parties—are fostering the military spirit in our schools, strengthening the military fortifications, building vast armories in our cities, and fast abolishing the old constitutional citizen soldiery of our forefathers and transforming our militia practically into a standing army. In the midst of all this clash and fight for peace, there comes to the front a most laudable movement, though not above criticism,



headed by our Quaker brethren and the grand old Peace Society and proclaims for peace at any cost.

Under these circumstances the great mass of well-meaning, indiscriminating men look on and praise or blame promiscuously. Most people praise peace wherever named, not studying the conditions enough to coöperate intelligently in obtaining the desired end.

In approaching this subject with the hope of helping the world toward a state of true peace, which is the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress in giving a month to its consideration, it is of the utmost importance that the situation be analyzed and the various phases of the agitation thoroughly understood. I know of no better basis for classifying the champions of peace than that of the familiar ethical distinctions. The moral quality which calls for peace, makes other demands on the same plane. By studying the accompanying life purposes and demands of any man, movement or class you can determine the spirit of its call for peace.

It must be borne in mind that the abolition of war, when viewed from an ethical or philosophical point of view, cannot be narrowed to mean political war. In essence, religious, industrial and political war are one. To industrially and legally starve a man or a community into submitting to certain conditions is ethically very near akin to the more heroic military method of subjugation. War is war in the tented field, the industrial struggle, the selfish jostle of political forces, or in the methods of the religious heresy hunters. The one root of the matter is that they all represent a state of society without a *status*, an aggregation of interests and elements whose normal state is antagonism, whose very existence presupposes war. In other words, in its last analysis, war is competition and competition is war. The successful search for peace, instead of being expressed negatively in the present clamor against the bullet and bayonet struggle, must be developed along the positive line of a search for a basis for fraternal life.

Let us now examine the several demands for peace in the order of their ethical quality. First is the ethics of egoism in the demand of the ruling classes everywhere for the order of their law. The military imperialist is always the champion of peace within his own boundaries and makes war only to extend those boundaries—to extend the empire of peace. And it can scarcely be called a vain boast when it is claimed that the modern tendency to consolidate into empires is largely in the interests of peace. The German states have been improved in their internal *status* by the establishment of the empire. The barbarians of central and Northern Asia have been improved by assimilation

into the Russian unity. Almost every country that has passed under English rule, Ireland perhaps excepted, has been very much blessed thereby, notwithstanding the peculiar English custom of making them pay richly for all governmental benefits received.

This is peace of its kind, but its ethical quality is that of egoism, the survival of the fittest—the fittest being interpreted to mean the physically and mentally strongest. It is pure selfishness systematized. Its appeal is to the love for order and restful security, whose emoluments and blessings belong only to its devotees. In its extreme expression, it gives absolutism in government, slavery in industry and authority in religion. But it is not confined to these extreme types, for its advocates are not all logical. Its champions are the conquerors or slave holders in any guise and in any department of life, and the philosophers who build elaborate systems to defend their point of view. This spirit was manifested in 1861 when the slave-holding power asked only “to be let alone,” and again to-day in the capitalist, who, having limitless provision against future need, has “nothing to arbitrate,” and wishes to be allowed to establish peace with his workmen by the stern laws of want. This is also the peace sought by the heretic hunter of every age, from the Jewish sanhedrim and Pontius Pilate to the last Presbyterian general assembly. They are seeking the order and security of the old *regime*. For the peace of the old they make war on the new. Their peace means the end of progress.

Egoism has another phase which is often treated as a different principle because approached from another point of view. It is self suppression, the giving up to the will of another, regardless of the quality of that will. It seems to be the social expression of the philosophy of determinism, but when reduced to its lowest terms it will be found to be only egoism applied to the conquered instead of the conqueror, to the slave instead of the master. It is base self surrender instead of aggressive unselfishness. Its devotees are those who prefer submission to struggle, the peace of slavery to the price of freedom. It is the ethics of the coward and the sycophant, being egoism stripped of vigor and virility. Its weakness lies in its shortsightedness and baseness. Its advocates would have peace at the cost of every high aspiration, every hope of progress.

A marked illustration of a cry for peace through the inspiration of this quality is seen in the ancient Hebrew revolt in the desert. The people were tired of the struggle to reach their Canaan, and they servilely complained that they had been brought away from their flesh pots, leeks and onions—from the peace of Egypt. It is easier to sin than to resist. It is easier, from the

point of view of immediate physical well-being, to submit to any established injustice, than to spend a life struggling mentally and morally and perhaps lay it down struggling physically to establish a higher good for man. Egypt was better for Israel's enjoyment than the desert.

Martin Luther could have confined himself to scholarly platitudes against ecclesiastical corruption, as did Erasmus, and have saved himself and followers infinite suffering, and Europe rivers of blood. George Washington and his compatriots could have gained immensely in ease, comfort and peace, in the decades immediately following 1775, if they had accepted the peace of servility. There is scarcely a leader of men to higher conditions, from Moses to our present-day prophets, who has not been confronted by this servile cry of "Peace, peace."

It was Christ, warning His disciples against this seduction of conservatism, who said, "I came not to send peace but a sword." This degree of ethical quality urges every one to be orthodox for peace' sake, and to be content to dream of progress while living in stagnation. The full reception of this principle by the common people of the world would soon abolish all war of the nature of rebellions, by converting the world into a slave pen, giving it a universal calm, a Chinese peace, the peace of death.

A step higher in ethical quality reveals the order of prudentialism, which is associated with a higher moral state, taking into account the public good, but clinging also to the hard bed rock of individual selfishness. It is utilitarian and practical, a balance of forces with expediency for its watchword. It is the ethics of the Anglo-Saxon race, which commends honesty because it is "the best policy," and believes in arbitration whenever it is cheaper than war. It is filled to repletion with saintly maxims of the "gain of godliness," but never lets its ideals prevent it from securing a substantial advantage. It is also the champion of constitutional law with its peace and order. Republicanism in government, commercialism with its competition and the wage system in industry, and Protestantism in religion are its developments. These give an abundance of room for the play of ideals and sentiments, for the promulgation of reforms and the display of banners with lofty mottoes.

This sentiment, however, must not encroach on the realm of action. All action must be severely practical and must answer in the affirmative the one great question, "Does it pay?" Prudentialism would make a sharp distinction between the ideal and the real, between the sacred and the secular. There is one word which expresses the sum of its hope — "success." And yet withal it is a great reformer. In the lottery of life it would give every man a chance and encourage him in the competitive

struggle, with sermons on "self help," making virtues of the vices of parsimony and stinting, and basing on them the hope of future respectability.

But of all the reforms of which prudentialism boasts, of all the ideals it loves to praise, none outranks that of peace. It has made a valuable discovery. Peace pays. Here, again, the comparative application may be made to the various phases of life. In religion we have the call for ecclesiastical unity, for the abolition of creeds, for any possible working combination of denominational forces. This method is based on the mutual recognition of the present religious forms and beliefs. In industry we have the varied methods of conference, conciliation and arbitration before resorting to the severer methods of conflict. These presuppose the existence of the hostile classes of employer and employee, each recognizing the other as having a definite *status* to which it is entitled. To adjust a balance of forces is the problem.

The political phase, the movement to abolish war between nations, shows practically the same facts. It is taken for granted that the nations are antagonistic, have divergent interests which constantly tend to war. Prudentialism watches the balance of forces in other nations and keeps standing armies at home, powerful enough to make an attack improbable. When disputes approach the point of open hostility, the appeal to arbitration is made as protecting the commercial interests of the nation. The question of peace or war, while arousing much ideal sentiment, is usually settled at last on the basis of dollars and cents, except in cases of the ambition of rulers, or the offended sentiment of a people. In such cases arbitration is hard to effect. The systematic agitation in favor of international peace, has been very useful in keeping before the people the anti-war ideal, and in some instances it has been instrumental in assisting in the avoidance of war between nations.

The governments of to-day, however, adhere rigidly to the prudential ethics, with a strong tendency toward egoism. When France is dealing with Siam, she goes as far in her conquests as the financial interests of her commercial rivals will allow. England's military policy in Africa and India, Russia's in Central Asia, are measured by the same limits, the jealousy of their commercial rivals and the paying quality of the venture itself. A threatened war between France and Germany introduces other considerations. There are involved issues so momentous to both countries that they must needs use extreme caution. The risks are so great that until one or the other has some decided advantage there is an easy field for peace manipulators, though amid constant alarms.

The case of the United States and England in their disputes

over the fishery question, is the ideal one for a triumph of arbitration. It was a matter of no small financial value and so occasioned a sharp diplomatic dispute, but the other commercial interests of both nations were so much more important that neither would under any conditions go to war about this matter. Here common prudence demanded a court of arbitration, and peace triumphed.

As much as the prudential ethics fall short of the highest and can give the final solution for nothing, yet it must not be forgotten that they fill a worthy use in the evolution of human character, and are now working out the slow realization of the increasing ideal. This is particularly noticeable in the anti-war campaign. While mere arbitration contains no basic principle that leads to an essential peace, yet it is in its very nature a protest and tends to mollify the present constant tendency to war. Its long continued truce is conducive to the growth of the positive ideals that at last will establish organic peace. It leads its advocates to the very brink of the altruistic vision from whence they may glide by imperceptible stages into it.

The third step in our classification of ethical quality is that of idealism, altruism, Christianity. Its call for peace is fundamental and inspiring, for it alone holds the quality of a noble peace. Altruists know that the truest self is never developed except in the service of the whole, that each life is but a musical note in the great symphony of being. A musical tone sounded for itself — not in relation to the symphony of which it was meant to be a part — is discord, and has lost its life as music by the very fact of having sounded only for itself. In all phases of life the idealist sees the heart of things and will not be entangled by surface problems, will not give himself to side issues and expediences. He would realize peace by establishing the true centre of gravity.

It must not be thought that the idealist can never be an executive, that he cannot be practical. Other things being equal, he is the most practical of men. He has an inspirational power that all others lack. By ceasing to be a sponge that draws all things to himself, he shines forth a sun transfiguring all things to the image of his ideal. While making no compromise with reactionary efforts, mere palliatives or opiates, he can, he must be patient to accept progress by degrees and work with vigor and enthusiasm for each partial step. His distinguishing work is that he views every action by its relation to the final goal and not by its easing immediate pressure. However slow the progress, however partial the gain, he can work practically for it, if it clearly is a step towards the transcendent altruistic vision.

In religion, he realizes the Divine immanence — the All Love, the All Truth and the All Power and its oneness with himself.

This realization is to him a veritable mount of transfiguration. He no longer fears. He believes, he acts. He has found the centre of peace, his sonship with God, and the indwelling Father yet speaking to man, guiding his activities, healing his diseases, quickening his spiritual intuitions and transfiguring his whole being into harmony with the Divine. All distinctions between secular and sacred, real and ideal, are gone. "Every bush is afire with God." Such a life cannot be tied to denominationalism, cannot be intolerant; neither can it be understood by the prudentially orthodox, who will not admit that such lives exist, except in the ancient writings of the Hebrews, as though God exhausted Himself in making the prophets and apostles. In the vision of this higher spirituality is realized the only true basis of a Christian unity—a vision of God whose holy light reveals the blasphemy of denominational egoism or prudential makeshifts.

In the industrial life the altruist holds all his powers and possessions as a sacred trust for the betterment of man. His methods must vary with his environment. At present they are chiefly seen in the heroic efforts to realize an organic harmony in industrial relations through the practical application of the altruistic principle to business and government. Industrial idealism has given the world a vision of peace that has already enamored its millions of followers and inspired them with an enthusiasm for economic righteousness, corresponding to that of early Christianity. Instead of crying "Peace, peace," it presupposes that all good men want a real peace and expends the passion of its life in showing how men can attain, not a truce, a chronic war waiting to begin, but peace on the permanent basis of a common interest. The attainment of this ideal necessitates the introduction of a system of industry based on the coöperative idea, where the relation of every factor to production is definitely known, and a clash of interests in the manner now so common would be impossible.

The old business and political methods that were born of egoism and developed into prudentialism cannot sustain the new soul of idealism that is now being breathed into the world, and must be superseded by an organization of human forces corresponding to the new spirit of the time. The altruistic *regime* of this industrial ideal would have no conflicts between employers and workmen, no business antagonisms between rival concerns, no commercial tragedies suddenly crushing out the life and hope of millions, no unholy conflicts between "union" and "non-union" workmen, each willing to take the very means of life from the other. These antagonisms would all vanish with the establishment of the mutualistic industrial method, when society will be organized, through the instrumentality of the state, to



guarantee employment to every citizen and to conduct its industries for the supplying of human needs rather than for making individuals rich.

This would give a coöperative republic, an organic union of all parties engaged in the work of the world, or at least of such a portion of them as would set the standard for those who prefer still to work in smaller associations. Fear of want once abolished, all hate and fierce struggle that now grows out of anxiety for financial security, would vanish, and the intellectual and ideal life would be free to rise. The struggle to gain a financial footing in the world, taken in its larger commercial relations, directly or indirectly, is the basis of practically all conflict, all war. A fraternal coöperation of the forces of human life to struggle only against the limitations of nature and of man's ignorance and depravity, would transform the face of society and give the solid basis for a permanent peace. It is to this ideal that the labor movement of the world is fast coming.

It is this vision of a sure foundation, of an all-inclusive peace, that gives such a religious enthusiasm to its propaganda, that sustains its workers amid so many discouragements and through such slow developments. This industrial idealism is the most marked ethical movement of our age. It is worthy of special note that almost to a man the industrial idealists are champions of the abolition of political war. The marked difference between the advocates of the coöperative ideal and the advocates of the mere substitution of arbitration for political war, is that one is an idealist and in the present selfish industrial methods sees the basic cause of strife and has faith in the vision of an approaching social redemption, while the other is most likely a mere prudentialist in ethics, patching up the chronic quarrel with a new truce and calling this a "triumph of peace"; or if an idealist — and many of them are grand and noble embodiments of this type — he is limited in vision and does not see the relation of political war to the industrial life of man.

The greatest peace society in the world to-day is the great labor movement, international and non-sectarian. It is striving to remove the cause of all war as found in class antagonism and private business for profits. The sentiment against war between nations is one of the most marked features of the European labor movement. Barring the exponents of the peace societies, it was the German and French socialists alone of those nations who made open protest against the war of 1871.

In a recent excitement in Germany over a threatened war with France, the German Workmen's Congress sent its fraternal greetings to their coworkers in France and assured them of the unity of interest of the workers of both countries and pledged



non-participation in hostilities. This expression of international fraternity was responded to with characteristic French warmth, and marked an oasis in modern history that gives proof of the fraternal ideals of the laboring class.

More striking still was the declaration of the German socialists that when they come into possession of the government, they would restore Alsace and Lorraine to the French nation. They believe not only in peace but in justice and fraternity.

Only last spring the municipal council of Marseilles, under the dominance of the French socialists, refused to give a public reception to General Dodds who returned victorious from the Dahomeyan war. In a long resolution condemning the war the hope was expressed of "the advent of a time when human butcheries, white or black, will be abolished forever."

Such altruistic sentiment in the common people should not be ignored by the peace advocates of the comfortable class. It has a virility about it these advocates lack. Moreover it is philosophically consistent. It sees that war is war, whether it slays its thousands with bullet, shell and bayonet, or its millions by crushed hopes, foul air and insufficient food. To the true philosopher, to welter in one's blood on the field of honor, is no worse than to wither and fade away for lack of nourishing blood, in some lone garret. To die charging the cannon's mouth animated by thrilling music and high hopes is no worse than to fall a tortured victim to a commercial panic, caused either by the conspiracy or stupidity of the manipulators of our financial system. The command "Thou shalt not kill," was not limited to death by implements of war, but might include as well, starved lives gone out in despair.

The present hour thrills from continent to continent with the great hope of a redeemed, a christianized industry that embraces all political activity within its scope. This hope is a religious vision to millions of human beings to-day, who would willingly lay down their lives for it, that future generations might have peace. Its spirit is so inclusive, its changes are so fundamental that its advocates believe that through its influence, the religious life of man would also more easily come into that state of divine idealism, where all dissension in the name of Christ would be impossible.

It has been shown that the ethics of egoism gives only the ignoble peace of the tyrant and slave, useful perhaps in times and places as a restraining force but always powerless to uplift. Prudentialism, the developing and progressive balance of forces, the transition from egoism to idealism, however much to be encouraged and however useful to certain ends, surely offers no basis for a final solution of the life problem of peace. Idealism,

on the other hand, is the entrance to the heart of life, a redemptive force that recreates, that finds the basis of eternal harmony in a unified interest which establishes justice and fraternity. The eighteenth century was the climax of egoism, and David Hume, the great English atheist, was its most representative exponent. The nineteenth century has been the era of prudentialism, with Herbert Spencer as its high priest.

Our century presents the strange anomaly of bearing on its closing years the forerunners of the coming altruistic age, and of having surviving types of every former period. Thus there are leaders of thought who still minister to the surviving egoists, the left-over specimens of two centuries ago, who teach that what men owe to each other is only to mind their own selfish interests, while at the same time the prophets of idealism, heralding the dawn of the twentieth century, are increasing in strength and flooding the world with light. While egoism and prudentialism rave and lash themselves to fury, in their own storm centres, yet throughout the world, steadily, altruism gains.

This is inevitable prophecy of the reign of a peace inclusive and comprehensive, a peace that in its divine radiance puts to shame the cheaper makeshifts of the lower ethics. Time to unfold and devotion to the ideal are all that are needed to bring in the day of light. Is not this the Christ-era so long foretold, so universally looked for, so little understood? It hails from Nazareth and is scorned by scribes and pharisees. May its vision transform us and lead us to the most consecrated service, to lay our stilted intellectual conventions on the altar of the divine ideal and consume them in its holy flame. A new Pentecost awaits those who in deep fraternal union thus devote themselves to this transcendent vision of to-day's faith—a faith that is spiritual sight, a revelation that fulfils all the saints of old recorded, the vision of triumphant peace realizing the divine Fatherhood through the attainment of the universal brotherhood.

## II. THE ABOLITION OF WAR, BY PROF. THOMAS E. WILL.

1. THE ARGUMENT FOR WAR.—War has acted in the past as a factor in social evolution. It has forced families to unite into clans; these into tribes; these, in turn, into states and these, at times, into empires. Since consolidation was a necessary precedent of that high organization which would make civilization possible, it was better that men should be forced together by blood and iron than that civilization should not be attained. War is one form assumed by the "struggle for existence" that characterizes all life from vegetable to man. Its result is to clear the ground of the unfit, to sift out the fit, to strengthen

and develop them by the fight and to make them the progenitors of future organisms. The result of this process of selection and improvement is the steady elevation of the race.

Civilization, further, presupposes coöperation. But before men will coöperate voluntarily they must be taught, by coercion, the advantages of union and coöperation over individualistic self defence. By war and its attendant, slavery — shall we also add land monopoly? — men are driven together and forced to practise division of labor and exchange of products and services. (See *S. of S.*, pp. 194-96.)

War, again, has stimulated activity and prevented sluggishness. "Peace, as exemplified in China, is synonymous with stagnation; war, as instanced in Rome, is equivalent to constant activity and political change" (*Civ.*, p. 234).

"The people of China have grown more and more like one another, while those of Europe [characterized by militancy] have grown more and more unlike. The one region has become homogeneous in thought, the other heterogeneous." [Progress is everywhere characterized by an advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.] (*Civ.*, p. 237.)

An interchange of ideas is a condition of progress. Before the days of railways, telegraphs, ocean cables, steamship, etc., thought could diffuse itself but slowly between different peoples. War brought them together and, "despite its destructiveness, is the one efficient means for the mingling of barbarian and semi-civilized nations" (*Civ.*, p. 239).

"The mind of the soldier is far more receptive than that of the quiet citizen . . . it is freely open to ideas which it would have refused in the cold, stagnant, unreceptive, peaceful stage" (*Civ.*, p. 240).

Speaking further of the place of war in history the same writer says: "It was a destructive process. Life vanished, wealth perished, nations disappeared. But mind remained and became expanded by every new invasion of ideas. The raw material of progress was not destroyed. Material production is only inorganic substance poured into the mould of an idea. The loss is only temporary if the idea remains. Its loss is a gain if it aids in yielding a crop of new and superior ideas" (*Civ.*, p. 244. See also *N. A. R.*, p. 677).

It is worthy of note, on the other hand, that a philosopher like Mr. Herbert Spencer, while indicating the influence of past wars in promoting social progress, points out with equal clearness the evil effects of continued militancy upon an advanced society. He shows that while warfare effects a weeding out of the weak so long as all adult males bear arms, the process is reversed when only a portion of the adult males enter the army; for, when such

is the case, the best are selected for war while the physically inferior are left at home to propagate. When, further, the percentage of men chosen is so great as to throw upon women the burdens ordinarily borne by men, the twofold strain of hard work and child bearing thus placed upon the women stunts the children and thus causes degeneration.

Warfare also works disaster to industry in advanced societies. "It is repressive as necessitating the abstraction of men and materials that would otherwise go to industrial growth; it is repressive as deranging the complex inter-dependencies among the many productive and distributive agencies.\* It is repressive as drafting off much administrative and constructive ability, which would else have gone to improve the industrial arts and the industrial organization."

Since the soldier should be a fighting machine, warfare, of necessity, tends to callous the heart and sear the affections and sympathies; to exalt egoism and depress altruism. But, as Professor Drummond has so nobly shown in his "The Ascent of Man," altruism must be a constantly increasing and egoism a constantly decreasing factor in an advancing civilization. Mr. Spencer continues: "The necessities of war imply absolute self-regard, and absolute disregard of certain others. Inevitably, therefore, the civilizing discipline of social life is antagonized by the uncivilizing discipline of the life war involves" (S. & S., pp. 196-99). Observe, too, that the military *regime* is that of authority. Absolute, unquestioning obedience to the command of his superior is the first duty of the soldier. But social progress must be toward individual liberty — the *regime* under which the individual needs and knows no law save the laws of nature and of pure ethics; in other words, the law of God. Though, then, it be conceded that war contributes to social development in the lower stages of civilization where men are unfit for freedom and necessarily subject to the *regime* of authority, it nevertheless follows that, as men become fit for freedom, militancy, by tending to perpetuate the reign of authority, hinders social progress.

Some of the older arguments in favor of war will be found on pp. 323-24 of B. P., stated and considered by William Ellery Channing.

2. BARBARITIES ATTENDING THE MILITARY REGIME. — Callousness is necessary to the trade of killing; hence where militancy flourishes, customs at which the more highly civilized revolt are maintained and encouraged. The writer has heard a cultivated German lady express her admiration for the custom of duelling, declaring with enthusiasm that the unsightly facial scars resulting therefrom were *ritterlich*. Thus we may account

\* On this point see Henry George, "Social Problems," Chap. I.

for the inhuman custom of flogging in the army and navy, accounts of which may be found on pp. 47-54 of P. M., and pp. 65-76 of B. P. "Flogging is certainly a tremendous punishment. The delinquent is stripped to the waist, tied up by his hands, and then flogged with a whip having nine lashes, with three knots each, so that each stroke makes twenty-seven wounds; *if a capital sentence is awarded* [*italics mine*], he receives nine hundred and ninety-nine of these stripes; and, at every twenty-five strokes, the drummer who inflicts them is changed, in order to insure a more energetic enforcement of the penalty" (P. M., p. 50).

When the sentence is not capital, "he is attended at each whipping by a surgeon, to determine how much he can bear without immediate danger to life; and often does the flagellation proceed till the victim faints, and then he is respite to renew his sufferings another day" (P. M., pp. 47, 48).

One case out of many: "Henley, for desertion, received two hundred lashes only; an acute inflammation followed, and the back sloughed. When the wounds were cleaned and the sloughed integuments removed, the backbone and part of the shoulder blade were laid bare, and it was upwards of seven months before he was so far recovered as to be able to do his duty" (P. M., p. 54). "We sometimes find the body melt away into a spectre of skin and bone from the large suppurations that have followed" (P. M., p. 54. See also P. M., pp. 43-46).

If these instances should be thought far-fetched, the hanging of Private Iams by the thumbs at Homestead, in the summer of 1892, will doubtless be recalled by many.

The following table from Mulhall, p. 432, may now be appreciated:—

*Suicide in Armies.*

Per 100,000 men, per annum.

	Army.	Civilians. (Age, 20-60.)	Excess in Army.
British . . . . .	38	11	245 per cent.
French . . . . .	51	20	154 "
German . . . . .	64	25	156 "
Belgian . . . . .	45	10	350 "
Austrian . . . . .	85	15	467 "
Italian . . . . .	30	8	275 "
Swedish . . . . .	45	12	275 "

Since the treatment accorded soldiers by each other is such we are not surprised at the barbarities practised by them upon enemies. "It is an eternal law," says Xenophon, "that when a city is taken the persons and possessions of the conquered become the property of the conqueror" (N. A. R., p. 676). Carthage, though taken by the relatively human and high-minded Scipio Africanus, affords a notable instance. The captured city, the second in importance in the world, was burned; the plough was

passed through the soil, and the spot was solemnly cursed" (M. and A., p. 145). "We read of the cultured Macedonian, Philip V., exercising such severe measures that, on the capture of Abydos, the whole population committed suicide *en masse*" (N. A. R., p. 676).

For account of atrocities committed by the Spanish soldiers in America in their hunt for gold see Del Mar's "History of the Precious Metals." Also, E. L. S. E., Second Course, Lecture III. As a single instance it is said that Drake, when he visited San Domingo, found a mere handful of natives on the island. These explained to him that, in order to save their children from the ferocity of the Spanish gold-hunters'illery, the people had unanimously decided not to become parents (p. 64). The career of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands is well known.

3. HORRORS AND SUFFERINGS OF WAR.—Instances of these may be found in any military history. An excellent compilation is found in P. M., pp. 55-107. The sack of Magdeburg by Tilly's army is typical. When the gates of the captured city were thrown open the victorious general slipped the leash and turned loose his murderous horde upon the defenseless inhabitants. "Now began a scene of massacre and outrage which history has no language, poetry no pencil, to portray. Neither the innocence of childhood, nor the helplessness of old age, neither youth nor sex, neither rank nor beauty, could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Wives were dishonored in the very arms of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents, and the defenceless sex exposed to the double loss of virtue and life. . . . Fifty-three women were found in a single church with their heads cut off. The Croats *amused* themselves with throwing children into the flames, and Pappenheim's Walloons with stabbing infants at their mothers' breasts, etc." (P. M., p. 66).

#### 4. EXPENDITURE AND WASTE FROM WAR.

(a) *Life and Property.* From Mul., p. 65.

##### Wars Since 1793.

DATE.	BELLIGERENTS.	EXPENDITURE.		Loss in Men.
		Million £.	Million £ per Annum.	
1793-1815 . . . .	England and France . . . . .	1,250	60	1,900,000
1828 . . . . .	Russia and Turkey . . . . .	20	20	120,000
1830-40 . . . . .	Spain and Portugal (civil) . . . .	50	5	160,000
1830-47 . . . . .	France and Algeria . . . . .	38	2	110,000
1848 . . . . .	Europe (civil) . . . . .	10	10	60,000
1854-56 . . . . .	England, France, Russia . . . . .	305	146	485,000
1859 . . . . .	France and Austria . . . . .	45	45	65,000
1863-65 . . . . .	United States (civil) . . . . .	740	350	656,000
1866 . . . . .	Prussia and Austria . . . . .	20	20	51,000
1866 . . . . .	France and Mexico . . . . .	15	15	65,000
1864-70 . . . . .	Brazil and Paraguay . . . . .	48	8	330,000
1870-71 . . . . .	France and Germany . . . . .	316	316	290,000
1876-77 . . . . .	Russia and Turkey . . . . .	190	190	180,000



## SUMMARY.

PERIOD.	Expenditure. Million £.	Loss of Life.	PER ANNUM.	
			Million £.	Loss of Life.
1790-1820 . . . . .	1,250	1,900,000	42	63,000
1821-1850 . . . . .	118	450,000	4	15,000
1851-1860 . . . . .	350	548,000	35	55,000
1861-1880 . . . . .	1,329	1,572,000	66	79,000
	3,047	4,470,000	33	50,000

See also P. M., pp. 21-42; B. P., pp. 113-124 and statement following p. 200; also No. II., p. 2.

"Mark the havoc of single battles. At Durham, 1346, there fell 15,000; at Halidonhill and Agincourt, 20,000 each; at Bautzen and Lepanto, 25,000 each; at Austerlitz, Jena and Lutzen, 30,000 each; at Eylau, 60,000; at Waterloo and Quatre Bras, one engagement, 70,000; at Borodino, 80,000; at Fontenoy, 100,000; at Yarmouth, 150,000; at Chalons, no less than 300,000 of Attila's army alone! . . . Marius slew, in one battle, 140,000 Gauls, and in another, 290,000. . . . Julius Cæsar once annihilated an army of 363,000 Helvetians; in a battle with the Usipites, he slew 400,000; and on another occasion, he massacred more than 430,000 Germans who 'had crossed the Rhine with their herds and flocks and little ones, in quest of new settlements.' The Old Testament records one instance (2 Chron. xiii. 3-17), where one side lost 500,000 lives!" (P. M., p. 40). Of this last destruction, surpassing even the exploits of Julius Cæsar, it is declared in the text, "and God delivered them" — the Israelites — "into their hand . . . and the children of Judah prevailed, because they relied upon the Lord God of their fathers." See also P. S. M., pp. 524, 525 and B. P., No. II., p. 3.

(b) *Labor withdrawn from Production and turned to the Work of Destruction; being made, at the same time, a Burden on Producers.* "From information given in successive issues of the 'Statesman's Year Book,' it appears that, since 1870, the armies and navies of Europe have been increased by about 630,000 men on the peace establishment. This number of men has, therefore, been wholly withdrawn from productive labor; but during periods of war a much larger number is thus withdrawn, and the country is, to that extent, still further impoverished." Speaking of ironclads he says, "To build one of those monster vessels requires from first to last a small army of men, all of whose labor, so far as any benefit to mankind is concerned, might as well have been employed in pumping water out of the sea and allowing it to flow back again." Continuing his showing he concludes: "We shall probably not think it an extravagant estimate that for every ten thousand men in a modern army and navy at least another ten thousand are wholly employed in making the necessary equipment and war-material — the labor of the whole twenty thousand being utterly wasted, inasmuch as all



that they produce is consumed, not merely unproductively and uselessly, but destructively. We may fairly estimate, then, that the military preparedness of modern Europe involves a total loss to the community of the labor of about *seven million* men, and a corresponding amount of animal and mechanical power and of labor-saving machinery," etc. (P. S. M., pp. 522, 523. See also N. A. R., p. 686.)

(c) *Taxation.* "Let us next consider the heavy burden of taxation upon all the chief European peoples, the increase of which during recent years has been almost wholly caused by increased military expenditure and the interest on debts incurred for wars or preparations for war, for fortifications, or for military railways. This increase may be best estimated by comparing the expenditure of 1870, the year before the Franco-German War, with that of 1884. During this period of fourteen years our own expenditure has increased from £75,000,000 to £87,000,000; that of Austria from £55,000,000 to £94,000,000; that of France from £85,000,000 to £142,500,000; that of Germany from £54,000,000 to £112,500,000; that of Italy from £40,000,000 to £61,500,000; and that of Russia from £66,000,000 to £114,500,000. Altogether the expenditure of the six great powers of Europe has increased from £345,000,000 to £612,000,000, an additional burden of £266,500,000 a year. The population of those states is now a little over 269,000,000, so that they have to bear, on the average, an addition of taxation amounting to nearly a pound a head or about five pounds for each family, a most oppressive amount when we consider the extreme poverty of the masses in all these states, and that even before this period of inflated war expenditure they had already to support a heavy and often an almost unbearable load of taxation" (P. S. M., pp. 523, 524).

From *Mul.*, p. 436:—

## TAXES.

## A. — National and Local Revenues.

	Thousands omitted.			Per In- habitant. shillings.	Income. Million £.	Ratio of Taxes. Per cent.
	National.	Local.	Total.			
United Kingdom . . . .	£85,682	£38,091	£123,773	71	1,247	10
France . . . . .	112,205	32,440	144,645	77	965	15
Germany . . . . .	90,320	13,270	103,590	46	850	12
Russia . . . . .	73,700	11,200	84,900	20	769	11
Austria . . . . .	68,400	5,300	73,700	40	602	12
Italy . . . . .	54,200	20,100	74,300	52	292	25
Spain . . . . .	31,600	9,100	40,700	40	188	21
Portugal . . . . .	6,900	1,300	8,200	39	45	18
Holland . . . . .	8,400	2,100	10,500	52	104	10
Belgium . . . . .	11,400	2,250	13,650	50	120	11
Denmark . . . . .	2,700	1,300	4,030	41	47	9
Sweden and Norway . .	7,020	3,460	10,480	32	104	10
EUROPE . . . . .	£552,527	£139,941	£692,468	44	5,324	13
United States . . . . .	75,600	84,200	159,800	61	1,420	11
TOTAL . . . . .	£628,127	£224,141	£852,268	46	6,744	12½

## B. — Increase of Taxation in Great Britain and France.

Thousands omitted.

YEAR.	UNITED KINGDOM.			FRANCE.		
	National.	Local.	Total.	National.	Local.	Total.
1830 . . . . .	£55,500	£10,820	£66,320	£39,600	£7,100	£46,700
1840 . . . . .	59,500	10,240	69,690	46,400	8,800	55,200
1850 . . . . .	55,800	11,050	66,850	55,200	11,700	66,900
1860 . . . . .	71,100	14,950	86,050	68,500	18,100	86,600
1870 . . . . .	75,400	24,300	99,700	72,300	21,300	94,200*
1882 . . . . .	85,700	38,100	123,800	112,300	32,400	144,700

Append to the above "Sidney Smith's graphic account of England's taxation" from the *Edinburgh Review*: "Taxes upon every article which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the feet; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion; taxes upon everything on the earth, and in the waters under the earth; taxes on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material, and upon every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride. Taxes we never escape; at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school-boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle, upon a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent, makes his will on eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and then he is gathered to his fathers — to be taxed no more" (P. M., pp. 30, 31).

(d) *National Debts.* War affords a golden opportunity to the exploiter, inasmuch as, by lending money to a government, often on terms extraordinarily favorable to the lender (see E. L. C. F., *passim*), the lender secures for himself and his descendants for an indefinite time, a lien on the wealth of the nation, based on security as firm as the foundations of the government

\* The figures are those of 1869, the year before the war.

itself. Doubtless many of the wars of the nineteenth century that have so puzzled those who believed war to be going out of date among civilized peoples, have been instigated by the great money-lenders of Europe for the express purpose of creating national debts. See E. L. S. E., Second Course, Lectures I, V. and VI. Following is Mulhall's table (p. 134) of the

*Debts of Nations in Millions Sterling.*

	1820.	1848.	1870.	1882.
United Kingdom . . . . .	841	773	801	769
France . . . . .	140	182	468	911
Germany . . . . .	63	40	148	229
Russia . . . . .	50	90	280	553
Austria . . . . .	99	125	340	419
Italy . . . . .	25	36	374	522
Spain . . . . .	52	113	285	360
Portugal . . . . .	8	17	59	94
Holland . . . . .	110	114	76	80
Belgium . . . . .	-	18	28	62
Denmark . . . . .	4	12	13	10
Sweden and Norway . . . . .	-	1	6	20
Greece . . . . .	-	10	18	18
Turkey . . . . .	-	-	92	110
EUROPE . . . . .	1,382	1,531	2,988	4,187
United States . . . . .	26	48	496	333
Spanish America . . . . .	4	62	144	237
Canada . . . . .	-	-	17	40
Australia . . . . .	-	-	37	97
India . . . . .	29	51	108	156
South Africa . . . . .	-	-	2	14
Egypt . . . . .	-	-	37	106
THE WORLD . . . . .	1,441	1,692	3,829	5,170

A graphic showing of the above facts, though with the numbers varying somewhat from the above, being sometimes greater and sometimes less, will be found in the cartoon published by *The Road*, Denver, Col., and entitled "The English Octopus." B. P., pp. 193-96, also contains statistics on war-debts.

##### 5. HOW WAR HURTS THE WORKER.

"War is a game that, were their subjects wise  
Kings would not play at."

P. S. M., p. 525 and Br. Es., pp. 218-20, point out how war burdens, like most other burdens, including taxation and toil, fall most heavily on those least able to bear them; while such benefits as may accrue fall chiefly to those who contribute little or nothing to the result. Since, in most advanced countries, the oppressed and exploited now hold in their hands the key to the political situation, the ballot, they have now to blame only their own stupidity and unwillingness to coöperate politically if they continue to be crushed by burdens which they can vote from their shoulders when they choose.

6. HOW WAR HURTS THE BUSINESS MAN.—P. S. M., p. 525, shows clearly what should be obvious to any one who can see; viz., that war, by killing off some customers and impoverishing others, is bad for trade. Such an argument, once comprehended, will doubtless weigh more with many than any appeal to the conscience, the sympathies or the sense of logical consistency.

7. WEIGHTY TESTIMONIES AGAINST WAR AND FOR PEACE.—See B. P., III., pp. 1-12, also p. 52; and P. M., pp. 14-20. Among these witnesses we find the names of Cicero, Seneca, Raleigh, Louis Bonaparte, Wellington, Washington, Macchiavel, Lord Clarendon, Necker, Thomas Jefferson, Burke, Fox, Canning, Lord Brougham, Franklin, Benjamin Rush, Jeremy Bentham, Erasmus, Burton, Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, Tertullian, Irenæus, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Watson, Cecil, Robert Hall, Chalmers, Judson and Jesus Christ.

8. CHRISTIANITY AND WAR.—That warfare in all its forms and phases is utterly and unalterably opposed to the whole spirit and genius of the Christian religion should be so evident to any one who will take the trouble to glance even superficially through the four gospels as to render a labored proof of the fact absurd. Yet Christians who religiously tithe the mint, anise and cummin and *fight* over the jot and tittle of the "written word," will engage in war when called, and will stoutly defend militancy in time of peace. Such grotesque inconsistency can only be understood by remembering that few people have any conception of the meaning of consistency, or have ever laid their various beliefs and notions down side by side to see whether or not they do harmonize. One who attempts to do this work for them not infrequently has cause to repent his temerity. A consideration of the subject of Christianity and its attitude toward war may be found in Ch. Ex., pp. 157-80; Ec. M., V. 103, pp. 679-90; Br. Es., pp. 220, 221; P. M., Part II., Chap. v., and B. P., *passim*.

9. FORCES MILITATING AGAINST WARFARE.

(a) *The steady progress of the race toward humanity*, sympathy and the consciousness of the interdependence of all the members of a given society and of all the members of the family of nations. See H. M., p. 918, and K. S. E., especially chapters on "Western Civilization" and "Modern Socialism."

(b) *The greater value constantly attaching to human life*, shown in the increasing sentiment against murder, on the one hand, and against the execution of the murderer on the other; and shown still further in the increasing efficiency of judicial systems. In time, however, people will see the absurdity in a state's hunting a single murderer round the globe while, at the same time, it is planning the wholesale murder of its own citizens as well as of the citizens of some neighboring state.

(c) *The gradual rise of woman to a consciousness of her place as a genuine social factor and her consequent preparation to assert herself as such.* Her influence, in time, must inevitably be against war. "Justice," Chap. xx. and § 108; and H. M., pp. 919, 920.

(d) *The dawning consciousness that war does not pay.* See 4 above.

(e) *The growth of popular intelligence.* Demos is slowly opening his sleepy eyes. When once he has got them fully open the chances are that he will decline longer to play at the game of war for the amusement or enrichment of his masters.

(f) *The vast improvements in killing machinery* and the advantage, under the coming regime, of the invaded over the invader. See "The Warfare of the Future," by Archibald Forbes, an article copied by the *Eclectic Magazine* for July, 1891, from the *Nineteenth Century*; "The Future of Warfare," by Captain E. L. Zalinski, U. S. A., in the *North American Review* for December, 1890; Ec. M., V. 115, 470, and Eng. M., V. 3, 226.

10. SUBSTITUTES FOR WAR. — Among the proposed substitutes for war are (1) *negotiation*, (2) *arbitration*, (3) *mediation*, and (4) *a congress of nations*. (B. P., I, 7). Of these the most hopeful is arbitration. "There is no period known to history in which instances are not found of arbitration as a substitute for force, and we can only wonder when we consider the historical antiquity of the former that the latter should have maintained its hold so long, so constantly and so fiercely" (H. M., V. 87, p. 920). Plans of arbitration are indicated in N. A. R., 682, 683, and in B. P., 218 *et seq.* The United States enjoys the honorable distinction of leading the world in the employment of this peaceful method of settling international differences; it has entered into forty-seven agreements for international arbitration; . . . one of its representatives has seven times acted as arbitrator; . . . it has erected thirteen tribunals under its own laws to determine the validity of international claims; the total, therefore, of the arbitrations or *quasi* arbitrations to which it has been a party is sixty-seven" (H. M., p. 923. See also N. A. R., p. 685).

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## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

### AT THE OLD FOGIES' CLUB IN ELYSIUM.

A GLIMMER of wan, ghostly light struggled between the shutters, and one of the company at the table turned uneasily in his chair and shivered. It had flashed into his eyes as he lolled back in a listless abstraction, with his head against the wall and face thrown meditatively upward and the line of his vision above the red luminous mist of the sputtering candles. It seemed less light than a chill gray shadow. It flew like a hunted thing through the shifting gloom that hung about the ceiling and found refuge in the darker shadows of the farthest angle of the room. There as it fluttered restlessly, from wall to ceiling and back again, it seemed like a great gray bird, beating out its life in a baffled passion of torturing fear and hope. One could fancy this—and the present veracious historian has borrowed the picture from the imagination of the man, whose dream-filled head was withdrawn from the circle of wisdom in the candle-light, for this was passing through it at this moment; but, as a fact, the gray shadow grew stronger and larger and more definite as its struggles grew fainter, for this was birth, not death—this was another dawn.

A chill crept into the room, and the man who had been balancing himself against the wall, upon the hind legs of his chair, shivered with a sudden oppression of fatigue, and swung back into the circle of wisdom and red and yellow flame-points, which both struck his chilled imagination as having grown more pale and ungainly and spectral together in the growing light of day. He came down with a force which brought apologies to his lips for the disturbance, and not to hazard their acceptance he wisely forbore from giving tongue to the observation which he had descended from his perch to make. As he came down with a crash, a portly and burly personage, who rolled in his chair in a strangely fantastic and ridiculous manner, and who shook his head so violently that his wig was all awry, started forward and roared in a stentorian voice:—

“How now, Goldy? I have been aware, sir, for some time, that you were withdrawn from this discussion; but, sir, I beg of you, if you desire to interrupt my argument, to do so with pertinence or wit or both, and with less clatter, sir. We are not politicians; there is no need to import the furniture into this discussion. Your tongue will be amply sufficient to meet all the exigencies of this polite society, sir; and we promise you a respectful hearing.”

This was Dr. Samuel Johnson, the author of “*The Rambler*,” and the great lexicographer who first brought the English tongue out of anarchy.

BOSWELL: “The doctor, sir, finding his wit could furnish no retalia-



tion to your crushing answer to his argument that Folly and Good nature are indicative of each other, has been waiting for you in the narrow pass of one of your most empyrean flights, and now he is bringing in his heavy artillery at a moment perilous to the fervor of the logic. He has hit upon this device as a distraction. Finding his wit is silenced he invokes the convincing power of his heels."

GOLDSMITH: "Sir, I own you have made my inadvertent return among you appear such a terrible breach of decorum that, as a man who loves his friends more than his reputation, I am compelled to sacrifice a troop of retorts to make my apologies seasonable. However, I was merely going to remark, when I descended from an oblivion of this gathering, that" —

BOSWELL: "Oblivion, sir; that's pretty, 'pon my word. That's where your wit lurks hid."

DR. JOHNSON: "Oliver, your petulant haste has led you into noises before. I know your wits were wool-gathering, and I bear no malice. It was a miscalculation in physics; you had not properly considered the impulse of falling bodies. Any farther apology from you is unnecessary. We understand each other."

GOLDSMITH: "That's true, sir. Otherwise I might have replied to Bozzy's too swollen satire by dropping your Lexicon on the top of his head. All I was about to remark when I interrupted you was, that it is growing late — or early."

BOSWELL: "It seems the dead weight of Dr. Goldsmith's wit is more disturbing in bulk than when he manages it with good husbandly thrift."

GOLDSMITH: "Oh, I'm something of your kidney, Bozzy: I'm too kind to shine as a wit in promiscuous society."

BOSWELL: "Promiscuous society, sir! Od's bodikins, sir!" —

GOLDSMITH: "There, there. I'm condemned in the Lexicon, but I don't talk by the book. Some men make such poor prisoners of their tongues, it wrings my heart to see them going through their antics. 'Tis piteous, I think, to watch a man slowly masticate his speech. For my part, I give my tongue some license, and if I make a slip now and again 'tis but to pleasure myself. Maybe, too, sir, there's malice in't. Maybe any society is promiscuous which admits such a shadowy, scurrilous knave as you are. I've not forgotten your 'Life of Dr. Johnson,' and the sorry account it gives of me. Yes, sir, there may be occasions when, in some dreadfully tight emergency, my feet can stand me in very good stead, as you have noted with benevolent malice. But still, sir, you may well believe me when I tell you there is more wit in me than always lurks opportunely at my tongue's end. It is often belated, I admit, but I have an aftermath of wit, a rank, luxuriant crop, beside which yours is a famine in Egypt. Give me foolscap enough and my wit, like a flood of the Nile, will deluge your crops entirely. To change the metaphor, give me foolscap enough and I'll build a fool's cap which



will shroud you like a temple—like St. Paul's—like the iridescent dome of Heaven itself. You will dance with a pretty smirk on your face if I can ever find a publisher for *my* version of the sayings and doings of the Literary Club. I'm only sorry, sir, I did not live to write your biography in the other world, but Fortune was always unkind to me. I was like poor Ned Purdon, too little of a clatterer, to make much noise in a world that reckoned men's wit by the music they could make jingling the guineas in their pockets. Some men have a hole in their wits; I had holes in my pockets. Our century's philosophy was too fantastically materialistic to take much account of dreamers and wits with empty pockets, and so I did not cut so much of a figure in the world as men whose wit passed current with the Jews. As for me, mine did not pass current with the baker, much less bankers and money lenders. Why, even the Doctor used to counsel the learned pate to duck to the gilded fool"—

BOSWELL, interrupting hotly: "By gad, sir, you've quoted wrongly."

GOLDSMITH: "I know that, but I cannot stop to run after and save one little charge of powder when I'm whipping my horses to drag heavy artillery uphill. This is my moment. I was half asleep a little while ago. Now I am wide awake. I am whipping my top; I am willing you should split it, if your top is made of better boxwood. I've waited for this moment for a tardy revenge for your villainous insinuations, born of your too credulous and dull wits, and now, sir, spin your top and we'll see who can hum the longest. If I turn satirist on your account you'll discover that my humor has more than one set of facets. Men like you think that I, and men of my humor, are to be damned with pity because our humor is too deep for your clumsy and heavy minds to touch bottom; after a struggle and a gurgle or so you crawl to the bank and, saved from drowning, declare the water is dirty and shallow.

"I'm not altogether of my poor Vicar's temper. I tell you, sir, beneath the tranquil humor that distinguished me in polite society there raged a fire eater—but one who had too much philosophy to ruffle his own temper and feathers in a chilly world in which good friends were few, and worth more than mere wit or rubies. I never sacrificed a friend for an epigram in my life; and but few men can hesitate between wit and mercy. It may be I was not a ready wit in every mixed assembly, but I console myself with the reflection that so many wits are completely at the mercy of their wagging tongues. I've known more than one pretty wit who has cut a sorry figure on his knees to save himself from a beating. But, by my manners, sir, I've lived under the imputations of you dull, feathery sages too long. The fact is, I was the wit in a company of dullards and platitudinarians. You've imputed egotism to me, and for once I'll break silence and grow serious enough and egotistical enough to speak the undercurrent of my thought without any confusing comedy.

"It is too late to undeceive the millions who have accepted your ac-

count in good faith, Bozzy, but I intend to expose your impenetrable stupidity here at least. You dull dogs! sit bolt upright in your chairs and listen. My fatal sense of the ludicrous has always misled me and misrepresented me. I trusted to an apprehension of a humorous situation in men whom I should have read better. But a man who is possessed of a humorous idea is too hot to stop and calmly consider the chilly prepossessions of fellows who are congenitally incapable of seeing a joke. I had to out with my quip, although I knew that gravity heard without understanding, and solemnly disapproved. I own I had not an excess of dignity, but there was surely dignity enough in the company, and the truest humorist is too genuine a philosopher to worry about his dignity. After I had vainly tried a gentle witticism—I was never *too* severe upon you—and it had fallen quite flat and all eyes turned in reprobation upon the poor clown, it never occurred to any of you that behind that chop-fallen mask there was a wit still cracking jokes—inwardly, and taking notes. You spent your nights in stringing long platitudes together, end on end, until the moon grew paler and paler and, surfeited with the awful spectacle of such complacent, commonplace inversion of the eternal facts of human life, masquerading as philosophic commentary on life and destiny, fell swooning from God's Heavens; but I sat Stoically upon my bench and listened with a grim smile and cracked my jokes—inwardly. Why, if you had put your heads out o' doors, and had eyes in them, you could have seen that the solemnity of night, the very hum of the city streets, made such poor bourgeois philosophy ridiculous. It was surely of the Devil—but I'm too much of a humorist to tell any tales on ye.

"But, ye gods! was there ever such a spectacle as that crew of sages, preaching a philosophy of fleshpots, of roasts and bakes, for such beefy Britons as belonged to the elect—*de jure* or *de facto*? We are fantastical enough in history, and read amusingly by candle light, but I'm afraid we were grim horrors in our own day—the discouragement of all men with any noble enthusiasms. Oh, the only philosophy for that lower world is laughter—and those who see the humor of it cannot always keep the tears out of their merriment. Go to!—let us hear no more about your gravity and wisdom; let us show our penitence by laughing at such philosophy; for I, too, conspired against my own sense of the ludicrous and bobbed and ducked with the rest, when, for the honor of all poor devils and true humor, I should have been more audacious. But in England one had to be a true believer or rot and die in Grub Street, abandoned by all as one having the leprosy. No contamination is so greatly feared in England, and I'm informed among all the Anglo-Saxon peoples, as the demoralizing contamination of ideas. A cleanly minded, deserving person, with whom respectable people are willing to dine, is a man whose mind is fitted with the usual approved echoes, but is completely empty of ideas. The majority of men have less personal claim upon their ideas than upon their undershirts; they hold them in

common as they do the atmosphere. Their originality only comes into play in their practice, which is rich and fantastic beside the unanimity of respectable opinion. It is so even here; it was more so below. I loved a good dinner too much for any heroic rôle—unless you will admit that listening smilingly to you good folk laying the law down was heroism” —

“And you loved good wine, Goldy.”

GOLDSMITH: “I confess it. And good company. I suppose we did constitute the most select society in England of our time; and that has potent fascinations for a wit” —

“And a fop.”

“If you must have it so, a fop. We good-natured men are always traitors to the highest morality. I suppose, after all, I’m burning with the heat of a fresh penitent—and as a penitent is long winded without wit, I beg your pardon, gentlemen. But I do wonder truly that it never occurred to any of you that, my apparent candor of egotism was often merely a quip at my own expense, out of sheer good humor, and at other times a burlesque of your own complacency, which fairly passed the boundaries of ordinary egotism—but, unhappily, escaped even the speculation of posterity through the sober enthusiasm of this scandalous little Scot. His eyes and ears were wide open for the grand and imposing, and incapable, like the rest of his race, of comprehending, or indeed observing with anything like scientific accuracy, the elements and character of humor. Well, well, he did magnificently with you, Doctor.”

DR. JOHNSON: “Yes, sir, I’m not too proud to be under an obligation to any decent man. Boswell did well enough by me; better, I fancy, than he did for himself. A judicious man would have been more reticent and less kind.”

GOLDSMITH: “Ah, Bozzy must wait until my Literary History is out to read a really flattering portrait of himself. Longevity in his case was undoubtedly a blessing; it saved him from my gift for veracious portraiture.”

BOSWELL: “I think my biography, as I managed to write it, contains quite as much good literature as anything you could do, sir.”

GOLDSMITH: “Indeed, sir—there you touch the very quick of my modesty, and make any farther retaliation impossible. I would never forfeit the good will of any of my friends, even our friend Jonathan the tapster, for a mere quibble of literary reputation. I only claim, sir, that you were unfriendly and unjust to me in my private character as a man of—well, of wit and fashion, and an ornament to the highest intellectual society of the capital of the world. Sir, I relent. I honestly believe I have too much wit to do you justice in a full-length biography. I should outdo Nature herself with such latitude—and Nature has touched the limits of caricature. But perhaps I could do a fairly convincing miniature of you.”

BOSWELL: "Another man since our time has done me justice; he has turned Boswell for Boswell."

GOLDSMITH: "And what on earth could the dull rogue make of ye? The man must be another of those desperately industrious Scotchmen who fill the same place in literature as capacious cupboards do in domestic economy; they furnish nothing, but they secrete the spoils of the earth."

DR. JOHNSON: "I fancy I once said that industry was genius."

BOSWELL: "No, sir, your memory is a little treacherous sometimes about your own observations; though it is, as I can testify, abundant and almost infallible in classical quotation. I have had curiosity enough to look into the paternity of that remark, and I find about half a dozen great men have said it. It was recently imputed to one of my compatriots, a man who came after us — Thomas Carlyle."

DR. JOHNSON: "I don't know him."

BOSWELL: "No, sir, he is an unclubable man, and holds Old Foggies in horror. He has a passion for Heroes, and wrote rhapsodical histories."

DR. JOHNSON: "Ah — well, that remark was one which would have fitted admirably into my philosophy. I don't wonder it is credited to so many great thinkers; there is no novelty about the most obvious and pertinent aspects of truth."

The room was now flooded with the gray gloom of dawn, and a gleam of dull purple and saffron was visible between the shutters, tinging the gray of the eastern horizon. The faces about the table assumed a sort of wavering indistinctness, and the light of the candles faded into transparency.

Goldsmith arose from his chair, stretched his limbs and yawned. Then he stepped to the window, and was about to raise the frame and throw the shutters completely back, when Dr. Johnson's stentorian voice arrested him.

"What are you about, rash immortal? Is it not enough for you that we must face an eternity of unbroken millennial content, but your impetuous haste must ruin a night of luxurious squabbling? Put down the window and close the shutters, sir! Shut out the dull, insipid day! Put it down, instant, sir! We have heard you philosophizing half the night, and yet you do not seem to have learned that all our luxuries are short-lived. Don't you suppose I was aware of the day creeping like a thief into the house to put out the blessed light of the candles and banish wit and merriment — for how can a man be witty in the glare of a millennial day? Shut out the damned thing! I've learned to loathe it. Give me rather a Stygian darkness and a good supply of tallow candles. The night was made to coax men's wits into marriage. What are you staring at, stupid? It is only another day of unceasing popular rejoicings and good temper and merry-makings. The multitude is intolerable in its amusements. I always had the keenest sympathy for the afflictions of the poor and neglected, but I never could understand their

conception of pleasure — it is both noisy and monotonous. Fasten the shutters tight and sit down again. Come, let us hear some more of your comments on Bozzy's *magnum opus*. Davy, oblige me by snuffing the candles. With imagination and economy this night has another good hour of life in it."

GOLDSMITH: "No, doctor, not for me. I'll close the shutters with the greatest alacrity of pleasure; but, sir, I must put my head out of doors. This room has grown stuffy; I want a breath of fresh air. Besides I'm afraid I've disgraced myself with an outburst of choler, and a sight of the dawn will compose my mind and restore that charity of opinion, without which no man dares look serenely into his own mind and character — especially a man who prates about philosophy."

DR. JOHNSON: "I think I've read somewhere that those who talk the most about philosophy usually have but little of it. But for my part, I would rather dine with a genial, disputatious man than with the greatest philosopher. Please remember I said *dine*, gentlemen."

GOLDSMITH: "I can understand that. All philosophers incline to monologue, and you couldn't bear that. Well, I'm off to hail the dawn. Gentlemen, let me thank you for a night in which I have had the hilarious satisfaction of blowing some bubbles of my own."

DR. JOHNSON: "Stay, Goldy, I have a compliment on my tongue's tip, and if you lift the latch the uncompromising truthfulness of daylight will kill it."

GOLDSMITH: "I hesitate — for I never could withstand a lollipop."

DR. JOHNSON: "No man of good sense, sir, does, when it comes from a respectable source. A man whose modesty depreciates your well-considered compliment, depreciates your good sense and discernment; he makes a very ill return for your good-will. I want to say, sir, that I never before saw you so stirred and fired with eloquence. We shall doubtless appreciate your comedy more, sir, now that we are aware that the poker is really hot!"

GOLDSMITH, hurriedly, and in some confusion: "After all these years of intimacy I had not learned to expect such magnanimity from you, Doctor — although I always knew you had a big heart. I can't say 'Long life to ye' here, but" — impetuously — "I love you."

Goldsmith throws himself hastily out of doors to cover his confusion.

BOSWELL, sententiously: "Goldy is a generous soul, Doctor — and I think he hit the secret of your fame. I'm told that few in the other world read 'The Rambler' nowadays, and scarcely a soul could quote from 'Irene' or 'Rasselas,' but all the world loves the memory of a great and generous-hearted man."

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

[The conclusion of this sketch will be published in the January issue. It will introduce Dr. Holmes to the circle of Wits and Old Fogies in Elysium.]

"HYPNOTISM, ITS USES AND ITS DANGERS."\*

It is truly refreshing and delightful to read a book, which, while its subject and its matter belong to the realm of science, has a style and manner so simple, so easy and so attractive that the unscientific may read it with both interest and benefit. Dr. Cocke's book on "Hypnotism, Its Uses and its Dangers," is of this type. Because of his direct and simple method, the subject is neither dry nor difficult. There are touches in the book which are both graceful and poetic, and yet they in no way detract from the simple dignity and direct forcefulness of its scientific purpose and spirit.

Chapter X. is a powerful temperance lecture without a trace of the usual maudlin emotionalism of the temperance lecturer. There are, here and there, touches of a more or less grim humor which catch the reader before his interest in the sterner and more technical features of the book has time to flag. It is ability of a somewhat unusual nature which can combine in style technical accuracy and information upon an abstruse topic with dignity and humor. Dr. Cocke also says most refreshingly from time to time, "I do not know." This seems to be a particularly difficult sentence to write or to pronounce, if one may judge by the usual works of professional men. They appear as a rule to feel that it would weaken their influence with the public if they confess the limits of their knowledge — or rather, if they confess that their knowledge has limits. No greater mistake could be made. The very confession gives force to that which they do know. It indicates a sense of proportion, of valuation.

In Chapter XIII., and indeed in many places throughout Dr. Cocke's book, there are strong hints and suggestions in the direction of heredity and of prenatal studies which the students of these subjects will find of much interest and full of "food for reflection." Indeed the book, while it deals primarily and specially with hypnotism and its use as a remedial agent in disease, incidentally touches upon many allied topics with a direct common sense that is truly a pleasing surprise to the general reader, or to the anthropological student, who is forced to wade through so many books and treatises which are often vague in expression, technical in style, and generally heavily stupid in their attempt to appear profound. The old idea seemed to be that in order to be or to appear learned or profound, an author must be stupidly solemn and heavily dull; that he must use long words and technical forms of speech; that he must express himself in such a manner that very few of his readers could possibly grasp his meaning even if they forced themselves to struggle through his involved sentences — which fewer still would do. This type of scientific writer is happily passing away. If we are to have the elements of scientific knowledge popularized (and surely nothing

\* "Hypnotism, Its Uses and Its Dangers," by James R. Cocke, M. D. Published only in cloth; pp. 315; price \$1.50. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.



could be more vital if the RACE is to grow wiser and healthier and happier) it is of the first importance that scientific writers who possess that happy gift of clear, direct, simple and forceful expression should present to the lay public just such books as this one by Dr. Cocke.

Regarding the facts with which he deals, I am not competent to express an opinion, since I have never made a study of that class of phenomena. Dr. Cocke has spent a number of years testing his facts and gathering others from the literature of the world. His bibliography is full and extensive. He does not permit his enthusiasm to run away with his judgment. He stops short of dogmatizing. All of this gives one faith in the accuracy of his observation, and in the value of his *data*. Therefore to the lay reader as well as to the professional student, the book has a distinct message of worth, and its style and method render it most agreeable reading.

There is a chapter upon "Telepathy." It, also, is interesting, but to me it is not so convincing as are other parts of the book. This, however, may be due to my own mental attitude. To another, I have no doubt that this part of the book will seem as valuable as do the other parts to me. Certainly it is full of suggestion and of food for thought for any one. Throughout the book the author has sought to divest of superstition and of supernaturalism all of the topics of which he treats and to promote an intelligent interest in ill-understood but natural phenomena.

The book is a fine specimen of the art of book-making. It is printed in full, clear type upon fine paper and is bound most attractively. Altogether it is something of a departure in scientific book-making, in that it appeals to the artistic and graceful as well as to the intellectual side of the reader.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

#### FICTION OF PURPOSE.

It has been the fashion to decry the novel with a purpose. Literary critics of conceded good local taste and of undoubted sincerity, imbued with the spirit of their times and governed by the literary atmosphere of their environments, have believed that the novel should have no purpose other than to entertain and amuse; should call attention to no evil nor suggest a remedy for any wrong, but should rather picture a world and its people and times and conditions as the writer imagines these might or should be. This limited and happily waning idea of the field of fiction came naturally from the debased *status* of fictitious compared with poetic, historic, biographic and scientific writings.

The king's jester held markedly lower rank than did the king's poet or singer or the king's biographer. And the king in all ages has set the standard of fashion in literature as in other regards, and in all ages it has been only the epoch-marking minds that have broken away from these standards. It takes many generations of human effort to break entirely away from an attainer, and the king's jester has many times become



the king's counsellor while his wise men have learned from this amuser of the king that

" 'Tis by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from heaven away."

A sincere disapproval of the novel with a purpose belongs to that age and social condition when it was all but universally conceded that it was the legitimate and bounden duty of the many to clothe and feed and amuse the few; that it was the few—as it were the elect—who need take no thought of what they should eat or drink or wherewithal they should be clothed, since the many—the non-elect—must see to these matters. Under these conditions it was a natural sequence that some odium should attach to the work of providing food, clothing, amusement, etc., and this odium was emphasized and aggravated in all Christian lands when the amusement derived or rendered came through the form of fictitious stories, either written or spoken, and this because of the Christian interpretation of the Mosaic commandment against lying. This dishonor or degradation naturally caused fiction to be only tolerated, and tolerated simply as a means of amusement.

To depart from this restriction and to attempt to instruct or to censure, or even to suggest improvement or the possible need of improvement by the few, who had always made public opinion, and especially to use fiction for this purpose, was held by these few—and their opinion was passively accepted by the many—to be in bad taste, not in good style, of doubtful grammar and questionable rhetoric and false logic—probably immoral.

As man has evolved into a more interrogating and independent if not higher type of thinking animal, both the thoughtful and observant writer and reader, and therefore society in general, have come to recognize the possible utility of fiction, and the realistic school of novelists has developed until to-day—but for the important fact that the greater freedom enjoyed by woman has forced the recognition that the sex must be counted in literature, and the brightest and most progressive women having chosen the form of the novel with a purpose whereby to express themselves, has aggravated the bitterness of certain envious brother writers' attacks on the purposeful novel—aside from these few old-fashioned and hereditarily prejudiced writers and some grandmatronly readers it is at least corroborative evidence of intellectual weakness to read any fiction but that which is written for a high and moral purpose, to call sharp and close attention to some wrong, or to suggest some remedy, some improvement. The purposeful novel is manifestly multiplying, and though it has to contend with the pirated and other cheap productions, it is growing in popularity and in practical utility.

Among the leading writers of this higher kind of fiction is Helen H. Gardener, who, as is well known, is first of all an exceedingly brilliant essayist, noted for her strong, vigorous, concise and pure English.

There have not been recently published by any other author in the

same length of time three such remarkable and popular novels as are the three recently written by Mrs. Gardener and entitled "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" and "An Unofficial Patriot." The first was published in 1891 and is now in its 40th edition, and the second published in 1892 is now in its 13th edition; the third came out last April and its publishers are about getting out the third edition. For vigorous exposé and denunciation of wrong; for eloquent, high, sincere moral purpose; for pure, simple, strong, perfect English; for clean and lofty thought and expression, and for invincible and unanswerable logic and reasoning, these books are not excelled in any language.

It may not be generally known that Mrs. Gardener's "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" has controlled the vote of the legislature of at least one of the states on the infamous age of consent law, and her publisher has been recently asked to supply this winter the members of the legislatures of several of the states with copies of this book and also of her "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" in view of a probable consideration of this same vicious and terrible law.

Her latest novel, "An Unofficial Patriot," while it is in a different vein, is equally realistic and purposeful with her other now famous novels. This book astonished her critics, and a prominent publisher in writing of it said: "It is so different from her other works that one hardly knows what to make of it. It is more in the manner of the popular school of novelists. I can understand that she may have had a natural wish to show that she could meet her rivals on their own ground and surpass them. She is to be congratulated upon having shown this most admirably. Now I hope that when she next writes she will go again to the reform line. There are plenty of mere entertainers and plenty of preachers in the literary field, but there is only one Helen Gardener, and her admirers are best satisfied when they see her doing the work that no one else can do."

CLARENCE PERCIVAL SMITH.

PROFESSOR CURTIS' "BACK TO THE OLD TESTAMENT." \*

The relation of the Old and New Testaments is a matter of no small importance in the study of both collections of writings. The New as well as the Old Testament is a production of the Jewish mind under varied religious and ethical conditions, and he who undertakes to understand the one without regard to the other will miss the true meaning of both. Professor Curtis has rendered an important service to students of the Bible in his attempt to place the relation of the two Testaments upon a basis which is sound because it is on the whole rational. This relation, he has rightly apprehended, can never be understood by one

\* "Back to the Old Testament for the Message of the New: An Effort to connect more closely the Testaments; to which is added a Series of Papers on Various Old Testament Books and Subjects." By Anson Bartie Curtis, B. D., Ph. D., Instructor in Hebrew in Tufts College Divinity School. Universalist Publishing House, Boston.

who sets out from the presupposition of the "harmonist." The two Testaments cannot be brought into accord by a harmonizing exegesis, because they are not really in accord in the sense assumed by this sort of treatment.

Their relation does not, moreover, show "a progressive revelation," unless a revelation may be supposed to contradict itself. The advance from sacrificial worship to its repudiation by the prophets, and from the law of retaliation to its contradiction by Jesus, does not denote a progressive revelation, but a development of man's moral-religious consciousness. The relation of type and antitype, or of prophecy and fulfilment, is likewise invalid, if these terms are taken in their usual sense. One views the Old Testament without the right historical perspective when one regards it from the point of view of the New Testament writers, who applied violent exegesis to some of its predictions in the interest of making it appear that the Christian history had been foretold in detail. The New Testament was unconsciously contained in the Old, just as a higher order of moral and social life is sometimes implicitly contained in a lower while no one who lives in this latter order clearly apprehends that it is yet to be developed.

Accordingly, Professor Curtis is right in maintaining that the Old Testament is not to be explained out of the New, but rather the New out of the Old, and that "the meaning of a New Testament writer is to be determined by an appeal to the religious notions upon which he was working, and which gave the form, and to a greater or less degree the content, of his thought." How true this is of Paul may be seen by any one who will compare some of his leading doctrines with the Old Testament and later Jewish theology. The attempt to understand him without reference to antecedent thought is like undertaking to comprehend Kant without regard to Locke and Hume. No work is permanent or fruitful which does not strike its roots into the past. If, as Professor Curtis remarks, "not only is Judaism a preparation for Christianity, a stage in the development of the most perfect and complete religion, but it has also certain permanent elements that can never be superseded," it is also true that Christianity is not historically thinkable without its predecessor, and that "the permanent elements" of the two religions are not widely different from one another.

Professor Curtis' chapter entitled "Back to the Old Testament for a New Conception of the Messiah," in which he gives a brief sketch of the Messianic idea as expressed in the Jewish canonical and apocryphal literature, shows clearly the futility of the traditional exegesis which finds the Old Testament burdened with New Testament and modern dogmatic conceptions of Christ. The history of the Messianic hope in the Old Testament and the later Jewish literature shows a development in which the idea of the Messiah is transformed almost beyond recognition. But we look in vain through the entire course of this development for a representation of the Jesus of the synoptics, while the Jesus

of the fourth evangelist or of Paul would not have been recognized by any one of the earlier writers. Professor Curtis' statement is certainly moderate enough that "the impartial exegete will promptly admit that the best parts of the Hebrew Scriptures fail to apprehend clearly and in all its details the mission of Jesus of Nazareth who is called Christ. And, indeed, the best parts of the Old Testament recognize the fact that there is a certain justice in interpreting their prophecies by their fulfillment, *whatever that may be*." The position is also well taken that "it would be to tear the Testaments completely asunder to say that the New Testament Messiah was to save the world by his blood, to become righteousness for his people, to ransom their lives with his. In the sense in which these words are usually understood they imply a total departure from the Old Testament circle of ideas."

The remark is, however, somewhat hazardous that "presumably the New Testament writers, building as they did on the Old Testament, would not have advocated such doctrines." The Pauline doctrine of the atonement, which the exegesis of Ritschl and his followers has not succeeded in explaining away, may be placed against this presumption. It is hardly "presumable" in the light of the facts that a New Testament writer should not depart from the Messianic conceptions of the Old Testament. The Messianic conception of Christ himself is a departure from most of those in the Old Testament, and those of the fourth evangelist and Paul would not have been accepted by him.

Of especial interest is Professor Curtis' carefully written chapter on "Back to the Old Testament for the Suffering Messiah," in which the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is discussed with great fairness and force. The conclusion is reached that the author of this section of the prophecy meant by "the servant of Jahveh" not an individual Messiah but "the Israelitish nation or the pious kernel in the nation." It is, however, not a little surprising that he should appeal to the fourth gospel for evidence that Jesus understood the atonement referred to in Isaiah in a "spiritualized," that is to say rationalized, sense. It may be regarded as a pretty well settled canon of criticism that a discrimination must be made between the ideas of the fourth evangelist and the real teachings of Jesus.

In his chapter on "Evolution and the Old Testament" it is to be regretted that Professor Curtis does not more clearly define his attitude toward the fallacy which lies in the conception of a "progressive revelation." Or would he resolve the difficulty by making "progressive revelation" synonymous with progressive discovery? We can hardly believe that he would thus play with words.

The reader cannot but be deeply interested in the chapter entitled "Leisurely Rambles in the Old Testament with some of its Friends and Admirers." The work is very able, interesting and suggestive, shows wide reading and careful study, and is written in a very engaging style.

ORELLO CONE.

## A GREAT MOTHER.\*

One of the brightest and most hopeful signs of our times is seen in the increased regard and deference being paid to woman, and above all to motherhood. For centuries upon centuries childhood has been regaled with stories of blood and carnage, wrought by brutal and conscienceless men who have been held up as the *beau ideal* of heroism; but motherhood has had small notice. The supreme influences in shaping the finest and best impulses during the early years of childhood have been ignored. The time has not so long vanished but that youth may remember that the epithet "mother's boy" and the term "womanish" were used as expressions of contempt. These were survivals of deeds of savagery which trampled women into characterless nonentities, while cajoling the mistress and lording over the wife. But the world has taken some very rapid strides during recent years; woman has felt her dignity; she is beginning to scorn that so-called chivalrous attention from men which she is wont to bestow upon her poodle dog. She demands a place in the great world of thought and action. She is fast rising to the dignity of that freedom which calls forth the noblest instincts latent in the arisen soul, as sun and shower call forth the sleeping flowers.

The woman above all other women who has exerted the greatest power over millions of Christian women in the English-speaking world to-day, for their high and wholesome freedom, is Frances E. Willard. No voice has proved so potent in rallying Christian motherhood to defend the home from the encroachments of impurity and intemperance. No one can estimate the influence this great woman has exerted in arousing the young women of our age to a sensible realization of the fact that they have missions other than that of echoing the ideas of others, or thoughtlessly parroting opinions, which in too many instances are the expression of twaddle given forth by a prostituted press or soulless and slavish politicians at the behest of organized immorality, corporate power or conscienceless greed.

To Miss Willard also, more than to any hundred ministers, is due the honor of breaking the deadly spell of the Paulist doctrine, which like a Stygian vapor held in its dread grasp the soul of womanhood, which would otherwise, long before, have rallied to the front in defence of the honor and the elevation of higher morality in state, school and home.

Any work written by this gifted woman will be read with interest by millions who love and admire her. But when one picks up her last and, in some particulars, her most noticeable volume, he will feel a peculiar interest, for within its pages Frances Willard has given the story of her mother's life. It would be well for parents to place this volume in the hands of their children, or, better still, to read it aloud at eventide and converse upon its absorbing contents; not merely because of its interest

\* "A Great Mother," by Frances E. Willard. Cloth; pp. 297; price \$1.50. Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, Chicago.

as a biography, nor yet because it lifts the sacred curtain and lets us see the life and home of the noble mother of the great head of the W. C. T. U. and world-wide White Ribbon movement, but because it helps shift the ideals of childhood from the tales of blood and the *pseudo* heroism of blood-shedding characters to the sweet ideal of the true heroism, in which peace and moral rectitude replace the brutal deeds of the heroes of a more savage past.

This volume comprises 297 pages. It is handsomely illustrated with twenty-one photogravures, and should have a wide sale. Of course the author is intensely orthodox in many of her views, and the character with whom she so lovingly and beautifully deals was still more orthodox; but few among our readers who may dissent from many convictions held true by Miss Willard because of different conceptions honestly entertained, will fail to enjoy a work at once noble, inspiring and transparently sincere?

B. O. FLOWER.

#### ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES.\*

Any one who has ever heard Mrs. Twitchell plead the cause of the single tax, must have realized that she infused into her subject something that is new, that is spiritual. It is her principal merit to supply a certain feminine sensitiveness, a sort of delicate exaltation, to the study of political economy. This is the right note to use in addressing women, for they need a stimulus of this sort, at present, before their attention can be fixed upon economic questions.

At the same time there is no trace of vagueness in Mrs. Twitchell's statement of principles or in her use of illustrations. She is simple and direct at all times. Take for example the opening paragraph of her little pamphlet:—

What is production? A man with a sharp stick is digging clams on the beach. He is producing clams. The *beach*, his *labor* and the *stick* are the three factors in production. This most simple mode in no way differs in principle from the most complex form of production, with its boss, its army of wage earners and its modern machinery. Each has three, and only three, factors: land, labor and capital.

Here is a fundamental principle stated with accuracy and conviction. Upon it Mrs. Twitchell can build her pamphlet, passing in review the subjects of "Production," "Distribution," and "The Law of Rent," and finally reaching, as the natural outcome and solution, "The Single Tax" with all that that implies.

We commend pp. 36, 37 and 38 as a clear description of the position occupied by single taxers between the two extremes of state socialism and philosophical anarchism. The truth is the single tax gives full play to the two great principles that man is part of a social organism and yet is in himself an individual. Any system of social reform which attempts to disregard one or the other of these principles must inevitably fail.

W. D. McCRACKAN.

\* "Economic Principles, or How Wealth is Produced and How it is Distributed," by Eliza Stowe Twitchell. Pamphlet; price 15 cents. Published by the author at Wollaston, Mass.



## THE OTHER WORLD AND THIS.\*

For the many who are a trifle weary of mere speculation as to the other world and who are indifferent to much of the work in this direction, it may be said at once that "The Other World and This" limits itself in great degree to the ethical side of the subject, and that Mrs. Fletcher has sought to present not speculations but the result of long experience and observation. Accepting the spiritual philosophy as one deserving the respectful attention of the investigator, she gives here her own conclusions in this direction. Between thirty and forty short essays make up the volume, in which in simple and straightforward fashion the writer outlines her conception of spiritual philosophy.

She especially disclaims any right to be judged merely from the literary standpoint. Her business is with thoughts and not with care for the form of their presentation. In the simplicity which is not always the result of this theory of composition, Mrs. Fletcher's natural good sense and the fact that she has had some training in expression, serve her in good stead. The book cannot hold attention in the same fashion as the work of Prentice Mulford, whose series entitled the "White Cross Library" it is designed to supplement. It is marked by a dispassionate quality, which may come from Mrs. Fletcher's training as a physician, and her comments on methods of healing, the Keeley cure, etc., are full of common sense no less than the chapters relating to crime, in which she treats of "Crime by Inheritance," "Conditions Producing Crime," and "Idiocy." Her view of theosophy as a species of bastard spiritualism will undoubtedly bring upon her the wrath of theosophic readers, and she is equally severe upon those who investigate and believe but do not dare to state their convictions. In short, as a simple and direct statement of a faith held in this country by more than eleven millions of people, the book deserves the place it will undoubtedly gain, and is commended to the student in these lines.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

## MOTHER, WILL AND I.†

Not only are there books and books, but there are also titles and titles. A varied experience has forced upon us all the former fact; the latter, though patent enough, may have escaped the particular attention of some readers of this page. Among numerous varieties which are well known may be noted the title direct and the title indirect, the sensational title and the matter-of-fact title, the two-story-and-a-half-with-a-French-roof title and the title monosyllabic, the title you can't remember and the one you can't forget; there is the title which tells

\* "The Other World and This: A Compendium of Spiritual Laws," by Augusta W. Fletcher, M. D., New White Cross Literature. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 278; price \$1. Charles B. Reed, 164 Fulton Street, New York.

† "Mother, Will and I," by Milton Coit. Pp. 390; price, paper 50 cents; cloth \$1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.



the whole story, and that which tells nothing, or less. One may learn something of the characteristics of many authors in twenty minutes' study of a library catalogue. In fact the title quite as frequently describes the writer as the book.

There is the author with a long list of works, each titled with a proper name—"Sara Sillenger," "Dora Ludlow," "Roy Rantoul," etc. This author probably appeals to personal feelings, to basic human passions—or tries to; or else aims at the production of striking portraiture, with still more doubtful success. There are honored names among the writers of fiction who have christened many of their books in this way; while the list of their would-be imitators is simply legion.

The concocter of "Billy the Biped," "Sierra Sam the Slugger," "Ned the Know Nothing," etc., etc., etc., has evidently studied the art of apt alliteration to good purpose; but of course ARENA readers never come in contact with his works, and it would therefore be a waste of space to remark further on them here, even if the present reviewer were duly qualified for the undertaking.

The analytical author is likely to strive for descriptive titles, the ambitious author for brilliant ones; and not a few instances of achievement in each of these lines will probably occur to any well posted devourer of novels. The man or woman who has written half a dozen books in the titles of which you can trace no general resemblance, is at least rare. If the six titles are not only diverse, but separately and individually clever, the author must be either a genius or a miraculously good blunderer.

What I have to say first about the volume under review is that it has a good title—not an adventurously striking one, but a title to fasten attention by its definiteness and simplicity. In this crucial point of his initial venture (the volume contains an amount of *naivete*, not to say—occasionally—crudity, which convinces me that it is a first book) the author has achieved success. Yet the people who will be most attracted by the title—those who love a quiet, homey, possible, probable piece of fiction—will be disappointed in the story. It does contain many pages of just the material which its name will lead them to forecast for it; there are pictures of family affection, playful sketches of home life, the portrayal of disinterested devotion; but its main trend is in a different direction, its prevailing theme is keyed to a dissonant pitch. It is not so much a novel for the divertisement of the ordinary reader, as a textbook for the student of social science.

The reflecting reader of "Mother, Will and I" lays down the book with the conviction, "Either this is hideously powerful fiction—or it is not fiction at all." A normally constituted mortal will add, "If it be fiction, I want no more of the kind; if it be fact, society should consider well its import."

That it is fact the author evidently means us to understand from his introduction, where he speaks of it as a "true story," and says, "I

merely describe as truthfully as I can a rehearsal that I chanced to witness." There are many passages and incidents whose reality will so impress themselves upon the reader's mind as to powerfully reinforce the claim thus made for the book.

It is a very beautiful picture which is given us of the hero in the days of his boyhood and early manhood. His passionate love for his mother, his generous fraternal affection, his enthusiastic altruism, are drawn with a tender touch, and our good regards are most willingly won by the portraiture. The family misfortunes enlist our sympathies still more deeply; but here the disagreeable part of the story begins. The gradual change in Will Coit, from the would-be preacher, full of true impulses and holy affections, to the insanely desperate avenger of his mother's sufferings, is likely to strike us with horror as well as with disappointment; it seems a change too violent for the reader to accept with a proper resignation to the demands of the plot. Yet if we will but do the author the justice to follow his narrative with attention, we shall see that the metamorphosis is not arbitrary or baseless; but that, considering the difficulties of the situation, it has been accomplished consistently and with not a little skill. We had reason to admire many characteristics of the boy hero; we might also have found equal reason to fear for his future. In our fragmentary and inconsequent world, such rose-hued hopes as his must, at least partially, fail of fruition; and to his keenly sensitive spirit, the natural reaction would be in the direction of misanthropy. His intense egoism, his overmastering will, might as readily go toward the composition of an arch fiend as of an archangel, if once the current of his being were turned downward. This downward turn is given by the circumstances which thwart his persistent attempts to replace his mother in a position of affluence, or at least of comfort.

But how comes it that he loses his trust in God? That is the beacon light which he needs to guide his course in this soul-testing storm; and even after so many of his hopes have been blighted, that should enable him to fulfil the dying behest of his mother. Ought not faith to be sufficient to sustain him, as it does his parents? Yes, if it were an equally genuine thing, rooted in definite conviction and personal experience; but he himself acknowledges that it was only a parasite, nourished for a time by his mother's trust; hence it proves not able, like an independent growth, to weather the assaults of misfortune and doubt. From this time darkness envelops all his thought.

I said that we could account for the change in Will Coit; but I do not admit that his mind, in the second stage of its development, was a normal one. His sense of personal grievance develops into acute mania. There is method in his madness, but madness it is, nevertheless. His best-spun theories are based on the fatal error that hate can combat hate and win a victory of love. It does not require a man great in either mind or heart to hate social injustice — when it touches him; the

great man is he who, while hating the injustice, pities the doer of it for his sin, as well as the victim for his suffering, and works to save both, if possible, at the same time. No man can truly love one part of the race who hates, vindictively, the rest. Some of Will's old boyish dreams of a career were infinitely wiser as well as gentler than the man's machinations. He who would help humanity should remember that the uplift needs to be a moral one all along the line. The man who is poor and selfish is not superior to him who is rich and selfish, for the former would only emulate the behavior of the latter if given an opportunity; the fact wants no louder proof than the character of many a rich man who was himself a nursling of poverty.

The most significant part of the book is that wherein are sketched the careers of the little band of anarchists who were associated under Will's leadership. It behooves both patriots and plutocrats to give a thought to the processes which produce revolutionists; and the history of the development of these several characters is given with a directness and power that lead us instinctively to credit the narrative with absolute fidelity to fact. It is not so much a question for us—since we have no police jurisdiction in the matter—whether these men were reasonable or not, whether they were treasonable or not; but rather we should address ourselves to discovering whether or not they had just cause for complaint against the social organism which had won their resentment. I do not attempt to solve the enigmas connected with the answer to this query; I simply emphasize the questions which are inevitably raised by such a story—"Where is the wrong?" and "How can it be righted?"

The characters delineated, aside from the hero, deserve at least a passing notice. The portrait of the beloved mother is sketchily rather than strongly drawn. She seems quite as often an abstraction as a living personality—a name and a nucleus about which to concentrate the beautiful devotion of her sons, but scarcely a living factor in the book otherwise. The same indefiniteness applies to the characterization of Judge Coit in the earlier part of the volume; but after he receives a new lease of life by being put in possession of a farm, he suddenly becomes genuine flesh and blood.

A frank and unconventional, in fact rather new, specimen of young womanhood is given us in the warm-hearted Julia, who is by no means uninteresting as a contrast to the familiar tailor-made heroines of books innumerable. Originality, which hides a multitude of sins, is a merit that "Mother, Will and I" may distinctly claim.

As for the other girl character of the book, the loving but luckless Fanny, we can only say that she was in many respects worthy of a happier fate than that which she so gladly accepted. Alas that the man who makes shipwreck of his own life should almost invariably involve some innocent woman in the same ruin!

We cannot help the impression that the author allows the supposed narrator of the story more than a deserved amount of good fortune;

though a ray of sunshine at the close of the book is really needed, from an artistic point of view, to relieve the intense gloom which pervades, for the most part, the later chapters. Milton Coit is purely a nonentity—except in his love affairs; but this is a fate almost necessarily allotted to the first person singular in any novel where the interest is focused on another character. Examples would be easy to multiply, from Phineas Fletcher in "John Halifax, Gentleman," down through a host of lesser books; and I do not now recall any very conspicuous exceptions to the rule.

It is in accordance with my theory of a first book that there should be in it passages which would bear some literary sandpapering, so to speak; nevertheless the story contains more than a little good writing—terse, tense English; words edged like fine tools for their special purpose. One of the most striking instances of the author's power in the use of language is to be found in the vividly gressome circular addressed to suicides; it may be described as a splendid specimen of pure horribleness.

I have scarcely outlined the story, I have not even summarized in a thorough manner the impressions produced by its reading, or indicated all the trains of thought which its perusal might start; I have simply sketched some salient points here and there, leaving an exhaustive review to some other pen.

CLARA L. SHATTUCK.

#### HOW TO GET WELL AND HOW TO KEEP WELL.\*

Dr. Thomas A. Bland, president of the Eclectic Medical Society of the District of Columbia, has written a little work which will doubtless prove very popular, as it contains simple directions for home treatment of common diseases and several admirable chapters on "How to Keep Well." Dr. Bland believes in medicine, and his treatment is along the lines of the Eclectic school. With this thought in view, the reader will gain a fair idea of the first half of the volume by the following extracts from its Table of Contents:—

*The Causes of Disease.*—Eating and Drinking; Tobacco; Indolence; Labor; Dissipation; Poisons, etc.

*How Medicines Act.*—Dr. Eberly Says Doctors Don't Know; Positive Inferior to Inferential Knowledge; Action of Medicine Illustrated.

*Forms of Disease and Modes of Treatment.*—Malarial or Bilious Fever; Ague; Typhoid Fever; Pneumonia; Pleurisy; Quinsy; Croup; Consumption; Diphtheria; Scarlet Fever; Measles; Influenza; La Grippe; Small-pox; Asthma; Rheumatism; Neuralgia; Apoplexy; Dropsy; Cholera Morbus; Heartburn; Colic; Catarrh; Headache; Dyspepsia; Piles; Scrofula; White Swelling; Disease of the Heart; Epilepsy; St. Vitus' Dance; Insanity.

*Description of Leading Medicines.*—Lobelia; Podophyllum; Dandelion; Black Root; Butternut; Peruvian Bark; Salicin; Dogwood; Boneset; Cayenne Pepper; Ginger; Pleurisy Root; Elecampane; Skunk Cabbage; Spikenard; Hoarhound; Blood-

\* "How To Get Well and How To Keep Well: A Family Physician and Guide to Health," by Thomas A. Bland, M. D. Cloth; pp. 202; price \$1. Plymouth Publishing Company.

root; Yellow Dock; Burdock; Queen's Root; Yellow Root; Prickly Ash; Gentian; Yellow Poplar.

*Medical Compounds.* — Pulmonic Balsam; Stomach Bitters; Tonic Bitters; Alterative Syrup; Neutralizing Cordial; Woman's Cordial; Kidney Compound; Medicamentum; Vermifuge; Tapeworm Syrup; Expectorant Syrup; Anti-Bilious Pills; Tonic Pills; Neuralgia Pills; Healing Salve; Ointment for Skin Disease; Liniment.

*Water as a Medicine.* — Water-Cure Systems Reviewed; Wet-Sheet Pack; Vapor Bath; Sitz Bath; Fomentations and Compresses.

*Electricity and Magnetism.* — Definition of Electricity; Magnetism Defined and Its Use as a Healing Agent Commended; How To Apply It.

Part Second deals with Food and How to Prepare It, Pure Air, Pure Water, Physical Exercise, Rest, Climatic Influences, and The Power of Mind in Disease. These chapters are excellent, and, while one may not agree with all the doctor's views, the work will be helpful to those who believe in medicine, and those who have little faith in drugs can derive much profit from the sensible observations found in the second part.

The work is neatly bound and contains an excellent portrait of the author.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP FOR DECEMBER.

##### A SUMPTUOUS EDITION OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.\*

One of the most attractive holiday books we have seen is the new edition of "Paul and Virginia" just published by D. Appleton & Co. Admirable illustrations are found on almost every page, the type is large and inviting, and the book is handsomely bound in ornamental cloth. Not the least interesting feature of this work is the carefully prepared biographical sketch of Bernardin de Saint Pierre. It is a book which merits a wide sale, and it is difficult to see how the publishers are able to bring out so handsome a volume at so small a price.

##### THREE JUVENILE BOOKS FROM ROBERTS BROTHERS.

###### *Two Excellent Books for Children.†*

"Penelope Prig and Other Stories," is a book of admirable stories for children of from ten to fourteen years of age. Handsomely illustrated and beautifully bound. An excellent gift book.

Another beautifully bound work published by the same house is, "Not Quite Eighteen," a title which probably refers to the number of stories in the book, which contains sixteen. The author, Susan Coolidge, is well known as a writer of wholesome stories for little ones. This volume is suitable for children from six to ten years of age; its atmosphere is good, and the stories are told in a way to interest the children. It is a *good book*. Both these works are specially suited for girls.

\* "Paul and Virginia," by Bernardin de Saint Pierre. Ornamental cloth stamped in gold, profusely illustrated; price \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

† "Penelope Prig and Other Stories," by A. G. Plympton. Illustrated by the author; cloth; pp. 194; price \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers.

"Not Quite Eighteen," by Susan Coolidge. Cloth; pp. 284; price \$1.25. Boston, Roberts Brothers.

*The Voyage of the Liberdade.\**

This is a book of travel, or rather the straightforward story of a cruise in a little boat around the east coast of South America. The book is not particularly well written, but the adventures described will give it interest for boys, and the descriptions of the lands visited and the customs of the various peoples give the volume a value not possessed by mere stories.

## SELECTIONS FROM ADDISON'S ESSAYS.†

Addison is the founder of the modern popular English prose style, at once familiar and elegant, and to read his best papers is to take a lesson in good manners as well as in good literature. In a delightful variety of social satire he shows a grace, urbanity and humor never since surpassed, and he has given us at least one character, Sir Roger de Coverley, as familiar to us as any other in fiction. This is the high praise that posterity accords to Joseph Addison, author, poet and politician; born in 1672; died in 1719. In this attractive volume we have the following selected essays from among his best writings: "Sir Roger de Coverley"; "Society, Fashions, Minor Morals"; "Mr. Spectator and His Paper"; "Literary and Critical Topics"; "Morals and Religion." The introduction is by Prof. C. T. Winchester, English Literature Department of Wesleyan University. This is a book to which none are apt to take exception and which supplies pleasing and helpful reading for all.

## SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.‡

The mission of Goldsmith seems to have been fully accomplished in his work — namely, that of making life more pleasant and happy, of cheering homes otherwise sad, or making long hours short, or lonely days cheerful. Oliver Goldsmith is read wherever men read English; and, where he is read, he is almost always loved. No home library can be complete without this author. In this inviting volume we have the following selections: "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," "Retaliation," "Pictures of Life," "The Man in Black," "Books and Authors," "The Eccentricities of Fashion," "Literature and Taste," "Various Matters," and "Extracts from the Life of Richard Nash, Esq." In the introduction Edward Everett Hale gives, in characteristic felicity of style, a charming sketch of the author's life.

\* "The Voyage of the Liberdade," by Captain Joshua Slocum. Illustrated; cloth; pp. 162; price \$1. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

† Joseph Addison: Selected Essays. Cloth; 12mo; price 75 cents. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

‡ Selections from the Works of Oliver Goldsmith. Cloth; 12mo; price 75 cents. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

## NEW WORKS FROM LEE &amp; SHEPARD.

*A Valuable Work on Mental Healing.\**

"I Am Well" is the title of a suggestive and in many ways very valuable work by C. W. Post. It is a very thorough and exhaustive treatise, both upon the theory and practice of the system of cure by natural suggestion. It explains the principles of mental healing as founded upon the fundamental premise that man, by the development of his intelligence, secures a "marvellous control over material by the power of his mentality, and proves it by curing his physical ailments and preserving bodily health solely by the skilful exercise of mind." Vitality and strength are shown to be the instantaneous results of the process of mental healing, when man "discovers his true connection with eternal energy, and that knowledge brings with it a portion of the power of the Supreme."

The book is written in an attractive and lucid style, and, whatever may be one's opinion as to the system advocated, it merits regard as an able and full exposition of the views concerning the true nature of health and disease advocated by the author. It is entitled to be regarded as a vade mecum of the methods adopted in that treatment, as well as a compendium of the arguments which are used for its support, presented in a truly original and vigorous way. It will undoubtedly reach a wide circulation as an authoritative exponent of the science of life which it presents and champions.

*Back Country Poems.†*

"Back Country Poems" by Sam Walter Foss, comes like a sunbeam athwart the dreary waste of current versification, with its genial jingles filled with their odd and charming mixture of humor and philosophy. Almost every stanza written by Mr. Foss has a comical twist in it somewhere, and his poems abound in humor—real humor—the kind that will force even a dyspeptic to laugh and which yet never leaves a sting behind.

He has a peculiar knack of combining healthy humor with sound and homely philosophy. He always gives a philosophical turn to his fun, and a funny twist to his philosophy, in a way that is peculiarly his own and which is as wholesome as it is delightful and popular. Mr. Foss' poetry is quite well known to the newspaper readers of the country, for many waifs from his pen are even now drifting about, some of them credited with his name and some long ago orphaned, but still finding a place in corners of backwoods papers and of backwoods hearts.

There is in these poems a naturalness, a love of humanity and an insight into human and inanimate nature that one likes at first sight.

\* "I Am Well." Cloth; price \$1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

† "Back Country Poems," by Sam Walter Foss. Handsome cloth; price \$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.



Their strongest point, after their all-pervading humor, is to be found in the fact that they all contain something for every degree of intelligence; their logic is sometimes ludicrously deep for the backwoods dialect in which they are written, but the mind that can take only a dipperful will go away satisfied as well as that which can take a pailful.

There is a certain pliability about dialect language that especially fits it for versification, and Mr. Foss, like James Whitcomb Riley, has made the most of this fact. The theorist who dogmatically asserts that the day of the dialect is past must mend his theory upon reading poems like these. The fact is that dialect is a dead language nowadays for the novelist and story writer, but not for the poet. The truth that the readers of this rushing age will not spare the time to spell out a dialect novel does not apply to the short poem of three or four stanzas, in which the capability of the words to be twisted in all sorts of ways adds in rhythm and jingle much more than it takes away in legibility.

*Because I Love You.\**

This is one of the daintiest and, were it not for the black fly leaves, would be one of the handsomest bound volumes of this season. It requires good taste to make a choice selection of poems even from the rich mine of published poetry, but the compiler has succeeded most admirably. She has given an excellent work from which to select sentiments to accompany a gift of flowers. It is just the book also to present to the "nearer one, dearer one yet than all others," who has given comfort and encouragement to the rough ways and steep ways of life, or to the aged friend, or the bereaved one, cherishing yet the memory of days of love, and remembering that love is still the promise of the future. No taste merely, but spiritual insight has directed this grouping of the best thoughts of the best poets, and it is a veritable casket of gems.

*Sirs, Only Seventeen.†*

Miss Virginia Townsend has many admirers, and anything new from her pen will be received by them with great pleasure and interest. She always introduces us to characters that we like to associate with. She does not seem to expend much energy in giving us psychological analysis, but manages to call out our hearts to them. She throws upon our senses the charm of youth and beauty without diminishing our reverence for the soul within it, or permitting us to forget that it is a blossom of Divine Thought. Her plots are always ingenious and full of interest, and incidents and situations follow swiftly in her stories. Her books are always pure. She has marked descriptive and imaginative powers, which are displayed at their best in this new story. In it she

\* "Because I Love You." Cloth; white and gold ornamental binding; pp. 228; price \$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

† "Sirs, Only Seventeen," by Virginia F. Townsend. Cloth; pp. 324; price \$1.50. Lee & Shepard.

pictures the lives of some very interesting people, prominent among whom are Dorothy Draycott and her brother Tom, a Harvard student, two very strong and attractive characters.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS, LEE & SHEPARD.

"*Miss Jerome's Banners.*" Lee & Shepard have issued for the holiday trade four original banners, in colors and gold. They are entitled "Joy Banner," "Rest Banner," "Every Day Banner," and "What Will the Violets Be?" The selections are excellent, but we doubt if the banners will prove popular at the price — fifty cents each. They do not impress us as being worth that amount. Besides, we think persons who would pay that price for a banner would want something handsomer if it were to be hung in the house.

"*Wee Lucy.*" A charming book for wee ones from the ever popular pen of Sophie May. This little work ought to have a very wide sale. It is a book we can recommend for the little tots. The price in cloth, illustrated, is 75 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"*Mollie Miller.*" Another wholesome child's book for little ones somewhat older than those who would enjoy "*Wee Lucy*" is "*Mollie Miller*," by Effie W. Merriman. It is an excellent child's story, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price \$1.25.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

"TENURE AND TOIL," by John Gibbons, LL. D. Cloth; pp. 316. Published by Law Journal Print, Chicago, Ill.

"THE BETTER WORLD," by B. B. Southwick, M. D. Cloth, pp. 375. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"RELIGION AND THE BIBLE," by F. D. Cummings. Cloth; pp. 314. Published by Truth Seeker Company, New York.

"THE MEETING PLACE OF GEOLOGY AND HISTORY," by Sir William Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S. Cloth; pp. 223. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

"THE ROBB'S ISLAND WRECK," by Lynn R. Meekins. Cloth; pp. 192. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago and Cambridge.

"ANIMALS' RIGHTS," by Henry S. Salt. Cloth; pp. 176; price 75 cents. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

"THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT," by Jules Verne. Cloth; pp. 276. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"THE RIGHTS OF LABOR," by W. J. Paper; pp. 117; price 25 cents. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

"A MODERN DESPOTISM," by Marcus Petersen. Pp. 312; price, cloth \$1.25, paper 50 cents. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

"SCHOOLS AND MASTERS OF SCULPTURE," by A. G. Radcliffe. Cloth; pp. 593. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"SYSTEMATIC SCIENCE TEACHING," by Edward Gardiner Howe. Cloth; pp. 326. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"ST. LUKE," by A Daughter of the Church. Cloth; pp. 48; price 50 cents. Published by Crothers & Korth, 246 Fourth Avenue, New York.

"THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN," by Eliza Burt Gamble. Cloth; pp. 356. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"JUSTICE AND MERCY," by Marion D. Shutter. Cloth; pp. 276. Published by the Universalist Publishing House, Boston.

"AS NATURAL AS LIFE," by Charles G. Ames. Cloth; pp. 109. Published by James H. West, 174 High Street, Boston.

"IN LOVE WITH LOVE," by James H. West. Cloth; pp. 109. Published by James H. West, 174 High Street, Boston.

"A TREATISE OF NATAL ASTROLOGY," by G. Wilde and J. Dodson. Cloth; pp. 194. Published by the Occult Book Company, 6 Central Street, Halifax, Yorks.

"PENELOPE PRIG," by A. G. Plympton. Cloth; pp. 194; price \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

"VOYAGE OF THE LIBERDADE," by Captain Joshua Slocum. Cloth; pp. 158; price \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"NOT QUITE EIGHTEEN," by Susan Coolidge. Cloth; pp. 284; price \$1.25. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"SORROW AND SONG," by Coulson Kernahan. Cloth; pp. 156. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Penn.

"BACK COUNTRY POEMS," by Sam Walter Foss. Cloth; pp. 258; price \$1.50. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"WEE LUCY," by Sophie May. Cloth; pp. 164; price 75 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"SIRS, ONLY SEVENTEEN," by Virginia F. Townsend. Cloth; pp. 322; price \$1.50. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"A HILLTOP SUMMER," by Alyn Yates Keith. Cloth; pp. 110. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"I AM WELL," by C. W. Post. Cloth; pp. 147; price \$1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"ASIATIC BREEZES," by Oliver Optic. Cloth; pp. 361; price \$1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"MOLLIE MILLER," by Effie W. Merriman. Cloth; pp. 280; price \$1.50. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"CHRISTIAN CREEDS AND CONFESSIONS," by G. A. Gumlich, Ph. D. Cloth; pp. 136; price \$1. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

"EQUILIBRATION OF HUMAN APTITUDES," by C. Osborne Ward. Cloth; pp. 333; price \$1.25. Published by National Watchman Company, Washington, D. C.

"CHEIRO'S LANGUAGE OF THE HAND," by Cheiro the Palmist. Cloth; pp. 193. Published by the author, 432 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SELECTED ESSAYS OF JOSEPH ADDISON," by C. T. Winchester. Cloth; pp. 175; price 75 cents. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH," introduction by E. E. Hale. Cloth; pp. 287; price \$1. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

"FOUR MONTHS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE." Paper; pp. 64. Written for and published by the American Humane Educational Society, Boston.

"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL," by W. H. Harvey. Paper; pp. 149; price 25 cents. Published by Coin Publishing Company, Chicago.

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF PLUTOCRACY'S BASTILES.

Do the Plutocrats of the United States Have to "Submit to the Will of the People Constitutionally Expressed"?

Testimony of the Leading Democratic Papers of the United States on this Point.

Thoughtful People who are not Toadies or Hessians View the Present Military Fever with Alarm.

PROBABLY NO other paper which has appeared in any review in months has called forth such extended editorial comments as "Plutocracy's Bastiles." A number of organs which are swayed by Wall Street gamblers, the acquirers of wealth and the coupon clippers, have broken their conspiracy of silence. Columns of editorials have appeared which sound so much like the vituperation and calumny which filled the conservative press when speaking of the cause defended by Whittier, Garrison and Phillips prior to the election of Lincoln, that one cannot help thinking the penny-a-liners of the plutocratic press have consulted some oldtime slave-defending prints. In no instance has an attempt been made to disprove a single fact set forth by me, although studied efforts have been made to misrepresent me and my position. One journal thinks it strange that any taxpayer should object to rich men building these feudal castles for crack regiments. The *Boston Herald*, the *New York Tribune*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *Washington Post*, and some smaller dailies, have felt called upon to discuss this paper in a way which proves that the unmasking of plutocracy's plan has alarmed the minions of the money power.

On the other hand, the wealth producers have, from all sections of the nation, expressed their appreciation. The *Journal of the Knights of Labor* requested permission to reproduce the entire article with cuts, and in an editorial notice referred to it as follows:—

By kind permission of the editor of THE ARENA, and the loan of the necessary cuts, we are able to republish from THE ARENA for October the masterly article which appears on our first page. The article is one of the best of the series now publishing against the extension of the use and augmenting of the standing army in America. It is a terrible arraignment, and so truthful and pregnant of coming events that every lover of America should carefully peruse and ponder. THE ARENA is doing wonderful work in the field of reform, and it is the best magazine of its character in the country.

The *International Railroader* of Chicago, in its issue of October 22, says:—

In THE ARENA for October there is an article justly entitled "Plutocracy's Bastiles," written by B. O. Flower, the editor of the magazine. This article has been republished by permission in the *Journal of the Knights of Labor*, with the pictures of ten armories which tower high amid our civilization, casting their dark shadows upon the rights and liberties of the working people. The timely warning of Mr. Flower becomes more significant when you note that the new armories recently erected, in addition to the old, are larger in size and stronger in fortification, and bear that gloomy appearance at the sight of which the statue of liberty seems to

show signs of grewsome melancholy. Erected—doubtless out of fear of growing discontent—by the rich, with the money wrung, stolen and robbed from the poor, these awful citadels of tyranny and oppression are truly named by Mr. Flower "plutocracy's bastiles"! Be it said to his credit, THE ARENA is the champion of justice.

Letters by the score have been received from friends enthusiastically commending the paper, and what is also significant, the editorials assailing it have called forth enthusiastic praise for THE ARENA article from thinking men and women, showing that the people are no longer content to swallow the "echoes of echoes." Here is a letter received from Cambridge, Mass., a few days after the Boston *Herald's* criticism appeared:—

DEAR SIR: Your article in THE ARENA anent "Plutocracy's Bastiles" is correct in every respect. There might be some foundation for the *Herald's* editorial attack on your article last week if Homestead and Pullman, etc., had never existed. Your article is founded on facts, crystallized by occurrences in connection with the militia under Harrison and Cleveland.

I suppose you read the report in to-day's *Globe* of the resolution by the Central Labor Union, condemning the militia, especially any increase of appropriations for the same. THE ARENA is the best magazine printed in America or any other country.

A physician in Lansing, Mich., sends the *Free Press* editorial on the "Bastiles," with the following letter:—

DEAR SIR: I referred the *Free Press* editor to your article in the last number of THE ARENA, and he comes back after this fashion in an editorial.

You see that almost every moneyed interest, or those sucking the teat of the money power will resent the truth, as stated by you in your article, and do their utmost to blind the people to the real truth. Go at them again.

Here is a letter we publish in full as containing some very significant facts which further emphasize the thought presented in my "Plutocracy's Bastiles":—

*Cleveland Daily Volksfreund.*

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 24, 1894.

B. O. Flower, Esq.,

DEAR SIR: Was very much interested in your article on "Plutocracy's Bastiles," and shall see that it reaches our readers.

Sent you copies of *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and *Leader* of October 19, marked relative to our bastile—the latest, for our city has two. Did you know that H. C. Frick gave his check for ten thousand dollars to Battery B of Pittsburg, Penn., which planted its cannon on the height of Homestead during the trouble there? There is an immense fund of information on the subject of plutocratic armament lying around loose which ought to be gathered and shaped.

Columbus, the capital of Ohio, being within two hours' ride of the coal fields of the Hocking and Sandy Creek Valley, where there has been the most suffering and the widest unrest, is to be made a military centre, and the barracks there are to be enlarged at national expense. Your article is in the right direction and gives timely warning about the changing conditions of our country. I thank you heartily for its clear ring and its courageous frankness.

Respectfully,

F. W. GESSULT.

Please note what is said above of Mr. Frick's contribution, and in this connection bear in mind the part played by the sugar trust last winter, and the fatal admissions made by Mr. Havemeyer that his trust, on business principles, contributed to the Republican party in Republican states and to the Democratic party in Democratic states.

William D. McCrackan, M. A., in a reply to some of his critics in the *Boston Transcript* says:—

I have the feeling that if those trusts and corporations that make a business of bribery know that an army stands at their beck and call, an army that asks no questions, that simply shoots straight when the word is given, the task of doing equal and exact justice will be made impossible.



We might publish pages of commendatory letters, which I have received and which indicate that at last the people are awakening. This fact is also very discernible in the action of labor organizations. The resolutions which were passed by an almost unanimous vote by the Boston Central Labor Union on October 21, are interesting as confirming this important and hopeful fact. The following statements from the report of the resolutions are taken from the news column of the *Boston Herald* of Monday, October 22:—

Adjutant-General Dalton and the militia were denounced, both orally and by resolutions, at yesterday's meeting of the Central Labor Union.

A letter recently issued by Adjutant-General Dalton was severely criticised at the last meeting of the Central Labor Union, with the result that a committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions concerning the contents of the letter. The committee yesterday presented the resolutions, which are appended:—

"WHEREAS Adjutant-General Dalton, in a communication to the commanders of the Massachusetts militia, recently issued, has, by implication and insinuation, seen fit to attack the organizations of labor, thereby creating prejudice in the public mind, with the apparent purpose of magnifying the value of the military arm of the government: therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we deplore the evident disposition of those in authority to increase and centralize the numbers of state and federal troops, and to multiply costly and mediaeval armories, thereby making more onerous the burden of taxation which, in the ultimate, is borne by the producing classes.

"*Resolved*, That we believe the maintenance of a large standing army, either as a murder machine, an instrument of intimidation, or for purposes of display, to be unworthy of the age in which we live, a relic of barbarism and of no utility, excepting to assist those who seek to maintain their special privileges by barbaric methods, and that we therefore call upon all legislators, state or national, who have at heart the interest of labor, to strenuously oppose further appropriations for military increase.

"*Resolved*, That we urge upon working-men everywhere, the propriety of refraining from participation in military service, and, if already attached, of severing their connection as soon as they lawfully and honorably may.

"*Resolved*, That we repel, with the utmost indignation, the insinuation of General Dalton, which has since been more openly charged by Generals Schofield and Miles, that the peace of the country is threatened by the attempts of working-men to better their condition; but we do affirm that such danger as does exist arises from the arrogance of corporate power, supplemented by the subserviency of those entrusted with public office.

"*Resolved*, That we demand that the arbitrament of the social problem shall be by those free and peaceful methods provided by the founders of our national institutions, and pledge ourselves to oppose all attempts to establish an armed plutocratic government on the soil of America."

Delegate Lloyd spoke at length in favor of the resolutions. He condemned President Cleveland for sending troops to Chicago, and said the working-men could afford to let the militia die. If the rich want a militia, said he, let them compose it and pay for it out of their own pockets.

Delegate Haley urged the adoption of the resolutions, and affirmed that in case of rebellion and foreign invasion the working-men would be as patriotic as they have always been in the past.

Now let us further notice this question for a moment, bearing in mind the words of Tolstoi: "Justice can have no binding force on a ruler or rulers who keep men deluded and drilled in readiness for acts of violence—soldiers, and by means of them control others. And so governments can never be brought to consent to diminish the number of these drilled slaves, who constitute their whole power and importance." The *Louisville Courier-Journal* in its editorial says:—

The plutocrats in this country have to submit to the will of the people constitutionally expressed, and the plutocrats know it. The militia do not exist to protect the rich man any more than the poor man, and the militia know it.

Here is a fair sample of the recklessness and moral obliquity which characterize the writings of the Hessians of the capitalistic press. Without attempting to confute facts they substitute abuse and intersperse their cheap buncombe with such statements as the above.



(1) "The plutocrats," we are gravely informed, "have to submit to the will of the people constitutionally expressed, and the plutocrats know it." I wish to notice this statement for a moment. I might review the history of the rise of plutocracy in this land, dwelling on the Republican-fostered Credit Mobilier, Star Route and Whiskey Trust episodes. But the *Courier-Journal* would probably urge that these episodes happened when the Republican party was triumphant; so we will come down to the present day. And here I propose to quote only from papers which have been famed as defenders of the present administration, or from those recognized as chief among Democratic publications, in order to prove out of the mouths of those who belong to the fellowship of the *Courier-Journal* how pitifully false are the editorial utterances of the latter journal.

The Springfield *Republican*, as one would naturally expect, sneered at "Plutocracy's Bastiles." This paper and the Boston *Herald* have long vied with each other in fulsome laudation of Mr. Cleveland. If not entitled to be termed "Heavenly Twins," they certainly have proved that on this point they were "two souls with but a single thought." But at length the *Republican* has become alarmed, as will be seen by the last sentence of one of its recent editorials, which we give below. The writer has evidently come to see that the people are no longer being governed by organs which obey the behests of the gamblers of Wall Street. Hence the *Republican* utters this very significant note of warning, which gives cold comfort to the bold assertions of the *Courier-Journal*:—

That Havemeyer, Searles and the other engineers of the trust are open and daily breakers of the law admits of no question. There is the Sherman Anti-Trust Law which is being violated. And the new tariff act has a section which makes such combinations or agreements unlawful when entered into by persons engaged in the importation of any article into the United States, for the purpose of preventing competition or of raising the market price, and exposes the authors to fine and imprisonment. But Mr. Havemeyer made free admission, before the Senate investigating committee, that this trust was organized especially to advance and control the price of sugar, and that it had succeeded.

And yet President Cleveland went out of his way in his last inaugural address to extend the promise of an attack upon such conspiracies. Would not some of the promptness and vigor of action and ingenuity of legal resources which characterized the course of the administration in the Chicago strikes, be wholesome in this case? The contrast is altogether too striking to escape popular comment; and it is being used by the Populists on the Western stump with an effect apparently too telling for the comfort of the conservative interests of the land.

Here is what the New York *Times* (Independent Democrat) says editorially October 28:—

The thing to be done to avert the condition thus threatened is very plainly to do equal and exact justice. When it comes to be popularly believed that rich men or rich corporations can obtain favors from the lawmaking body, popular discontent is not only inevitable, but it is justifiable. It is quite futile for rich men to appeal to poor men to obey the law when poor men believe that rich men have bribed the lawmakers. Every industry that is pampered by protection instigates rebellion. Every trust that is made possible by dishonest legislation or by corrupt administrative failure to enforce honest legislation breeds anarchists. There could not be a spectacle better calculated to excite the mass of people who have to work hard for their livings, and who have no favors to expect, than that which is just now presented to this country by the senators from Havemeyer and their employer.

Lest the *Courier-Journal* should urge that the *Republican* and the New York *Times* are mugwump organs and not true blue Democratic journals, we give below some very recent editorials from the New York *World*. This paper publishes almost half a million copies daily, and certainly has at least a daily circulation of more than two hundred thousand beyond that of any other daily Democratic organ in America. Hence its utterances are entitled to

serious attention. The *World* in noticing the arrest of Mr. Howard, the coachman of ex-Vice-President Morton, says editorially:—

It may be asserted that Mr. Morton would have done better had he employed an American coachman instead of Howard, but that is neither here nor there, for everybody knows that had Governor Hill imported a coachman just at this particular time the contract labor law would have been left in the same innocuous desuetude in which Messrs. Carlisle and Olney and their associates in Washington leave the laws against trusts, monopolies and armor-plate frauds. What a spectacle it is, to be sure, when this humble workingman, to whom fifty dollars a month seems a fortune, has the heavy hand of law laid upon him in the name of the majesty and dignity of the American people, while the Carnegies and the Havemeyers shoot out the lip of scorn at law and public opinion, and are shielded in doing it by the very men who pretend that their obligation as executive officers compels them to raise the legal hue and cry against the fifty-dollar-a-month coachman! What a humbug it is! What a fraud it is! What a scandal it is!

— *New York World*, October 17.

Debs has been indicted again. Whenever Mr. Olney feels like taking a little exercise to relieve his mind from the strain of declaring anti-trust laws unconstitutional Debs is very apt to get indicted again.

Twenty words signed "Grover Cleveland" will compel the attorney-general to prosecute the violators of the laws against monopoly and extortion. And now is the time to write them.

— *Editorials*, *New York World*, October 21.

When Secretary Carlisle wrote the schedule giving the sugar trust the protection it demanded he put himself in opposition to the honest Democrats of the country, and if he is ever to reinstate himself in their good opinion it must be by a return to their principles—not by the peanut methods of pothouse politics.

It is a principle of democracy that there shall be no discrimination in the administration of justice, but that the laws shall be executed against the wealthy and the powerful with the same rigor as against the poor and helpless. Has that principle been carried out—is there any prospect that it will be carried out—against Havemeyer of the sugar trust and Carnegie of the steel-rail trust?

Does Mr. Cleveland expect Democrats to go to the polls to indorse Carnegie, Havemeyer and the "communists of capital" who are running his administration at Washington while he spends his time in fishing?

— *Editorials*, *New York World*, October 23.

It is once more announced that President Cleveland is about to do something "to help along the Democratic campaign." . . . There is no doubt whatever of what Mr. Cleveland can do and ought to do. He has influence with his administration and he ought to exert it. If he acts vigorously, as he has sometimes done in great emergencies, he can induce his secretary of the navy to prosecute the armor-plate frauds which are now left unprosecuted, to the indignation and disgust of all Democrats who believe that neither Andrew Carnegie nor any one else should be left unpunished because of wealth, position and political influence. By all means let Mr. Cleveland help his party by inducing Secretary Herbert to prosecute the blowhole frauds. Having done that much for the party let him persuade Attorney-General Olney that the trusts are not protected by the Constitution in violating constitutional laws against conspiracy. Let him compel Mr. Olney either to get out of the cabinet or to enforce the new Democratic Anti-Trust law. And that will help the party. Having done that, let him persuade Mr. Carlisle that the influence of the secretary of the treasury ought not to be put at the service of the sugar trust or any other lawless combination which is defying the power of the United States embodied in its statutes. And that will help the party a very great deal. There are other ways in which Mr. Cleveland can make himself useful in what is undoubtedly an emergency, but if he neglects these nothing else he does will count against the condemnation which Democrats who believe in the principles of their party visit on the violation of its pledges and the stultification of its purposes. By all means let President Cleveland help the party. And he ought to do it now, at once, without further delay.

John James Howard goes to trial on the charge of being a foreign coachman under contract. The most important thing about Howard as a victim of zeal for law is that his name is not Havemeyer, nor yet Carnegie.

— *Editorials*, *New York World*, October 18.

The *World* repeats to-day what it said yesterday, that now is the time for Mr. Cleveland to begin helping his party. And if he will read over certain testimony given by John G. Carlisle, secretary of the treasury, before the sugar investigating committee of the Senate, he can get a number of valuable hints as to how the help should be applied. In that testimony Mr. Carlisle admitted that he had had consultations on the sugar schedule with Mr. Jones, the notorious trust schedule Searles, Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, and on several occasions with Mr. Henry B. Reed, of Boston. When questioned further the secretary said he was "under the impression that he gave Mr. Reed a letter of introduction to Senator Jones and a similar letter introducing Mr. Havemeyer to Senator Mills." In that connection Mr. Carlisle published an authorized interview advocating the kind of a sugar tax demanded by Messrs. Searles, Havemeyer and other members of the sugar trust lobby.

— *Editorial, New York World, October 19.*

Instead of ordering the prompt release of the coachman Howard, as under Judge Lacombe's decision it was his duty to do, Secretary Carlisle has detained the man as a prisoner on Ellis Island and ordered his case reviewed "by a commission of four government officials." This is adding official tyranny to official and most contemptible partisanship. It converts campaign buncombe and humbug into wilful persecution and lawless exercise of authority.

The laws against trusts are simple and ought to be effective. The Democratic president and attorney-general could enforce them if they would. If Mr. Cleveland were sincere in his Democracy, he would compel Mr. Olney to enforce them. The first law against monopoly was the work of a Republican senator, Mr. Edmunds. The outcry of the people against the growing power of the trusts forced this concession from the politicians whose legislation had fostered trusts. It declared illegal "every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations." To engage in any such combination or conspiracy was made a misdemeanor, punishable "by fine not exceeding \$5,000 or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court." Every attempt to monopolize interstate or foreign trade was also made a misdemeanor. It was made the duty of the attorney-general to direct the various district attorneys to "prevent and restrain violations of this act." The violations of this act were open and notorious when Mr. Cleveland's administration began, and they continue to be open and notorious; but Mr. Cleveland's attorney-general, who is a trust lawyer, has not taken a step to "prevent or restrain such violations." On the contrary he has done his best to encourage them by declaring in an official report that the law cannot be enforced. In order to meet his objections Senator Morgan moved and Congress adopted an amendment to the Edmunds law, which is part of the new tariff act. This amendment provides "that every combination, conspiracy, trust, agreement or contract is hereby declared to be contrary to public policy, illegal and void, when the same is made by or between two or more persons or corporations either of whom is engaged in importing any article from any foreign country into the United States, and when such combination, conspiracy, trust, agreement or contract is intended to operate in restraint of lawful trade or free competition in lawful trade or commerce, or to increase the market price in any part of the United States of any article or articles imported or intended to be imported into the United States, or of any manufacture into which such imported article enters or is intended to enter." This was designed to meet the case of the sugar trust. It did meet it. The sugar trust is guilty under it on the testimony of its own president and treasurer taken before the Senate committee. But Attorney-General Olney has done nothing to bring the guilty parties to justice. The administration has exhibited nothing but laxity and paralysis in its treatment of the sugar trust.

— *Editorials, New York World, October 22.*

These are but a few editorial notices along the same line which might be quoted from this most popular of all Democratic dailies in America.

On November 3, Howard the coachman who, by Secretary Carlisle's first decision, had been arrested, and who had been held as a prisoner from early in October, was ordered to be set free. This step was owing to the exposure of the infamy of the action by the *New York World*, and because the position of the secretary was so clearly untenable. But here we find a poor man arrested as a criminal and imprisoned for almost a month, and confined there even after Judge Lacombe had declared that he was "not subject to the constraint of the federal law," and the president of this republic took no

heed of the crime of his secretary. No, he was busy fishing and hunting. This poor man has no redress for his unjust and infamous imprisonment. He is poor. But what would have happened if the gentleman, Mr. Frick, who contributed ten thousand dollars for bastiles, had been arrested for complicity in the armor frauds? What is being done toward bringing the armor-plate scoundrels to justice? What is being done toward the prosecution of the sugar-trust criminals? And yet the *Courier-Journal* has the hardihood to say that "*The plutocrats have to submit to the will of the people constitutionally expressed, and the plutocrats know it.*" This same paper adds, "The militia do not exist to protect the rich man any more than the poor man, and *the militia know it.*"

Ah, indeed! And is that the reason why Mr. Frick contributed ten thousand dollars to Battery B of Pittsburgh? Is that the reason Mr. Yerxes of Chicago subscribed so liberally to the new Chicago armory? Is that why the great three hundred thousand dollar bastille-like armory of Boston, and the property of that rich man's club known as the Seventh Regiment of New York, valued at a million dollars, have been paid for entirely by *private individuals*? The despotism of Napoleon was only possible because he felt that he could depend on the strong arm of a militia taught to obey without questioning. The tyranny of caste and plutocracy which prevailed in Rome after the fall of the Gracchi was only possible when armed force was able to trample upon justice. Homestead, the sugar lobby in Washington, biasing if not bribing legislators and politicians, at a time when the government saw fit to arrest Coxey for walking on the grass, as well as the list of acquirers of wealth who have liberally subscribed for the building of feudal-like castles for special regiments — all alike confute the statement that "*The militia do not exist to protect the rich man any more than the poor man, and the militia know it.*" How Havemeyer, Frick, Carnegie, Pullman and Yerxes must laugh when they read such statements as the above from the *Courier-Journal*.

Perhaps the most startling thing brought out in this controversy is the complete subserviency to the communists of capital manifested by the plutocratic press. One would think that any sane man not sold body and soul to capitalistic interests would admit that if the state were to have armories they must be built by the state, so that in any possible conflict between capital and labor the soldiery would be unbiased. We would hardly expect to find in this land great dailies applauding the state for permitting the capitalistic class to build enormous armories for crack regiments, as for example the Seventh Regiment of New York and the Cadets of Boston; especially when the statement had gone forth, and has not been contradicted, that the state militia was being officered, at least to a certain degree, by members of those crack regiments whose luxurious headquarters had been furnished by individuals. Yet this is precisely what the journals which are subservient to Wall Street and the acquirers of wealth are doing, as is seen by the following editorial from the Boston *Herald* of November 3:—

A correspondent complains that in commenting upon an article entitled "Bastiles of the Plutocracy" some time since the *Herald* failed to make mention that this article stated that the armories of the state were "erected mostly, or entirely, at private expense, the contributions, of course, coming from wealthy people," and he asks us what significance we attach to this fact. We do not know to what extent this statement is true, but, if such is the case, we are free to say that in aiding the citizen soldiery of the state the wealthy people, who are a part of its membership, made an excellent use of their money.

For the benefit of those who do not know the character of the *Herald* and who have not read my "Plutocracy's Bastiles," I would state that in the



above is a deliberate attempt to deceive the readers of the *Herald*, by representing me as saying something entirely foreign to what I did say. I referred to certain armories, viz., that of the Seventh Regiment in New York and that of the Cadets in Boston, as being built by private contribution. Yet it will be seen that the *Herald's* editorial would seek to mislead its readers by pretending to quote from a correspondent, without going to the trouble of correcting the false statement where it says, "This article stated that the armories of the state were 'erected mostly, or entirely, at private expense, the contributions, of course, coming from wealthy people.'"

Many earnest, scholarly men, however, who have thought deeply and travelled extensively, and who are patriots instead of toadies, appreciate the real danger of the growing spirit of militarism, and are unhesitatingly calling attention to the menace of an increasing militia. W. D. McCrackan, M. A., the well known author of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," "Romance and Teutonic Switzerland," and "Swiss Solutions of American Problems," wrote for a recent issue of the *Boston Transcript* the following able protest, which we commend to our readers:—

It is not a pleasant duty to protest against public opinion, neither is it easy to elbow your way through a crowd going in the opposite direction. Nothing but a sense of duty, therefore, can compel me to raise my voice against the growing military fever of the American people. Let me confess at once to a deep interest in military matters. In my travels I have become familiar with the armies of Germany, France, Italy, Austria, and especially of Switzerland. Everywhere the tread of soldiery, the drums, the crack of musketry have attracted me. It has been part of my work in historical research to visit and examine battle fields, to learn something about tactics and strategy. At one time I imagined that a great military establishment was just what was needed in the United States to weld public spirit into a more vigorous form, to divert the attention of our men from the present all-devouring commercialism, and to give our male population a much-needed set-up. This is what I thought until I began to study social and economic questions, and to realize that militarism is part of the old order of things which the world is outgrowing.

Whatever the glories of its past may be, the regular army of the United States is to-day an antiquated survival—as out of place in this progressive nation of sixty-five millions as would be a coat-of-mail upon a modern battlefield, or a wooden ship in the next naval encounter. No army of mercenaries deserves popular support, and, in truth, even to raise the relatively insignificant force of twenty-six thousand men great difficulty is experienced. About one-third of the accepted recruits are foreigners, and not a few illiterate. Almost ten per cent of the army deserts each year. Court martials are alarmingly frequent, and our military prisons are kept well filled. The regular army is as much a last resort for American-born men as domestic service is for women. Nothing but the pressure of hard times can ever fill the one or the other with good material. Furthermore, the process by which the majority of officers are obtained for this force creates a distinct hierarchical caste which is incongruous in a true democracy. And in order to maintain this force of federal policemen the people of the United States spend on an average over forty-eight millions of dollars a year, making an annual cost per man nearly five times as great as Germany with her magnificent army.

Now a demand is heard from headquarters for an addition to the regular army. Upon what plea? Partly on account of the danger of foreign invasion, but principally to quell popular movements. The first danger may be dismissed without a moment's consideration. A new era is even now dawning upon civilized nations, in which mere international questions will be completely overshadowed by the great social and economic questions. Diplomacy, which has too long played at chess with the nations, will soon become a lost art. The last monarchs who may still have power to produce war, will fall from their genealogical trees like over-ripe apples. It ought to be our glory not to be prepared to make war upon our neighbors, or even to repel an attack from the outside, but to settle any and every foreign dispute by peaceful means, and arbitration if need be.

All that the United States needs in the way of a standing army is a mounted police force to control the Indians, a force which could be rapidly reduced to the vanishing point if anything like a reputable policy were pursued towards the nation's wards.

But the main reason assigned for increasing the regular army is the fear of strikes and riots. It is urged that the federal government will in the future be

obliged to quell popular uprisings as it did last summer in Chicago. In his courageous speech at the Cooper Union last summer, Mr. George exclaimed: "What is the reason that we are building ships of war and increasing the size of our army? It is because the millionaire monopolists are becoming afraid of the armies of poverty-stricken people which their oppressive trusts and machinations are creating."

It is a favorite device of timid men to attempt the cure of evils by restriction instead of systematic extirpation. Our social system is defective; our laws regulating economic questions are wrong. There are terrible injustices abroad; the majority of the working-men have a genuine grievance. Then let us study that and remove the danger. No solution of the social problem can be obtained by armed force. Every clash between the people and the army only embitters the struggle. To re-establish law and order by violence does not remove the fundamental cause of an outbreak. The longer vested interests are allowed to bribe our legislators, buy our judges and move our armies, the more frightful must be the final overturning of our present industrial system. It remains with us to decide whether we shall progress by revolution or evolution.

In watching the recent march past of the state militia, one could not help thrilling at the sight. The music, the rattle of gun carriages, the general air of preparation in every uniform, stirred one to a species of exaltation. The secret of this strong feeling I believe to be a sense of many men united in mind and body, obeying one command, pressing forward to one mark. But it was depressing to feel, as I did, that the next time these troops would be called upon to fight, they would shoot down their fellow-workingmen in the streets.

A recent traveller from India, speaking of the monster armories which are springing up in all our cities, remarked: "To a stranger visiting your country it would appear that your government was rapidly preparing for one of those terrible struggles in which thousands, if not millions, of lives are sacrificed in the most savage and brutal manner."

Is there not some way of turning these vast preparations into an altruistic channel before it is too late? Could not all this energy and enthusiasm of the militia be diverted into something useful? Would it be considered undignified to turn to road building or street cleaning? Could not the militia volunteer to make our parks, build our public buildings and our railroads? Perhaps, in truth, they might solve the rapid transit problem for us in Boston by digging the subway without further delay, tearing up unused tracks, keeping heavy teams moving and protecting the flocks of frightened women at the crossings. In time a guard might be stationed on every electric car to see that no one paid his or her fare who had not a seat, and to teach the conductor good manners. If the militia cannot be used in some such manner as the Columbian Guard at Chicago, let us as a last resort set them playing football against each other, company by company, until they shall have forgotten the use of firearms.

In a reply to his critics published in the *Boston Transcript* of November 3 Mr. McCrackan further observes:—

I deprecate any resort to violence, whether it come from the side of the strikers or from the national government. My plea is for a peaceful evolution. My cry is "Ground arms!" Let it be understood that there is not going to be any fighting, that some higher being has stepped in and stopped the prize fight, and that gentleman sports must go elsewhere for their fun.

Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has in his middle name a powerful antidote against any attack of military fever. I am content to have him censure me in company with his illustrious grandfather, whose declaration on this same subject, at the Peace Convention in 1838, is timely reading. Indeed, it might have been written to-day:—

"We register our testimony, not only against all wars, whether offensive or defensive, but all preparations for war; against every naval ship, every arsenal, every fortification; against all military chieftains and soldiers; against all monuments commemorative of victory over a foreign foe, all trophies won in battle, all celebrations in honor of military or naval exploits; against all appropriations for the defence of a nation by force and arms on the part of any legislative body; against every edict of government requiring of its subjects military service. Hence we deem it unlawful to bear arms or to hold military office."

The name of Garrison suggests another declaration on this same subject which deserves to be quoted. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's uncle, the present bearer of the name and traditions of William Lloyd Garrison, recently wrote in regard to drilling with muskets in the public schools:—

"I want my boys brought up to love peace and abhor war. I try to inspire them with the spirit of our Saviour, who, instead of inciting to violence and shooting

human beings with muskets, inculcates the higher and more truly courageous method of overcoming evil with good. I illustrate the lesson by his life, and show them how much nobler it was to die for a principle than it would have been for him to kill a hundred of his persecutors. Then I read to them from Longfellow's beautiful poem, 'The Arsenal at Springfield':—

'Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred;  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!'

"You may imagine how quickly the moral impression I try to give my boys is dissipated by the example of the military drill at school. I do not wish to have them taught the use of firearms or the art of fighting. I protest with all the earnestness of my being against such demoralizing instruction."

Mr. Albert F. Fessenden's objections deserve a special letter had I time and space to devote to them. Let me merely add this: Nobody doubts the ability of the army to put down riots, as nobody doubts the ability of poisons to cure any known disease by killing the patient. Every time you suppress an agitation by force you bury an injustice deeper into the body politic. But I believe there is another method of getting out of this military difficulty, and that is by introducing universal compulsory service. Every citizen would then, at all events, stand upon an equal military footing, as I have tried to show in my little book on "Swiss Solutions of American Problems," in the chapter in which I describe the model militia of Switzerland. The experiment would be costly and distinctly retrograde for such a nation as the United States. But if we must have soldiers let us have a truly democratic article for our money.

In closing I wish to quote a few lines from the lips of Charles Sumner, though well I know that to the *Herald* they will sound like rank anarchy, and had I used these words they would be declared to be hysterical and insane, unworthy of serious attention. I almost fear that quoting them may induce the *Herald* to open a crusade for the removal of Sumner's statue from our Public Garden lest its being allowed to remain there make our young people less subservient to the dictates of the class at whose feet the plutocratic press grovel. I shall make only a brief quotation from the magnificent protest of Massachusetts' greatest statesman, as I do not wish the name of the illustrious dead covered with the vile calumny which those who oppose conventionalism and plutocracy have to expect when they encounter the hirelings of the communism of capital:—

The maxim, "In time of peace prepare for war," is transmitted from distant ages, *when brute force was the general law*. It is the terrible inheritance which painfully reminds present generations of their connection with the past. *It belongs to the dogmas of barbarism*. It is the companion of harsh, tyrannical rules by which *the happiness of the many is offered up to the few*. It is the child of suspicion, and the forerunner of violence.

Again Mr. Sumner says:—

But war crushes with bloody heel all beneficence, all happiness, all justice, all that is God-like in man—suspending every commandment of the Decalogue, setting at naught every principle of the gospel, and silencing all law, human as well as divine, except only that impious code of its own, the laws of war. . . .

And now, if it be asked why, in considering the *true grandeur of nations*, I dwell thus singly and exclusively on war, it is because war is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness. Thus far, man has worshipped in military glory a phantom idol, compared with which the colossal images of ancient Babylon or modern Hindostan are but toys; but we, in this favored land of freedom, in this blessed day of light, are among the idolaters. It is not enough to be free. There must be peace which cannot fail, and other nations must share the great possession. For this good must we labor, bearing ever in mind two special objects, complements of each other: first, *the arbitrament of war must end*; and, secondly, *disarmament must begin*.



## PROSPECTUS OF THE ARENA FOR 1895.

THE ARENA has now entered upon its eleventh volume. Its history has been one of steady growth in circulation and influence, and that during a period of unprecedented financial depression. During 1894 the monthly circulation of THE ARENA has increased over 5,000 copies. This record of success, in view of the stringency of the money market and the reduction in the price of some conservative magazines, is, we believe, unparalleled in the history of reviews, and certainly speaks volumes for the confidence which thoughtful people place in the integrity and sincerity of THE ARENA, as it also indicates the widespread hunger for something finer, better and more vital than the husks of conventionalism can give.

**A  
remarkable  
record.**

Nothing has been more gratifying to the editor of THE ARENA than the sincere attachment which its thousands of readers feel for "The People's Review," as it is popularly termed. Our subscribers seem to regard it as an individual helper and friend, and its success has been largely the result of their enthusiastic support. They work for THE ARENA as they work for a principle or a cause which they believe will insure greater happiness to the children of earth. It has ever been our aim to inspire, arouse and stimulate our readers, to make men and women think broadly and act justly.

### A TORCH BEARER UNFETTERED BY CONVENTIONAL SHACKLES.

Since its advent we have sought to make THE ARENA *thought-inspiring*. We have studiously avoided securing writers whose names would represent their chief value. In all cases the peculiar ability to treat the subject in hand in a masterly way has been our prime object, and while striving to avoid anything like dull pedantry, we have sought to secure the strongest and boldest, as well as the most authoritative, writers among liberal and conservative thinkers, to discuss those problems which their special advantages had fitted them to give a thorough and thought-stimulating presentation.

In the discussion of questions we have given little space to what may be justly termed the *symptoms* of disorders in society, the *superficial phenomena*—such for example as arbitrary political action—preferring to go to the root of the evil, and by a wise and persistent discussion of the great fundamental principles behind the eruptive disorders or effects, to arouse the minds of thoughtful people to the pressing requirements in the ethical, educational, social and religious fields of thought, knowing that if these great fundamental questions were properly agitated, the superficial evils would necessarily disappear. Not that we disparage the discussion of symptomatic evils, but we recognize in the serious basic problems a more important and urgent field for practical and effective work.

**The purpose of discussion to reach the root evils.**

The liberal policy of THE ARENA has been criticised by some, commended by many, and imitated by other magazines, or, rather, it may be that the unexpected popularity of the liberal and independent policy of THE ARENA has given the managers of other magazines courage to do what they feared to attempt before. A leading author in a personal communication to us writes: "By permitting the minority to be heard you have made a new departure in magazine policy, and, what is more, you have placed THE ARENA in the van of progress. The minority have ever been the world's torch-bearers."

**The influence of  
The Arena for  
progress.**

**Our contributors, and  
what they represent.**

We point with pride to the illustrious names of our contributors—names which stand at once for thought and moral strength. We doubt if there has ever before been associated together during the same period a band of thinkers who represented so much positive moral force, so much of that earnest and intelligent reformative spirit which appeals irresistibly to the conscience of man, and accomplishes important and permanent victories for civilization.

**SOME WRITERS IN THE DECEMBER ARENA.**

**A specimen of what  
The Arena  
for 1895 will be.**

his special research, *George Wilson, Esq.*, president of the oldest bank in Missouri, a man whose knowledge of finance enables him to discuss with superior ability the fallacies of the theorist, *David A. Wells*, and, what is more, a man who is great enough to regard the prosperity of the millions as of more importance than his own or that of his special class; *Rev. M. J.*

*Savage*, one of the foremost liberal clergymen of our age; *James G. Clark*, the prophet-poet and reformer of the Pacific Coast; *Prof. Thomas E. Will, A. M.*, professor of political economy in the Kansas State Agricultural College; *Heinrich*

Take for example the present issue of THE ARENA. Among the contributors are *Count Leo Tolstoi*, the foremost novelist, essayist and reformer of Russia, *Professor Max Müller* of Oxford, England, who stands without a peer in the field of

**IN ONE ISSUE.**

**Prof. Max Muller, Count Leo Tolstoi, Rev. M. J. Savage, Hamlin Garland, Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D., President Orello Cone, Helen H. Gardener, W. D. McCrackan, Walter B. Harte, and The President of the Oldest Bank in Missouri.**

**SOME SUBJECTS  
DISCUSSED.**

**Religious Parliament,  
Guy de Maupassant,  
A Banker on Sliver,  
The Abolition of War  
(A Symposium),  
Feeders of Prostitution.**

some critics to call her the "Dickens of the South"; the *Editor of The Arena*, whose paper on "Feeders of Immorality" opens a crusade for a higher morality which will be a feature of THE ARENA for 1895.

These are a few of the contributors to the body of the magazine, while among the book reviews are signed criticisms by *Orello Cone*, president of *Buchtel College*, *Helen H. Gardener*, *Walter Blackburn Harte* and the Editor of THE ARENA.

**Some special features  
for 1895.**

This issue is a fair sample of what the readers of THE ARENA may expect during 1895. There are, however, certain general lines of thought which will receive special attention at the hands of the most able thinkers. Among those subjects will be:—

**SOCIAL, ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS.**

The old idea of the right of classes to burden or tyrannize over the masses is giving place to the ideals of a new democracy which demands equal rights for all and special privileges for none, and which stands uncom-  
**In the social world.** promisingly for abolition of all special privileges and class legislation. During the ensuing year a marked feature of THE ARENA will be a series of papers which will present the *new political economy*, which demands the immediate adoption of such republican safeguards as the Initiative, Referendum and

Proportional Representation and the governmental control of natural monopolies, together with the recognition of the right of the whole people to the land. These subjects will be discussed by the clearest, ablest and most advanced thinkers in such a manner as to make THE ARENA indispensable to all persons interested in social and economic problems.

### A VIGOROUS CRUSADE AGAINST IMMORALITY.

**Social purity must underlie any enduring civilization.**

THE ARENA for 1895 will wage a battle for higher morality by publishing a series of papers dealing with the causes and the feeders of immorality. The opening paper of this series, prepared by the Editor, appears in this issue. The January ARENA will contain the second paper in the form of a most noteworthy symposium on the infamous age of consent laws. Among those who will discuss these shameful laws are Aaron Powell, the editor of the *Philanthropist*, Helen H. Gardener, author of "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" and "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" Frances E. Willard, the head of the World's White Ribbon Union, Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., editor of the *Evangel and Sabbath Outlook*, Dr. Emily Blackwell, the well-known champion of social purity, O. Edward Janney, M. D., and the Editor of THE ARENA. In several states attempts are to be made this winter to raise the age of consent, and it is hoped that THE ARENA discussion may aid in opening the eyes of legislators to the essential evil of those laws, and that thus the statute books of many states may be purged of laws which are a reproach to civilization.

**The most notable symposium against the age of consent laws ever prepared.**

### THE LARGER FAITH OF MODERN TIMES.

**The foremost thinkers on the broader religion of our time.**

Perhaps nowhere is there greater unrest than in the religious world at the present time; on almost every hand there is a growing liberalism, both within and without the church; we are beginning to understand that it is by its fruit that a tree is to be judged, and therefore creeds, dogma and professions are counting for less and less, while we are coming to realize that the truly religious man is he who doeth the will of the All-Good. This higher and truer conception of religion will also be ably presented during the ensuing year by some of the ablest thinkers of our age. This series opens in this number with a brilliant contribution by Prof. Max Müller. All students of religious thought will find THE ARENA for 1895 indispensable.

### THE UNION OF THE MORAL FORCES.

**The wonderful growth of the Union for Practical Progress, originated by The Arena.**

The agitation, which was originated in THE ARENA, on the practicability of uniting the moral forces in an aggressive campaign for concerted work in the interest of social regeneration and a wider measure of justice for the individual workers, led to the establishment of the National Union for Practical Progress. The movement has grown with astounding rapidity, until now there are more than fifty Unions or Arena Clubs working with a common aim in view, and monthly discussing some great living issue. This month "Abolition of War" is the subject for discussion. In January "Charity Organized and Unorganized" will be discussed. In February the subject of "Gambling" will occupy the attention of the Union.

**Union Subjects: Abolition of War, Charity, Gambling.**

**Valuable bibliographies on the Union subjects, prepared by Professor Will, A. M.**

THE ARENA for 1895 will contain each month a symposium by competent thinkers on the Union subject. It will also contain exhaustive bibliographies prepared for THE ARENA by Professor

Thomas E. Will, A. M. These bibliographies will prove of special value to all reformers and students of social problems, while all persons interested in the Union will find the symposiums invaluable.

In addition to this, each issue of THE ARENA will publish a department of news in which progress all along the line in the Union work will be given, and thus all workers will be brought into sympathetic relations and also be made acquainted with the magnitude and scope of the movement.

### WOMEN IN THE ARENA.

**Will contribute to January and February Arenas: Frances E. Willard, Helen H. Gardener, Lady Henry Somerset, Dr. Emily Blackwell.**

THE ARENA has always been the favorite review of thinking women. Probably this is due in part to the fact that this magazine has invariably treated woman as the intellectual equal of man, and instead of condescending to permit her to write occasionally on such subjects as "Why Women Marry" and "The Possibilities of Washington Society," etc., she has been welcomed to the domain of the great vital issues of the day. It may be interesting to the thousands of readers who have joined THE ARENA family during the past year to know that since THE ARENA was started ninety-seven women have contributed to its pages, among whom we must note Mary A. Livermore, Amelia B. Edwards, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Helen H. Gardener, Helena Modjeska, Helen Campbell, Frances E. Willard, May Wright Sewall, Marion Harland, Lady Habberton, Octavia Bates, Louise Chandler Moulton and Jennie June.

### THE RIGHTS OF THE CHILD.

From the vantage ground of the present we are coming to appreciate the inadequate character of the education of the past. THE ARENA for the ensuing year will contain a number of able papers by leading thinkers relating to the best methods for character building in home and school, and the duties of parents, teachers and society, as they relate to the generation of to-morrow. Thoughtful parents and teachers will find this review indispensable during 1895.

**The civilization of to-morrow.**

### IN THE PSYCHIC REALM.

**The mission of science is to investigate every phenomenon.**

— *Victor Hugo.*

In his recent address, as president of the English Society for Psychical Research, Arthur Balfour, M. P., pointed out many reasons why progress in the psychical domain has been slow, and he also showed how exceedingly important it is for conscientious students to carefully investigate the phenomena on every hand. Mr. Balfour has also recently called for the appointment of a Royal Commission for the investigation of psychical phenomena. The ensuing year THE ARENA will publish a series of papers from leading students of the new psychology, in which the progress made along the lines of modern critical investigation will be carefully pointed out, and a vast amount of important information will be given to the public, relating to hypnotism, telepathy, clairvoyance, psychometry and other psychical phenomena. A very valuable series of papers will open in the January ARENA by Rev. T. Ernest Allen, Secretary of the American Psychical Society. These contributions will review the progress made in psychical science during recent years in Europe and America, and will be of special interest to all scientific minds interested in the new psychology. Eastern occultism, its philosophy and phenomena, will also be discussed by competent scholars.

## THE POWER OF MIND IN DISEASE.

A few years ago the claim that it was possible to cure any diseases by suggestion, unless they were purely unorganic troubles of hypochondriacs, was scouted by physicians and the laity in general. Since then, however, so many remarkable cures have been effected through hypnotic suggestion, and through suggestion in which no hypnotic sleep has been induced, that a large number of progressive physicians are seriously discussing the power of mind in disease. Liebault's latest work has led many physicians in Europe to earnestly investigate this subject, while the number of cures which are constantly being effected by metaphysicians after medical treatment has signally failed, is giving an added impetus to such investigation in this country. During 1895 THE ARENA will have some very valuable and suggestive papers along this important line of thought.

## SPECIAL LITERARY FEATURES.

THE ARENA for 1895 will contain at least one novelette, story or character sketch every month. In this issue we give one of Mr. Garland's character sketches of Western life and a delightful novelette for Christmas-tide by Will Allen Dromgoole,

**Every issue of The Arena for 1895 will contain stories or sketches.**

dealing with the mountain life of East Tennessee. The January ARENA will contain a powerful short story by the brilliant young author, Walter Blackburn Harte, and another contribution of special interest will be a negro dialect composition by Miss Virginia Frazer Boyle. This is one of the finest pieces of work along these lines we have ever received, and is fully entitled to be characterized as a negro classic. Biographical sketches will also be a feature of THE ARENA for 1895. Walter Blackburn Harte will continue his delightful monthly Chat preceding the book reviews.

It is our purpose to make the stories, sketches and studies in THE ARENA for 1895 richly worth its subscription price. They will represent strong, vigorous American thought.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Our department of Books of the Day, which occupies from sixteen to thirty-two pages a month, is given our readers in addition to the 144 pages which constitute the body of the magazine, and contains a far greater number of critical reviews of im-

**From 200 to 250 pages of Book Reviews every year.**

portant books which are being published monthly than many \$3.00 publications given entirely to book reviews. Among the reviewers who have contributed to this department during the past twelve months are, Helen Campbell, Helen H. Gardener, Hamlin Garland, W. D. McCrackan, A. M., Prof. A. B. Curtis of Tufts College, President O. Cone of Buchtel College, Walter Blackburn Harte, Elbert Hubbard, etc.

It is the intention of the Editor of THE ARENA to make the Books of the Day department for 1895 absolutely indispensable to thoughtful and earnest men and women who desire to be advised in regard to real works of merit along the various highways of progressive and reformatory thought.

## PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ARENA is the only review of opinion which monthly gives its readers finely executed photogravures of the world's leading thinkers. In this number will be found speaking portraits of Prof. Max Müller and the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. During 1895 great pains will be taken to have the portraits executed in the highest style of the art. All readers of THE ARENA will receive during the year

between eighteen and twenty-five magnificent pictures of leading thinkers handsomely printed on plated paper. This expensive but attractive feature is peculiar to THE ARENA. The pictures which will appear each month, at the small price of ten cents only would cost more than two dollars. Fine illustrations will also be introduced when the text requires illustrations.

### **SOME SPECIAL PAPERS BY THE EDITOR.**

**The Century of Sir Thomas More.**

**Poet Prophets of our Century**, including sketches of Whittier, Charles Mackay and William Morris.

**Feeders of Immorality and How to Abate Them.**

**Progress in Psychical Research.**

### **ANOTHER FACT TO BE REMEMBERED.**

**The Arena is the largest  
monthly magazine of  
opinion in the world.**

From time to time since THE ARENA was first published we have found it necessary to enlarge this review until the body of each monthly issue now numbers 144 pages. And in addition to this the book review department (which contains a careful review of important new works indispensable to thinkers who desire to be abreast of the best thought of our day) contains from sixteen to thirty-two pages a month, while the News Notes of the Union for Practical Progress occupy monthly from six to sixteen pages, making in all a magazine of from 160 to 192 pages a month, by far the largest monthly review published in the world.

### **CLOSING WORDS.**

We are determined to make THE ARENA for 1895 indispensable to all alert, serious thinkers, to all persons of convictions, to all who have faith in a better to-morrow and to all who wish to aid in uplifting humanity by sowing the seeds of justice, wisdom and love in the heart of earth's millions.



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"The Union for Practical Progress knows no class, creed, nationality or sex. It welcomes as members ALL who desire to help redress this world and make it the happy home of a noble humanity."

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## UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

### NEWS NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

*The national secretary would be glad to hear from every town and city in the United States that would arrange for a lecture or a series of lectures on the work of the Union for Practical Progress. The National Union furnishes the lecturer free of charge, only asking that local entertainment be furnished him and that a collection be taken for the national treasury. It is especially desirable to hear immediately from the great Northwest, from Northern Missouri and Iowa, thence west and north to the Pacific; also from within three hundred miles of Boston and Baltimore respectively.*

"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"\*

WEAPONS in childish hands, and on the lip  
The stern commands of war, and in the heart  
The longing fierce to do a soldier's part  
When next pale Passion lets the war-dog slip!

Weapons which may, where charging squadrons reeled  
Have sung to brother of a brother's death †  
(Standing with muscles tense, and quick-drawn breath,  
On Malvern Hill or Shiloh's bloody field).

And have ye then advanced so little way  
Upon that upward path man's feet have trod  
Since first he raised appealing eyes to God  
And caught the glimmer of a new-born day?

Do ye proclaim the brotherhood of man  
With beat of drum and shrilling of the fife?  
Not thus through Him, "the Way, the Truth and Life,"  
The onward march of peace on earth began.

Him have ye wisely named the Prince of Peace  
Who took the little children on His knee  
And said, "Forbid them not to come to Me."  
Would He have joyed in pageants such as these?

Evil ye may not sow and reap the good;  
Hate begets hate; none may escape this truth.  
Mould not for war the plastic mind of youth  
And dream of universal brotherhood.

FREDERIC L. WHEELER.

**Monthly Topics.**—The following monthly topics have been chosen for consideration by the Union: January, "Charity organized and unorganized"; February, "Gambling"; March, "Enforcement of the Law"; April, "Improved Home Life"; May, "Public Sanitation."

Instead of the second Sunday in December the local Unions are asked to observe the third Sunday for the discussion of the topic of "Peace" or "The Abolition of War." This is the Sunday that the Peace Societies of the world have chosen for this discussion, and it is the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress to coöperate with them in the fullest manner possible.

**Advisory Board.**—The executive committee has elected a large number of new members to the advisory board. See the list of names at the head of this department. These new members are men of recognized position in the intellectual world, and they will greatly strengthen the work.

\* Lines written on reading B. O. Flower's paper on "Fostering the Savage in the Young," in THE ARENA for August.

† The arms used by the cadets of the Collegiate Reformed Church, of New York, are Burnside carbines bought from the United States arsenal at Governor's Island, and were actually used in war. See ARENA article cited above.

**Valued Commendations.** — The following are among the expressions of sympathy which we have received in the acceptance of positions on the advisory board.

It seems to me that the work which you are engaged in is certain to be one of great advantage to the various localities which you reach.  
(Ptes.) FRANKLIN CARTER.

I am very glad indeed to be able to coöperate in any way in so worthy a cause as that of the Union for Practical Progress. Please command me at any time in the interests of the Union.

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.

I am in hearty sympathy with the Union for Practical Progress and gladly accept the position tendered. Wishing the Union for Practical Progress the greatest possible measure of success and pledging all possible coöperation consistent with the time and opportunities at my disposal for such work, I am,  
Fraternally yours, J. R. SOVEREIGN.

Miss Willard asks me to acknowledge with her cordial thanks your letter of September 29, and to say that she is heartily in sympathy with the aims of your organization, and is willing to serve on your Advisory Board.  
ANNA A. GORDON, *Private Secretary*.

The Union for Practical Progress represents a form of service in which one is delighted to have any share. You may be assured I shall be glad to serve you in any way lying in my power.

CHARLES F. THWING.

Your organization is evidently a step in the right direction. The concentration of the moral forces of the country would accomplish wonders. I should like to see the movement concentrated for a still longer time upon special objects. The list of topics that you enclosed seem to me to be admirably selected and I heartily favor them.  
W. H. SCOTT.

**Baltimore.** — A course of Sunday night meetings is being conducted by three of the Vrooman brothers in the Lyceum Theatre, and the interest in the work of the movement is growing. The *Baltimore World* of October 12, in writing of the work of the Union, said: —

"If the religious element of the city should unite in one vast combination that should rise and demand municipal reform, what? If the laboring element should reach out and take the hand of this religious element and demand that the city be so governed that economy shall be the rule, and that their interests shall be as well considered as the interests of the rich, what? If the business men should say to these elements, which are so closely identified that there is no dividing line, 'It's a good thing; push it along, and we'll help you,' what?"

Great movements and great reforms sweep over the country like a contagion. They start from what seems at the first an insignificant source. The fever reaches out, spreading slowly, gathering in a whole city in its grasp. Then the country is electrified by the sudden springing into prominence of the movement — the reform. It moves from one city to another and sweeps over the whole country like an epidemic."

**Providence Union.** — The second meeting of the delegate Board of the Union for Practical Progress was held October 22. Renewed invitations had been sent out to all the organizations which had been invited to be represented at the first meeting of the board, which was held September 28, and more than forty churches and societies responded to the second call. There were in all one hundred different churches and organizations represented by two hundred delegates. There were ten Baptist, four Congregational, two Episcopal, six Methodist, three Catholic and twelve other denominations; the Methodist Ministers' Association, seventeen Christian Endeavor Societies and Epworth Leagues, seven temperance societies, seventeen labor unions and twenty-one literary, philanthropic and humane societies. A number of the leading business and professional men of the city were present as delegates and took an active part in the discussion of the matters in hand. Augustine Jones, president of the Friends' School, presided at the meeting and made an excellent address upon "The Significance of United Effort." Mr. Jones called attention to the fact that the gathering together of representatives of so many beliefs and unbeliefs was a most conclusive proof of the onward march of progressive and liberal thought.

The committee of fifteen, which was appointed at the first meeting of the board to consider the four subjects which were presented at that time, viz., "Small Parks," "Proportional Representation," "Transfer Tickets" and "The Unemployed," unanimously reported the favorable consideration of the "Question of the Unemployed" as the one most pressing. An exhaustive report had been prepared, which discussed at length the various classes of unemployed and the possible means of relief. After fully considering both the advantages and disadvantages of the various means possible, the plan, which is embraced in the following resolutions, was unanimously adopted by the Board: —

*Resolved,* That this board of delegates, representing one hundred organizations as follows: ten Baptist, four Congregational, two Episcopal, six Methodist, three Catholic and twelve other churches; the Methodist Ministers' Association; seventeen Christian Endeavor societies and Epworth Leagues; seven temperance organizations; seventeen labor unions; twenty-one literary, philanthropic and other societies, petition the city council of Providence to appropriate such sum or sums as may seem wise for labor upon the streets or parks or upon any other work of public utility, to be expended this winter under the direction of the department of public works, and with a recommendation that the citizens of Providence have precedence over all other applicants in the selection of laborers.

*Resolved,* That this board of delegates appoint a committee of five members to prepare from the

books of the overseer of the poor, the cards of the Providence Society for Organized Charity, the various relief agencies and other sources, a certified list of citizens of Providence, residents of the city for not less than one year, preferably heads of families, who need work; that this list be offered as a guide to the commissioner of public works in the selection of any additional laborers in his department; that this committee further use the list as a basis of appeal to members of the city government from the different wards in which these unemployed reside, to urge upon the commissioner the favorable consideration of applications from those on the list living in their vicinity; and that this committee in all other proper ways work to secure the administration of this grant of money in the interest of the largest possible number of law-abiding, faithful and honest people.

*Resolved*, That this board of delegates appoint a committee of five members to stimulate and direct private effort in our community toward finding work for skilled workers in the regular channels of business, and providing for those unemployed of delicate physique and for all others whom the provision of increased city work would not benefit.

**Boston.**—Prof. Frank Parsons of the Boston University Law School, opened the U. P. P. University Extension Lecture Course on economics at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Boston, October 26. The lectures are free and given weekly. His topic is "The New Political Economy," which continues the line of studies begun by Professor Will last winter.

The students at the Institute of Technology are contemplating the organization of a branch of the U. P. P. and the forming of a college settlement at the North End in the name of the Union. They will have the coöperation of the whole U. P. P. forces of Boston.

**Educational.**—The correspondence and reading courses announced under the management of the People's University are now ready. Every friend of progress should push this work and help in reaching the most isolated individuals and communities. The lecture department is growing, but owing to its scattered constituency it labors under great disadvantages. We hope to hear from every community that can provide for a U. P. P. lecture, even for expenses, as in the case of our official organizer, that by means of this coöperation we may be able to accept other calls in the same locality. For example we have received calls from North Dakota, Colorado, Utah, California and other distant places, which have had to be postponed for lack of enough places to make up a tour.

**Money.**—There never was a time in which the work of the U. P. P. was more hopeful than at present, and yet it is seriously cramped through lack of the necessary funds. The calls for literature upon the subject and for an organizer are much more numerous than our finances allow us to fill. We are sure that there are many who, if they realized our need in this respect and the possibilities now at hand, would willingly assist us to carry on this work.

**Intercollegiate Debating Union.**—The Intercollegiate Debating Union has just sent the following circular letter to the leading colleges in the United States:—

THE COLLEGE DEBATING SOCIETIES AND THE U. P. P.

The Intercollegiate Debating Union has strengthened itself very much during the past month by forming an alliance with the "Union for Practical Progress," whereby both unions may discuss the same monthly topics. These topics are selected by an advisory board, consisting of a number of the most prominent sociologists, clergymen and journalists of the country, and are given attention by several papers and magazines, including *THE ARENA*, *Public Opinion*, *To-day*, *The Voice* and several others. The topics for October and November are respectively: "*Resolved*, That the government should insure steady employment to every able-bodied citizen"; "*Resolved*, That the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum, modelled after the Swiss plan, is the best way to destroy political corruption, and give a pure expression to the will of the people." Beginning from November, societies are requested to send the corresponding secretary, *before the end of the third week of the month*, a report of a vote taken on the merits of the question and also on the merits of the debate.

Address all communications to the corresponding secretary, Henry N. June, 3,250 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

## CONSTITUTION.

The following constitution, submitted in July, 1894, has been adopted by the Local Unions for Practical Progress throughout the country, without a dissenting vote. Accordingly, it is hereby proclaimed the



**CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.**

- I. *Name.* — The name of this association shall be "THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS."
- II. *Purpose.* — Its purpose is to unite all moral forces, agencies and persons for concerted, methodical and persistent endeavor in behalf of the public good, and especially for the abolition of unjust social conditions.
- III. *Method.* — The Union aims to work, wherever possible, through existing organizations instead of forming new ones. It aims to secure the concerted action of the constructive elements of society once each month in opposition to some present-day evil or in the forwarding of some one positive reform measure, thus raising a definite moral issue every month and designating a common rallying ground for all friends of progress.
- IV. *Membership.* — Three or more persons of good character, if not infringing on the field of any previously organized Union, may form themselves into a local Union, and may become attached to the general organization by sending an application to the National Executive Committee, accompanied by one dollar registration fee.
- V. *Organization.* — The national organization of the Union for Practical Progress shall consist of the National Advisory Board, the National Executive Committee and the General Council. Each of these bodies shall organize in its own way and elect and prescribe the duties of its own officers.
- VI. *National Advisory Board.* — The National Advisory Board shall be composed of moral leaders of national reputation, twenty-five in number, who shall be named by the National Executive Committee. It shall choose the monthly topics for simultaneous discussion, and each member shall offer his best thought and advice to the National Executive Committee concerning all the affairs of the Union.
- VII. *National Executive Committee.* — The National Executive Committee shall consist of seven members, four of whom must reside in a single city. The Executive Committee shall have charge of the business of the Union. Every action of this Committee, however, shall be subject to veto at any time by a majority of the General Council. The Committee as a whole and every member thereof shall be subject to recall at any time by a majority vote of the General Council; otherwise the Committee shall fill its own vacancies and choose its own successors.
- VIII. *General Council.* — The General Council shall be the supreme power of the Union for Practical Progress. It shall consist of the two chief officers of every local union, and the two chief officers of each central conference or local body of delegates representing ten or more *bona fide* organizations. But in cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants, where more than twenty organizations have delegates in the central body, there shall be four members each from the local union and the central conference.
- IX. *Voting.* — A request signed by the head officers of one fourth of the local unions shall necessitate a vote of the General Council upon any subject whatever, including an amendment to this constitution; and a majority vote of the General Council shall be decisive until reversed by another vote. Any local union, by making application to the National Executive Committee and paying costs, shall be entitled to receive a list of all the local unions attached to the general body.

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**THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY.**

THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

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**CORRESPONDENCE COURSES.**

Correspondence courses will be given in any department of study. Especial attention is given to the following valuable courses bearing on the higher ethics: 1, The New Political Economy; 2, The Social Ideals of the Hebrews; 3, The Social Ideals of Christianity; 4, The Evolution of the Modern Social Question; 5, Social Prophets, Past and Present, critically studied and compared; 6, Christian Socialism; 7, The Land Question — historical and theoretical; 8, The Evolution of the Family; 9, Money, and Mechanism of Exchange — historical and theoretical; 10, Money (brief course — three months). Each course is arranged to cover nine months' consecutive study, requiring about nine hours a week. In addition to all special communications the student will receive a monthly outline of work with a question to be



answered in review of the previous month's work. The tuition fee for each course is uniformly ten dollars. If desired the secretary can secure the text books at wholesale prices. An extended outline of each course may be secured by application to the secretary.

People not able to undertake the heavy work of systematized study, can avail themselves of our reading courses. Any person registering with us and paying a fee of two dollars will be guided in their selection of books for one year's reading course. Classes or circles reading the same topics and dealing with us through their secretary, as a single individual, can take a course for the same fee.

All communications should be addressed to H. C. Vrooman, Secretary.

### LECTURE COURSES.

To facilitate speedy and systematic arrangements for a lecture course, please indicate under the months and evenings of the week, your first and second choice. The figure 1 under one or more months would indicate when the course might begin. Figure 2 would show the next choice and 3 the next. Your preference as to the evenings would be shown in the same way. Example:—

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.
3	1	1	2		1	4	
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	
	2	1	1		2	3.	

Next, go through each of the divisions of the following list and place the figure 1 against all lectures and entertainments which have your preference. Then go through once more, and place the figure 2 against those you would select in case your programme can not be filled out from those marked 1. When these reports come in, everything will be mapped out before the manager and he will know your wishes and to what extent they can be met. He will then report for your acceptance or rejection, a programme and terms. In case it is desired to keep this list for future reference, please copy the list so marked and send instead.

SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY.
	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	

Do not fail to state in your note how many and what kind of entertainments you desire, and about what sum you can raise.

A course of five monthly lectures may be given at a minimum of about sixty dollars, for five consecutive nights for much less money; while others, including stereopticon, vary from thirty to seventy-five dollars a single lecture, but these last figures are the exception.

We have no inferior talent on our list, but our workers' prices, owing to their interest in the work, are but a trifle above their travelling expenses.

1. We can give you *terms far more favorable than could otherwise be secured*. Appreciating and approving the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress, those whose names appear on the list have generally reduced their terms appreciably, thereby bringing within reach of those who desire, lecture courses of marked ability, and which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

2. By means of the People's University there is brought to your notice such an array and variety of talent to select from, and such an opportunity to fix upon convenient dates, as to save you a vast amount of trouble and correspondence and enable you to get more nearly what you want than would otherwise be possible.

3. While securing your own advantage you are at the same time assisting others to make use of like advantage. Because you have a lecture course, entertaining, instructive and elevating, it is made easier, not to say possible, for others to have one. The good you thus do extends far beyond your own community.

The necessity of prompt action is obvious. It is hoped that immediately on receipt of this, the attention of the Union for Practical Progress, the church, or other society with which you are associated, will be called to the plan set forth, and, if approved, a committee be appointed to arrange with the University for a lecture course.

That course can be as brief or extended as you may desire, and of suitable variety. We have in reserve talent adequate to all demands of large cities and colleges.

REV. H. C. VROOMAN,  
Secretary People's University.

17 Pierce Building, Boston, Mass.

## LECTURERS.

I. REV. JOHN B. KOEHNE. — Rev. S. W. McCorkle, moderator of Northwestern Pennsylvania Association of Congregational Churches, says: "The lecture on 'The New Aristocracy' is one of the most entertaining and thought-inspiring I ever heard. I have listened with delight to Beecher, and many others, and I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Koehne has the elements of great success. Among the younger men on the American platform he stands well to the front."

A. McLean, Acting President Bethany College, West Virginia: "Mr. Koehne's lecture gave great and universal satisfaction. The audience listened with increasing interest for two full hours. Professors and students regard this lecture as one of the best ever heard in Bethany."

A. B. Miller, LL. D., President Waynesburg College, Pennsylvania: "One of the most original and impressive men on the platform of to-day."

Howard M. Ticknor, the well known Boston dramatic critic: "Mr. Koehne's diction is to be marked for its variety of illustration, its picturesque imagery, its native force and directness, these qualities uniting in the production of individual and striking addresses."

*Subjects:* 1, The Genius of Christ; 2, Christ and Reform; 3, Christ and Civilization; 4, Strikes and Progress (Labor); 5, The New Aristocracy. These lectures form a series for five successive nights; they are also given singly.

II. HAMLIN GARLAND, author, poet, reformer. His lectures deal especially with economics and the cause of poverty. *Subjects:* 1, Poets and Reformers; 2, Living Issues; 3, Present-Day Reforms; 4, The Ethics of Modern Fiction.

III. PROF. D. S. HOLMAN, the celebrated microscopist of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science. His lectures on physical and biological science are illustrated by the tele-microscope, which projects upon a screen nearly all conceivable experiments. His wonderful instrument reveals the wonders of science on canvas, so that they can be understood by children. He explains all in a fascinating and scholarly manner. He can either give his feast in the wonderland of science, and present the objects of the new movement the same evening, or he can follow his scientific lecture by a social reform mass meeting the next night. *Subjects:* 1, Musical Tones made visible, and the Nature of Color; 2, Motion in Living Matter; 3, Motion in Not Living Matter; 4, The Circulation of the Blood; 5, Persistence of Vision; 6, The Constant Facial Angle in the Skulls of Animals.

IV. PROF. FRANK PARSONS, of the Boston Law School, author of "Our Country's Need," etc. *Subjects:* 1, Public Ownership of Monopolies; 2, What shall we do with the Slums?; 3, Poverty's Causes and its Cure; 4, The Liquor Traffic and the Gothenburg System; 5, The Initiative and Referendum; 6, Woman Suffrage; 7, Proportional Representation and Multiple Voting; 8, Sound Finance; 9, The Gospel of Industrial Redemption; 10, The Philosophy of Mutualism.

V. JOHN MITCHELL, a man of wide experience in the reform lecture work. All with stereopticon views. *Subjects:* 1, Heredity and Environment; 2, New Social Ideals; 3, Vampirism, or Man's Inhumanity to Man; 4, Woman's Rights and Privileges; 5, The Struggle for Bread and Shelter; 6, Poverty, its Cause and Cure; 7, Civic Duty; 8, The Aim and Method of the Union for Practical Progress; 9, The Nation's Shame (Temperance lecture); 10, The Commercial Phase (Temperance); 11, The Thermopylae of Reform (Temperance).

VI. REV. ALEXANDER KENT, pastor of the People's Church, Washington, D. C., is a strong, logical speaker, and an earnest worker in the radical social reform movement. He is conversant with all phases of the social problem.

VII. W. D. McCrackan, M. A., author, Boston. Especially familiar with everything that relates to the Swiss methods of government, such as the referendum, the initiative and proportional representation. *Subjects:* 1, The Referendum and Initiative; 2, Proportional Representation; 3, The Land Question (Single Tax, with stereopticon); 4, The Life of the Swiss Peasantry; 5, Three Romantic Heroes: William Tell, Arnold Von Winkelried and Francois Bonivard.

VIII. REV. FLAVIUS J. BROBST. He has but recently stepped upon the American platform, but is winning his way to popularity and esteem. He invariably speaks without notes. *Subjects:* 1, The Summit of the Nineteenth Century; 2, The Power of the People, etc.

IX. WILLIAM JACKSON ARMSTRONG. General Miles, of the United States Army, says: "I have heard all the great speakers of the United States, and I place William Jackson Armstrong among the foremost. *Subjects:* 1, The Russian Nihilist; 2, The Industrial Question.

X. MISS JOSEPHINE RAND, journalist and poet, is a good platform speaker. She presents the questions of the day in a masterly way. *Subjects*: 1, Wanted, Volunteers!—a Plea for Patriotism. A call to young men and women to enlist in the cause of human rights; helpful suggestions as to how to set to work; existing conditions and the vital phases of the social problem. 2, Signs of the Times, or Present Conditions. Living facts and general statements concerning the dangers of the present and future; monopoly and its strong hold; to what it all tends. 3, Nationalism, or Possible Conditions. Coöperation and its beneficent results; lessons drawn from the "trusts" and "combines"; a nation's prosperity dependent upon the prosperity of its individual members; each for all, and all for each. 4, Ethical Side of the Labor Question. 5, The Problem of the Unemployed. Dealing with the land question and the money question, as being the underlying factors in the problem of the unemployed; also with state management of industry; shows the needlessness of present appalling distress. 6, The relation of the Church to Social Problems. Every social problem at bottom a religious problem; Christians bound to heed Christ's teachings; the pulpit the place to plead for a just and humane system of living; Christ's denunciation of the oppressor of the poor; His command to break every yoke. 7, Union for Practical Progress. A plea for the new movement.

XI. MRS. HARRIETTE C. KEATINGE, M. D., Sci. D. *Subjects*: 1, Physiological and Psychological Heredity; 2, The Great Predisposing Causes of Crime, and Some of the Remedies; 3, The Ethics of Suffrage; 4, Womanhood; 5, Law, Justice and Morals; 6, Intemperance; 7, Health, and How to Keep It.

XII. REV. HARRY C. VROOMAN, a man with a thorough grasp of social and economic literature and of wide experience in reform work. He is pastor of the Congregational Church at East Milton, Mass., and general secretary of National Executive Committee of the Union for Practical Progress. *Some subjects*: 1, Social Ideals of Christianity; 2, The Evolution of the Social Problem; 3, Present-Day Phases of Reform; 4, Christian Socialism. Given in a series or singly.

XIII. DIANA HIRSCHLER, secretary Union for Practical Progress at Philadelphia, Penn. *Subjects*: 1, The Union for Practical Progress; 2, Social Problems.

XIV. REV. J. H. LARRY, pastor of Richmond Street Church, Providence, R. I., active in Christian sociology. *Subjects*: 1, The Mission of Machinery; 2, Money; 3, The Slavery of To-day. Illustrated Lectures: 1, From Nile to Nazareth; 2, Land of Scott.

XV. REV. EDWARD T. ROOT, pastor of Congregational Church, Baltimore. *Subjects*: 1, The Cause of Poverty; 2, Christian Citizenship; 3, Christian Socialism; 4, Union of Moral Forces; 5, Men in the Churches—a discussion of the causes for the small proportion of men in the churches.

XVI. PERCY M. REESE.—"There is but one opinion at Chautauqua concerning these lectures and that is that they have never been surpassed by any illustrated lectures given here. Mr. Reese possesses all the requisites of a successful lecturer—a voice of great clearness and carrying power, which was heard without difficulty in remotest corners of the new amphitheatre; a clear, incisive, deliberate style and an almost faultless enunciation, making it a pleasure to listen to him. He is a careful student of art history, a discriminating critic, a cultivated and interesting lecturer on art topics, and an enthusiast and an authority upon the whole subject of Roman and Italian history, ancient, mediæval and modern, to the investigation of which he has devoted years of study and travel."—*Editorial Chautauqua Assembly Herald, Chautauqua, N. Y., the official organ of the Chautauqua Assembly.*

*Subjects*: (With Stereopticon Views.) 1, Ancient Rome and the Cæsars. The great size and population of Imperial Rome. Views and maps of Ancient Rome. Matchless records left and late additions to them. 2, Early Christian Rome and the Catacombs. Everlasting attraction of Rome. We must go outside the walls and underground, for traces of the first three hundred years of Christianity in Rome. The Campagna and its wonderful, solemn beauty. The Appian Way and its tombs. Catacombs. First Christian arrivals in Rome. Paul's school and converts in light of Lanciani's late excavations. The earliest picture (caricature) of the Crucifixion. Comparison of earliest Christian with Pagan epitaphs. The Symbols. Nero and the persecutions. Marvellous growth. *Seven million graves, and six hundred miles of galleries.* Views of chapels, altars and slabs. The Sarcophagi and their sculptured scenes from Holy Writ. 3, Mediæval Rome and St. Peter's. 4, A Glimpse of Rome as She is To-day. 5, A Roman Mosaic. A few items of the world's debt to Rome in the fine arts. 6, Social Economics in Rome and in America (without Stereopticon Views). An address (without pictures) on the lessons furnished us, in the causes that led to the decline and fall of the all-powerful Roman Empire; showing

that very many of the evils and problems which are perplexing nineteenth century civilization had their counterparts, and proceeded to their natural consequences in Imperial Rome; and that in study and profit by the warnings of history, lies a strong defence against the almost inexorable tendency of history to repeat itself.

XVII. PROF. THOMAS E. WILL, A. M., professor of political economy at Kansas State Agricultural College, formerly secretary of Boston U. P. P. *Subjects:* The Union for Practical Progress, and all phases of scientific economic problems. Singly or in courses.

XVIII. REV. WALTER VROOMAN speaks extemporaneously on every subject relating to social reform. Is accustomed to out of door meetings and large assemblages. He has had considerable experience as an organizer.

XIX. REV. R. M. WEBSTER of Los Angeles, Cal., is a man imbued with the higher ethics of our time, a clear thinker and a good speaker. He treats all phases of practical social reform.

## THE NATIONAL TREASURER'S APPEAL FOR ONE DOLLAR PLEDGES.

The National Union for Practical Progress has accomplished an encouraging amount of substantial work during the past year, and it is steadily attracting to its ranks the reform elements in the different cities of the Union, and is growing both numerically and in its hold upon the interests of the people.

Among the measures which the Union for Practical Progress has agitated and brought before the people and the different legislatures, are the sweating system, measures for the relief and employment in public works of the unemployed, and parks and playgrounds for children.

We are glad to learn that the president of the Baltimore Union for Public Good, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, who is also a member of the executive committee of the National Union for Practical Progress, has drafted a bill against the sweating evil, and with the aid of the Union and Arena Auxiliary Club the measure has become a law. The Union and Auxiliary were also instrumental in securing a law against child labor.

The agitation of the sweating system in Philadelphia has been carried on so vigorously by our Philadelphia Union under the splendid and effective direction of Miss Diana Hirschler, that we entertain strong hopes that a bill will pass at the next session. Many columns have been given to this work in the Philadelphia papers, and a strong public sentiment has been worked up.

From all parts of the land come calls for organizers and literature. The harvest is white, but the money required to put the earnest and willing workers into the vineyard is wanting. In view of what has been done, and keeping in mind the gravity of social and economic conditions to-day, we feel that this cause should appeal with especial pertinency to the minds of all who are concerned for the welfare of civilization and the progress of moral ideas. We feel it our duty to put the matter with considerable urgency before the reform and social and Christian elements in our community, because there are so many conditions in our social state that demand immediate remedial measures, and threaten grave social developments if too long neglected.

We do not ask anything unreasonable, but wish to submit a plan with which almost every reader of these lines can comply, and which will enable us to put lecturers and organizers in the field and supply various cities and towns with literature, so that within a year we shall have a union of the moral forces in every town and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We earnestly desire the reader to bear in mind that these lines are addressed

### TO YOU.

the plan is as follows: We desire you to send in at once your pledge to pay one dollar to the National Educational Fund, to enable us to put organizers and lecturers in the field immediately and to keep them there, and to distribute literature giving directions for the formation of unions and outlining work. We earnestly urge *you* to fill out the following blank. You will not be called on for the money until *one thousand* pledges have been received. If you desire to pledge more than one dollar we believe it will be the best disbursement of money you will ever make, because we

believe it will go farther toward hastening the New Day than if expended in any other way.

### **The Subscription Pledge.**

I hereby subscribe one dollar to the Fund for the National Lectureship of the Union for Practical Progress, and will pay the same on demand when the National Treasurer shall have received one thousand similar subscriptions.

I also hereby agree to pay one dollar annually to the same subscription fund.

*Signed* .....

*City* .....

*Street Number* .....

*County* .....

*State* .....

When you have filled out your pledge and forwarded it to us, see if you cannot get some friend to follow your example.\* If they know you have signed and forwarded your pledge, it will have a good influence on them. There is nothing like showing faith by works. The Arena office has opened this subscription by signing for twenty one-dollar pledges.

Now friends, in the name of the great republic, in the name of peace and a higher civilization, in the name of human brotherhood and for the cause of justice and progress, will you not help us to the extent of at least one dollar?

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\* We will send as many blanks as you desire.

# THE DECEMBER ARENA

**Opens the Eleventh Volume of this Leading Progressive, Liberal and Reformatory Review.**

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This December issue contains over 180 pages of reading matter, by the greatest and most interesting writers and thinkers of our day. This is more than any other magazine in the whole world.

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Among the leading features of this number are:

## **A Great Paper by Professor MAX MÜLLER on The Real Significance of the Parliament of Religions.**



*Professor Max Müller.*

Professor Max Müller is the greatest living scholar in his own domain of philology, orientalism, and the origin and development of language and religion, and this paper will be of immense value to all who realize the inter-relation and importance of all the great ethnic religions. It will be read far and wide in scientific, theological and orthodox and heterodox religious circles, for the fame of this Oxford scholar is as wide as human curiosity about the perpetual crux of human thought — religion and destiny.

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## **COUNT LEO TOLSTOI,**

**The World-Famous Russian Novelist, Essayist and Thinker, writes on**

### **Guy de Maupassant,**

the master of style, whose works of fiction have had an international repute, equalled only by those of his contemporary, Alphonse Daudet.



*Count Leo Tolstói.*



## The Religion of Dr. Holmes, by Rev. Minot J. Savage.

A timely paper which falls into our series on The Religion of the American Poets, which has proved such an interesting feature of **THE ARENA** throughout the last two volumes. This article will be one of the most masterly in a series which has met with the highest critical approval, not only in America, but at the hands of the leading critical journals of Great Britain.



Minot J. Savage.

## David A. Wells' Downfall

Is the title of a paper in this number to which all interested in the controversies of American economic literature will turn with high expectation. And they will not be disappointed. This article is written by the

**HON. GEORGE WILSON,**

President of the Oldest Bank in Missouri, and it deals with **THE SILVER QUESTION** in a fashion that, coming from such a source, will certainly be far from pleasing to the gold-bugs. Mr. Wilson examines David A. Wells' "The Downfall of Certain Financial Fallacies" at length, and after he has submitted Mr. Wells' arguments and assumptions to the test of the corrosive sublimate of unyielding logic, the unbending facts of centuries of financial history, the untoward result is the downfall of David A. Wells and the explosion of his sophistical assumptions in behalf of plutocratic aggression.

## Wellsprings and Feeders of Immorality.



B. O. Flower.

This paper by the Editor of **THE ARENA** is the first of a series of discussions on the Age of Consent laws, and various other phases of the social evil. Other papers will follow in the early numbers of the New Year from the pens of such well known writers as Helen H. Gardener, Dr. Emily Blackwell, Frances E. Willard, Dr. O. Edward Janney, M. D., Rev. Joseph May, Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., Aaron M. Powell, the editor of the *Philanthropist*, and others. The monstrous and iniquitous legislation which, in our different states, makes it possible for

a child of ten to sell herself, body and soul, when she is not held responsible in any other relation in life, and could not sell her *doll*, calls for immediate ventilation and drastic treatment. **THE ARENA** intends to break the long and wicked silence on the subject, and it will not drop the question until the conscience of the *women* of America is aroused to the enormity of these laws, made to protect the vampires of society.

**A Striking Sketch of an Imaginary Transaction between  
Peter the Great and William Penn.**

**How William Penn wrought a Revolution. A Fantastical Drama  
in Retrospect**

**By HENRY LATCHFORD.**

Mr. Latchford's name will be familiar to our readers as the writer of a charmingly descriptive paper on Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, the foremost social thinker and writer in the West. This sketch, of a wholly imaginary character, though more suggestive and significant than fiction, gives greater scope to Mr. Latchford's fancy and knowledge of social history. Mr. Latchford is one of the most interesting journalists in the West. He was for some years connected editorially with the *Chicago Evening Post*, and afterwards with the *Baltimore Sun*.

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**A Critical Review**

**of Dr. James R. Cocke's Brilliant New Work  
on Hypnotism,**

**By HELEN H. GARDENER,**

The well known novelist. Author of "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" "Pray You Sir, Whose Daughter?" and "An Unofficial Patriot."



*Helen H. Gardener.*

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**The Century of Sir Thomas More.**

**A Series of Sketches, by B. O. FLOWER, dealing with the Life and  
Time of Sir Thomas More.**

These papers will be continued during 1895, and as they progress they will develop in social significance for our day.

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**The Fate of Major Rogers: A Buddhistic Mystery.**

**By HEINRICH HENSOLDT, Ph. D.**

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**Fine Portraits of Max Müller and Oliver Wendell  
Holmes.**

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**The Abolition of War. A Symposium.**

**By PROFESSOR THOMAS E. WILL, A., M. and HARRY C. VROOMAN.**

## A Woman in the Camp.

A Fine Christmas Story,

By **HAMLIN GARLAND.**

A vivid picture of life in a Western logging camp, with a bit of sentiment and Christmas joy to sweeten it. A powerful story, which recalls the masterly writing in Mr. Garland's first and strongest work in fiction, "Main-Travelled Roads."



*Hamlin Garland.*



*Will Allen Dromgoole.*

## Cinch: A Christmas Story,

Is another piece of fiction of remarkable color and power, by the well known and delightful Southern story-writer,

**WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.**

It is a story of a hamlet in the Tennessee mountains, and is filled with the strong and crisp descriptive writing and delicate character drawing which readers have come to expect at the hands of this successful and satisfactory writer.

## The Arena's Literary Causerie and Books of the Day.

Walter Blackburn Harte, one of the younger American essayists and story writers, who has recently been introduced to the reading public in the pages of *THE ARENA*, will write A Causerie on literary and social topics to open the Books of the Day department during 1895. He will also write signed criticisms on important New Books, and from time to time contribute articles on Social and Political themes to the body of the magazine. The Editor of *THE ARENA* intends to make the Books of the Day department indispensable to all lovers of good literature and intelligent, discriminating critical writing, and he therefore encourages all his contributors to be individual and independent, but at the same time careful. Mr. Harte is a young man, and a new writer to most of the *ARENA*'s readers, but he has learned his *métier* thoroughly, and we are sure his causeries will find many friends among our readers.



*Walter Blackburn Harte.*

Other contributors to Books of the Day will be Hamlin Garland, Professor Orello Cone, Mrs. Helen Campbell, W. D. McCrackan, A. M., Elbert Hubbard, and the Editor of *THE ARENA*.

**Biographical sketches, portraits of eminent thinkers, and illustrations when required by the text, will be introduced.**

## NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### **The Century of Sir Thomas More.**

The second paper in the series, "The Century of Sir Thomas More," which deals with the Reformation, and gives pen pictures of some of its leaders, is unavoidably crowded out of this issue owing to the length of our symposium on "The Abolition of War." It will, however, form a feature of the January ARENA.

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### **Representative Southern Women on the Suffrage Question.**

Two very interesting papers will appear in the January or February issue of THE ARENA on the question of woman suffrage in the South. These papers will be prepared by Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson of Memphis, Tenn., and Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, the eminent lecturer of Kentucky, and will give opposing views on this subject. Coming as they do from leading women, and the writer in each instance having taken pains to obtain expressions from well-known and representative women of various parts of the South, these papers will have special value, inasmuch as they present both sides of the case.

We notice in the daily papers that Miss Winnie Davis is opposed to woman suffrage, and states that if women had the right of the ballot she would not vote. Such statements as this are not new. They have been iterated and reiterated for the last thirty years by those who are so afraid that women will vote that they are determined they shall not have the opportunity. The fact, however, that almost half the number of those who registered in the city of Denver during the last few weeks were women is sufficient answer to this oft-repeated but thoroughly foundationless assertion.

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### **A Notable Symposium on Social Purity.**

The January ARENA will contain the most notable symposium against the iniquitous age of consent laws which has yet been published. Among those who will contribute to this discussion are,

Aaron M. Powell, editor of the *Philanthropist*, the man who probably more successfully than any other has for years waged a battle for the raising of the age of consent in various states, Frances E. Willard, president of the White Ribbon movement, Helen H. Gardener, author of "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" one of the most powerful stories which has ever been written with the purpose of opening the eyes of men and women to the evils of this legislation, Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., of New Jersey, Dr. Edward O. Janney of Baltimore, Md., Dr. Emily Blackwell of New York, and the Editor of THE ARENA. All friends of higher morality will find this number of THE ARENA invaluable. It ought to be circulated freely in every legislature in the Union.

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### **This Issue of The Arena.**

With this issue of THE ARENA we begin Volume Eleven. In doing so we wish to call the attention of our readers to our prospectus for the ensuing year. Carefully peruse the contents of this issue. In it will be found papers by Count Leo Tolstoi, the most eminent literary light as well as the greatest reformer of Russia, a man who probably in a higher degree than any other in Eastern Europe is exemplifying the life of Christ in his daily life and teachings, and Prof. Max Müller, the most eminent scholar in his special line of research in the world. No man living is so well acquainted with comparative religions as this great German, who for so many years has been one of the most brilliant lights of Oxford University. Rev. M. J. Savage's paper on "The Religion of Holmes' Poems" is quite out of the ordinary line of stock sketches of the late poet which have flooded the dailies, weeklies and magazines. It is one of those thoughtful, analytical discussions which appeal irresistibly to men and women of convictions. As in his remarkably able paper on "The Religion of Walt Whitman's Poems," Mr. Savage

introduces some of the most beautiful lines from the dead poet in this most admirable sketch. Dr. Hensoldt, in "The Fate of Major Rogers," gives a most remarkable narration of happenings related to him when in Ceylon. In "Well-springs and Feeders of Present-Day Immorality," the Editor of THE ARENA opens a series of papers which will be a feature of the ensuing volume.

The January number of THE ARENA will contain an *exposé* of the age of consent laws and how they contribute to the spread of immorality. The February issue will contain papers on the unjust social conditions of our time as a factor in increasing prostitution.

### Symposium on the Abolition of War.

The symposium on "The Abolition of War," will be read with interest by those who, like Charles Sumner, believe that the glory of a nation can best be maintained by her demanding arbitration and living up to the high ethics of honorable peace instead of fostering the spirit of barbarism—a love of war—in the minds of her children.

### William Penn and Peter the Great.

Another striking feature of this number will be a paper from the pen of Henry Latchford, a gentleman of Quaker extraction who in a most delightful manner has presented the possibilities of peace in a sketch which will charm all readers.

### Mr. Garland's Christmas Sketch.

Mr. Hamlin Garland furnishes one of his powerful short Christmas sketches, in which he depicts one phase of life in the Northwest in the strong and vigorous manner which characterizes his writings.

### Cinch.

The novelette by Will Allen Dromgoole is undoubtedly one of this author's strongest works. No one has ever depicted life in East Tennessee with the same power and fidelity as Miss Dromgoole.

### Books of the Day.

Our Books of the Day, introduced by Mr. Harte's charming *causerie*, will also be a feature of this number. Among the contributors will be found such well known critics and authors as President Orello Cone of Buchtel College, Helen H. Gardener, W. D. McCrackan, A. M., Helen Campbell, Walter Blackburn Harte and the Editor of THE ARENA. It is the determination of the editor to make the book reviews of this magazine absolutely indispensable to wide-awake and progressive thinkers.

### Leaders of the People's Movement.

The January ARENA will contain a remarkable paper by Col. Richard J. Hinton, the well known author of "The Life of John Brown," in the American Reformer Series. It will deal with the wonderful uprising of the People's movement at the present time, and will give pen sketches of three representative spirits of the movement.

### E. P. Powell on War.

E. P. Powell, the brilliant essayist and well known author of "Our Heredity from God," "Liberty and Life," etc., will contribute a paper to the January ARENA entitled, "Should War Be Abolished?"

### W. D. McCrackan on Politics as a Career.

The January ARENA will contain a paper from W. D. McCrackan, A. M., on "Politics as a Career."

Our readers will be pleased to know that Mr. McCrackan's works entitled "Teutonic Switzerland" and "Romance Switzerland" have passed through one edition, and a second edition is now in press. The publishers have just issued a magnificent holiday edition of this work, each volume being illustrated with twelve exquisite photogravures.

### Dress Reform in Philadelphia.

The following clipping from the Philadelphia *Daily Record* will be interesting to our readers:—

A reform costume which was neither a divided nor an abbreviated skirt was worn by its designer at yesterday's meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It was made of a dark shade of navy blue velvet, and consisted of a long-tailed coat and knickerbockers to the knees, where they were met by leggings. Mrs. Sloan, who wore the reformed dress, admitted that she wouldn't care to wear it on the street, but added that she would be quite willing to do so if accompanied by several others similarly garbed.

#### **Presentation Edition of "Forbes of Harvard."**

The Arena Publishing Company has issued a presentation edition of Mr. Elbert Hubbard's fascinating and exceedingly popular story "Forbes of Harvard." It is bound in white vellum stamped in gold, silver and crimson, the Harvard flag on the side and back being in crimson. It is one of the handsomest books of the season. The price is \$1.50. It would make a very choice Christmas present for any friend who enjoys a pure, wholesome story.

#### **A Splendid Christmas Gift — Three Choice New Novels Handsomely Bound.**

Helen H. Gardener's "An Unofficial Patriot," handsomely bound in ornamental cloth, stamped in silver, price \$1.25; Rabbi Solomon Schindler's new novel, "Young West," a sequel to "Looking Backward," new edition printed in black and white, with sky-blue tinted margins, bound in delicate blue, stamped in silver, price \$1.25, and the presentation edition of "Forbes of Harvard," \$1.50. To any reader of this magazine who will send us the names of ten persons who might subscribe to THE ARENA if it were brought to their notice, the names to include the live, earnest clergymen, physicians and leading lawyers and educators known to the sender, we will forward the three books postpaid on receipt of \$3; regular price \$4.

This offer is good only to December 23, and cannot be honored after that date.

#### **A Noble Worker Gone.**

Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge of Ohio, secretary of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union and correspond-

ing secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, died in Chicago after a brief illness, October 25. Mrs. Woodbridge was a leader in the Women's Crusade of 1873-74, and was for years president of the W. C. T. U. of Ohio. In 1879 when Miss Willard was made president of the National W. C. T. U., Mrs. Woodbridge was chosen as its recording secretary. She was sent as a fraternal delegate to England to the annual meeting of the British Woman's Temperance Association (Lady Henry Somerset, president) in 1890.

Mrs. Woodbridge was born in Nantucket, Mass., and was a cousin of Prof. Maria Mitchell of Vassar College and of Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford. Her father, Judge Isaac Brayton, was a member of the Massachusetts legislature in the days when Edward Everett was governor, and was a judge in Ohio associated upon the bench with Benjamin F. Wade. When Mrs. Woodbridge was but six years of age, Horace Mann passed a day in Nantucket examining the public schools, and the precocious little Mary went through the multiplication table backward and forward up to the twenties. As she finished, he laid his hand on her head, saying, "Well, my child, if you persevere you will be a famous woman." As writer, speaker, editor, administrator, Mrs. Woodbridge filled out a career worthy of her beautiful home life and rare success as daughter, wife and mother. She was universally beloved by the White Ribbon women the world over, and will be deeply mourned.

#### **Of Special Interest to Authors.**

With the increasing interest in periodical literature in all its forms, and the great number of manuscripts continually offered for publication, any good means of saving time and inconvenience to both authors and publishers becomes of recognized value and is welcomed by either accordingly. The aim of such an institution as the Authors' Agency in this city is to render critical, revisional and advisory assistance, preparing all kinds of manuscripts for publication and obviating unsuitable offers by undertaking



or advising as to their disposal. The bureau thus supplies the needed critical comment and suggestion which busy editors have no time to give, and the work of both author and publisher is materially lightened, since an intelligent and experienced agent can quickly see and remedy just that lack or defect in an otherwise hopeful manuscript which would condemn it in the eyes of an editor; while the judicious criticism should be of much value in the author's future work.

The Authors' Agency is conducted by Mr. William A. Dresser, whose offices are in the Pierce Building, Copley Square, this city. In the few years since its establishment this agency has made an excellent reputation among authors and publishers throughout the country, and is cordially recommended by many of our best writers. Circulars containing references, information valuable to all beginners in literary work, and a schedule of charges are furnished by Mr. Dresser to those who inclose a stamp in their letters of inquiry.

### Three Notable Books.

To issue three such books as "Brook Farm," "Woman in the Business World," and "Hypnotism, Its Uses and Its Dangers," within a single month is an achievement of which any publishing house may well be proud. There is far more than a transitory and ordinary value attaching to each, and yet they are as unlike as three books can well be. The first is of historical and sociological value; the second marks an epoch in, and is full of common-sense suggestions for, the advancement of woman in the world of business, where so short a time ago she did not exist. It is not a book which will interest women only. The man who does not find in its pages much food for reflection as well as valuable information is either too narrow to consider, or too prejudiced and stupid to grasp information, which is something of a revelation to any one. The book, while published anonymously, is known to have been written by one who has achieved fame, and who was so situated

for many years as to render what she says of woman in the business world of signal value and importance. The third book, "Hypnotism, Its Uses and Its Dangers," is of value both in and out of the realm of speculative science, and of practical medicine and surgery as well. So that the Arena Press has this month, in addition to a number of other publications, contributed works of importance and weight to History, Science and Business, each of which should, and doubtless will be, a standard library book for many years to come, and without which no public library will be complete.

### To Crush Organized Labor.

Twenty-five out of thirty-one large wholesale manufacturers of clothing in Chicago have just organized the strongest defensive association ever formed by the manufacturing interests in that city. They propose to reorganize the system of credits, to protect their interests against hostile legislation, and to grapple as one firm with organized labor. The organization, which will be known as the Merchants' Association of Chicago, represents an invested capital of from fifteen million to twenty million dollars, and employs from ten thousand to fifteen thousand tailors, cutters and seamstresses. The officers are: President, Adolph Nathan of Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.; vice president, Levi B. Bane of Clement, Bane & Co.; secretary and treasurer, Jonas Kuppenheimer.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*, Oct. 27, 1894.

### The Best Christmas Gifts.

There are few things more appropriate as Christmas gifts than good books. Great care should be exercised, it is true, especially by parents, in the selection of suitable books. Knowing that at Christmas time money is exceedingly scarce, we make below some special offers, on books published by us, to those of our readers who will take the time and trouble to send us the names and addresses of ten persons who they think would enjoy THE ARENA. We shall be glad to receive the names of wide-awake, earnest clergymen, physicians, lawyers

or educators in your community. These names and addresses should be written on separate sheet of paper and enclosed with your order for books. All orders for money should be sent by postoffice order, bank draft or registered letter. It should be remembered that the registered letter will take longer in transit. These offers are good only until December 23, and will not in any case be honored after that time. The books mentioned are all in stock and can be promptly forwarded so as to reach their destination in time for the Christmas holidays.

We will send, between December 1 and December 23, for Christmas presents, to any subscriber who will comply with conditions named, any of the following books on the terms quoted:—

*Popular Works on Occultism.*

"Zenith the Vestal," a remarkable occult novel by Mrs. Margaret B. Peeke, price \$2; "The Law of Laws," by Prof. S. P. Wait, one of the ablest and most scholarly expositions of the new religious and metaphysical thought as applied to life and health which has yet appeared, price \$1.50; "The Right Knock," a story in which the author, Mrs. Helen Van-Anderson, has woven a complete course of lessons in Christian healing or practical metaphysics, price \$1.25, and "It Is Possible," a most fascinating story, especially for children, clean, wholesome and inspiring, by Helen Van-Anderson, price \$1.25. All handsomely bound in cloth; regular price of the four books, \$6; sent postpaid for \$4.80, or sent by express at purchaser's expense, \$4.40.

*Helen H. Gardener's Three Powerful Novels.*

"An Unofficial Patriot," a new and wonderfully popular story of the Civil War. The most remarkable historical and sociological novel which has yet appeared in this decade, price \$1.25; "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" unquestionably the most terrible arraignment of conventional immorality which has ever been published, price \$1.25; "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" the book which caused the age of consent to be raised in one of the states last year, and which

has already been ordered in large quantities by social purity workers in several states for the ensuing winter, price \$1.25. Total price, \$3.75; all sent postpaid for \$3.

*B. O. Flower's Three Remarkable Works.*

"Civilization's Inferno: Studies in the Social Cellar," a powerful work dealing with the evils and dangers threatening society through unjust social conditions at the present time; "The New Time," a discussion of present-day conditions, with practical measures for the union of the moral forces in behalf of a brighter and better to-morrow; "Lessons Learned from Other Lives," a series of charming biographical papers especially written for young people. The price of these works complete is \$3.75; they will be sent postpaid for \$3.

*Some Notable Novels.*

"Young West," Rabbi Solomon Schindler's great book which is a sequel to "Looking Backward." This work deals with the life of the son of Julian West, and in the course of the story, which is written in an autobiographical form, the practical workings of military socialism are outlined in detail. This volume is quite unique in its makeup as well as in its contents, the margins being tinted yellow, blue or light green; "Just Plain Folks," by Stillman Doubleday, a fascinating story showing the wealth of nature and the misery brought about by unjust conditions; "Earth Revisited: The New Utopia," by Byron A. Brooks, a remarkable social vision, very fascinating and of immense value because it contains so many practical suggestions; "Ai: A Social Vision," by Charles S. Daniel, a delightful story of the redemption of the slums of a great city by the practical carrying out of the philosophy of the Golden Rule. The price of these four books is \$5; under this offer they will be sent postpaid for \$3.50.

*Novels of Purpose.*

"The Fortunes of Margaret Weld," by Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner, a striking story dealing with the double standard of morals. The author is a Quaker, and the subject is delicately handled from first

to last; it is a story of absorbing interest; "Unveiling a Parallel," by Mrs. Ella Merchant and Miss Alice M. Jones, a remarkable novel in which the authors depict the civilization of Mars, in which the standard of morals is reversed. It is a well written book, holding the interest of the reader from cover to cover, while it brings out in the most striking manner the essential iniquity of the double standard of morals; "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" and "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" two other books dealing with social purity. These four works — or, if the reader desires, any two of the other \$1.25 books in this offer may be substituted for the last two — price \$5; all sent postpaid for \$3.50.

*Hamlin Garland's Works.*

"A Spoil of Office," Mr. Garland's vigorous and fascinating story of Western farm life and political corruption in Washington, price \$1; "Jason Edwards," one of the most powerful dramatic works published in recent years, showing the struggles of the poor in the cities of the East and on the farms of the West, price \$1; "For To-day: Poems," by Margaret F. Milne, a book of stirring patriotic melodies by one of the leading writers among the brilliant *coterie* of single tax women of the United States, price \$1; "Just Plain Folks," by E. Stillman Doubleday; price \$1.25. Total price, \$4.25; these four books will be sent postpaid on receipt of \$3.30; or any other two \$1.25 books mentioned in this offer may be substituted for the last two.

*Valuable Social and Economic Works.*

"Our Money Wars," by Samuel Leavitt; "Railways of Europe and America," by Marion Todd, price \$1.25 each; "Our Country's Need," by Prof. Frank Parsons, published only in paper, 25 cents; "Governmental Banks," by George C. Ward, in paper only, 25 cents. Total \$3; sent postpaid for \$2.10.

*Macaulay.*

"Macaulay's Essays and Poems," three volumes, a handsome set bound in extra cloth, price \$3, and "Albert Brisbane: A Mental Biography," by Redelia Brisbane, or "Zenith the Vestal," by Mrs.

Margaret B. Peeke, or "Rise of the Swiss Republic," \$2 each. Total \$5; sent postpaid for \$3.10.

*Travels.*

"From Sultan to Sultan," by M. French-Sheldon, with twenty-six handsome illustrations, one of the most sumptuous gift books ever issued, price \$5; "Along Shore with a Man-of-War," by Marguerite Dickens, a handsomely illustrated book, giving a graphic description of South American republics, price \$1.50; "The Finished Creation," by Benjamin Hathaway, an exquisite gift book of beautiful poems, bound in white, silver and blue, price \$1.25. Total \$7.75; sent postpaid for \$5.75.

*Dramatic Poetry.*

"Columbus the Discoverer," "Cecil the Seer," and "The Aztecs," three remarkable dramas by Walter Warren, handsomely printed and bound in ornamental cloth; price \$1.25 each. Sent postpaid on receipt of \$2.75.

*Choice Poetic Works.*

"The League of the Iroquois," by Benjamin Hathaway; red line edition, price \$1.50; "Finished Creation," by Benjamin Hathaway, \$1.25; "For To-day: Poems," by Margaret F. Milne, price \$1, and "Songs," by Neith Boyce, bound in heavy ornamental paper, white and gold; price \$1.25. Total \$5. Sent postpaid on receipt of \$4.

*Religion.*

"The World's Congress of Religions," price \$1.50; "The Irrepressible Conflict between Two World Theories," by Rev. M. J. Savage, \$1; "Christ the Orator," by Rev. Alexander T. Hyde, \$1.25; "Wit and Humor of the Bible," by Rev. Marion Shutter, D. D., \$1.50. Total \$5; sent postpaid on receipt of \$3.50.

*Psychological Works.*

"Psychics, Facts and Theories," by Rev. M. J. Savage, price \$1; "The Religion of the Future," by Rev. S. Weil, a discussion of facts favorable to the spiritualistic philosophy, price \$1.25; "A Guide to Palmistry," by Eliza E. Henderson, cloth, price 75 cents. Total \$3; sent postpaid on receipt of \$2.

*Standard Publications.*

"*Ædology*," by Sydney Barrington Elliot, M. D.; a work devoted to the study of prenatal culture, price \$1.50; "From Sultan to Sultan," by M. French-Sheldon, price \$5; "Along Shore with a Man-of-War," by Marguerite Dickins, price \$1.50; "Albert Brisbane: A Mental Biography," by Redelia Brisbane, or "Zenita the Vestal," by Mrs. Margaret B. Peeke, or "Rise of the Swiss Republic," \$2 each. Total \$10; sent postpaid on receipt of \$7.

Any one of the following books may be substituted for any work in the above list to the amount of the price of such book:—

|                                                                          |        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Macaulay's Essays and Poems, 3 vols. . .                                 | \$3.00 |
| The World's Congress of Religions . . .                                  | 1.25   |
| Christ the Orator, Rev. Alexander T. Hyde .                              | 1.25   |
| Wit and Humor of the Bible, Rev. Marion Shutter, D. D. . . . .           | 1.50   |
| Evolution . . . . .                                                      | 2.00   |
| Sociology . . . . .                                                      | 2.00   |
| The Finished Creation, Benjamin Hathaway                                 | 1.25   |
| The League of the Iroquois, Benjamin Hathaway (red line edition) . . . . | 1.50   |
| Son of Man, Celestia Root Lang . . . .                                   | 1.25   |
| One Day, Elbert Hubbard . . . . .                                        | .75    |
| Dr. John Sawyer, Mrs. E. J. Bartlett . .                                 | .75    |
| A Guide to Palmistry, Mrs. Eliza E. Henderson . . . . .                  | .75    |
| The Open Secret, A Priest . . . . .                                      | .75    |

Five dollars' worth of any of the following cloth-bound books sent postpaid for \$3.50:—

|                                                                            |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| The Childhood of an Affinity, Katharine E. Rand; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25. |  |
| Born in the Whirlwind, Rev. W. Adams, D. D.; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.     |  |
| A Wedding Tangle, Frances C. Sparhawk; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.           |  |
| Where the Tides Meet, Edward Payson Berry; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.       |  |
| Life, A Novel, W. W. Wheeler; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.                    |  |
| Salome Shepard, Reformer, Helen M. Winslow; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.      |  |
| One of Earth's Daughters, Ellen Roberts; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.         |  |
| David and Abigail, B. F. Sawyer; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.                 |  |
| Mugwumps, One of Them; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.                           |  |
| Between Two Forces, Flora Helm; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.                  |  |
| A Moral Blot, Sigmund B. Alexander; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.              |  |
| The Trouble of Living Alone, B. F. Hofman; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.       |  |
| Rest, A Novel, W. W. Wheeler; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.                    |  |
| An Apocalypse of Life, W. T. Cheney; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.             |  |

Union Down, Scott Campbell; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.

Margaret Salisbury, Mary Holland Lee; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.

The Religion of the Future, Rev. S. Well; paper 50c., cloth \$1.25.

Remember the conditions. No books will be sent under this extraordinary offer unless the writer includes on a separate sheet of paper the names and addresses of ten persons interested in, and who may possibly become subscribers for THE ARENA.

All orders must be received before December 23, as the offer is only made so as to give our subscribers the opportunity to secure Christmas presents, and to furnish us with special lists of names.

**The Elections and their Significance.**

The elections being over the Republican organs are crowing victory, and the Democratic and Mugwump journals are explaining. The return of the Republican party to power in both houses of Congress is simply a repetition of what has gone on for the past decade. The so-called Republican triumph is more likely to contribute to its ruin than to its firm establishment in the next presidential election. Its overwhelming majorities indicate nothing more than the swing of the pendulum—a familiar enough phenomenon in American politics.

The oscillation of popular sentiment between the Republicans and the Democrats gives no certain tenure to either party, and makes any stable legislation impossible. The old parties play their game, and the mass of the voters take the game in sober earnest and discuss their principles and platforms, and make reprisals for broken pledges, only to return the other gang of rascals, and go through the same performance again.

The peril of these political tricksters lies here—just where they imagine they are intrenched upon the eternal folly of human nature, and the fickleness and gullibility of a democracy in particular. The common people, though deceived and tricked and spoiled, and deluded and defied and robbed for generations, *continue to take politics seriously*. A huge joke, eh? Just think of it, the poor,

deluded, honest, plodding, sober, plain citizens, once took Grover Cleveland's promises seriously, and will again and again believe, in spite of evidence, that an honest man who believes in government for and by the people can stand on the Republican platform. Ho, ho! the heelers all laugh with grim unction at the preposterous humors of these gullible people. *They* think there are no men with honest convictions; and they despise the plain people who take politics as a serious moral responsibility, affecting the lives and happiness of the millions. If the rank and file of the people were indeed all corrupt to the core, all morally debauched as are the politicians, then these fellows would be intrenched forever; but the discouraging thing about the people is that they may be tricked, forgetful and gullible, but only short-sighted politicians are deluded into believing them to be cynically corrupt and indifferent to all probity and honor—and justice. They will take their revenge at their leisure, when wisdom comes. Hence the instability of Democratic and Republican triumphs. In time the electorate will realize that both parties are *one and the same*, and that the only real politics of any importance to the masses of plain people, are not the tariff, high or low, and the pensions and civil service reform, but *the social question*. The fact that voters are still taking politics seriously means the ultimate wreck of the old parties. In a certain sense the triumph of the Republican party showed the growing sense of the basic social question in the electorate.

There was no real issue of any importance before the country. McKinleyism was dead. The Democratic platform was merely one of palaver and apologies. Both parties, as they always do in a crisis, dragged in A. P. Aism to distract the minds of the voters from the real condition of the country. In the silver states the Republican party, which is irrevocably committed to the plutocratic conspiracy of gold buggism, made a hypocritical pretence of allying itself with those who advocated a free sil-

ver compromise. The Democrats, who had most flagrantly broken their promises on the money question in the repeal of the Sherman act, resorted to the same villany. Both flirted, according to the political geography of the different states, with the Prohibitionists and the Woman Suffrage party. Every means of hoodwinking the voters was used. The telegraph agencies and newspapers were debauched as usual.

But Cleveland's record and that of his colleagues in office, of Olney and Carlisle, and the whole Democratic cabinet, stank to Heaven too villainously for any hope of Democratic success. The Democratic misdeeds were too recent. And so, just as Cleveland and the Democratic party swept the country after an era of McKinleyism and the open plutocratic rule of the Republican majorities, the pendulum swung back and carried the Republicans into both houses this year.

The party organs are all claiming that the People's Party as a political factor has been wiped out. Until about the time of our going to press it was almost impossible to know just what the influence of the People's Party had been in the election, as the Associated Press, the telegraph companies and the newspapers were all associated in trying to suppress the fact that there was any Populist vote in the country. But of course these things, like murder, will out, and finally we know that the People's party has made a gain of two senators, which practically gives them the balance of power in the Senate, and will ensure the party the respectful attention of both sides of the Senate; and the party has made most remarkable and solid gains in votes in various states in the Union, and has also succeeded in breaking the solid vote of the South.

These are the really significant facts of the election. To those who may feel discouraged at the results of the late election, at the still comparative insignificance of the People's Party, in Congress and the legislatures, it is well to say that this is becoming the one stable element in our politics.